00109445

O
709.4
Fig
1094.45

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY,
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 22 February, 2019

00109445

FIGARO-EXPOSITION

— 1889 —

115
109485
ac

THE STYLE OF THE FUTURE

THE "PARISIENNE" OF 1789.

EXHIBITION GOSSIP

Thus is not a record of facts, but merely an opening prologue—a bow to the audience before the curtain rises.

* * *

Well, in spite of evil augury—nay, truth to tell, of secret hopes in certain quarters—the Universal Exhibition, far from proving a miserable abortion, has come into being fully formed, living, and healthy. And in six months' time there will be a noble page in the great history-book of pacific triumph, on which the name of France will blaze in letters of gold. This kind of glory is as good as another, we incline to think.

Whatever our political creed or sect, we must surely rejoice at seeing so magnificent an outcome of this colossal industrial and artistic scheme. Nothing could give a loftier notion of the persistent vitality of our great and beloved country, and this is a consolation under many troubles and many failures.

It would seem indeed that France alone, among the nations of the earth, has sufficient energy to attempt such an effort, or the resources needed to carry it through. Others—England, Austria, and Italy—roused to emulation and fired by her example, have tried it each in turn; but the results were on the whole poor. And it may be doubted whether they are as yet prepared to risk another attempt.

France is now at her fourth great exhibition in thirty-three years, and on each occasion the vastness of her resources, the wealth of her inventiveness, the originality of her initiative have been more emphatically displayed. She has made it her pride to realise on the one hand the motto of *Le Roi Soleil : Nec pluribus impar*, and at the same time that of Nicolet : "Better and better" (*De plus fort en plus fort*). Both thoroughly French. The Exhibition of 1889 will be as far superior to that of 1878 as that of 1867 was to that of 1855.

"The Genius of France" then, is no mere boastful formula of national vanity, since, torn and bruised as she was, bleeding at every vein, rent internally, and looked at askance from outside, she could still challenge the world to these two great shows, and reveal such triumphant manhood.

It must be confessed that she has in her hand a royal trump which the rival nations cannot hold, and which gives her an advantage in the game. She has Paris. It is this trump card which gives her beforehand a winning certainty over the invading torrents of people which must be the consequence of the convergence of the world at large on one speck of the world: the Exhibition is the pretext, Paris is the goal. Great as the attractions may be which are gathered together between the Military College and the Trocadéro, what are they as compared with those epitomized in the magical word Paris? Paris with its easy life, its traditions of hospitality, its liberal and large-hearted cosmopolitan ways, its flavour of legend which fires every fancy! From April till October Paris will be the Mecca of the fanatics of pleasure.

The absence of all foreign official functionaries will add a mysterious charm to the pilgrimage, giving it something of the relish of playing truant, a savour as of forbidden fruit. This will be one of the novelties of the Exhibition of 1889, by which it differs from all its predecessors.

Not that it is the only one.

The first Paris Exhibition, in 1855, found sufficient space in the huge glass case known as the Palace of Industry, which is now scarcely large enough for incidental exhibitions. That of 1867 did not overflow the narrow limits of the Champ de Mars. To lodge the display in 1878 the Trocadéro had to be built over; and now the fourth, stifled in the narrow limits of the elder three, has thrown up from Mother Earth the Eiffel tower, to shoot into infinite space.

Has it been sufficiently decried, abased, and vituperated, that poor Eiffel tower? Poetry and Art have veiled their gaze before it, as true believers before some more monstrous idol. And yet it has a poetry of its own; it is the triumph of material over sheer height, reminding us of the myth of the giants assailing Olympus — but escaping the final overthrow. No artist, in the most mysterious realm of his dreams, ever rose with such a harmonious union of force and grace to such ideal heights! Babel, they call it. Yes, Babel. But Babel was meant as an insult to the Divine Power, while the Eiffel tower does homage to its majesty by restricting effort to the *nec plus ultra* of human genius. Babel was a work of rebellion and hatred, the Eiffel tower is a work of pacification and concord. And wise men, as they saw it serenely rising skywards, amid the storms that raged around it, said to themselves: "It is peace rising over the world. The Tower of Babel brought confusion of tongues: this will inaugurate their harmony."

* * *

Nor is it only from the point of view of its actual extension that a comparison of the various great exhibitions is interesting. The ladies having to play a leading part during the first six months, another subject of comparison occurs to us; that of the fashion of dress, especially for women, at each of these stages of national progress.

In 1855 we were still under the influence of the traditions of the reign of Louis Philippe. "Frenzied luxury," the pet horror of President Dupin, had not as yet perverted the hereditary habits of order and economy in which our women of fashion had grown up. It was the heyday of crinoline, of peace for husbands, and of modest allowances; crinoline which gave the tallest, the slimmest, the most graceful Frenchwoman the full-blown proportions of Mother Bunch.

At that time I was still sitting on a form and chosen to be one of the contingent of schoolboys admitted, as representative of Paris *Lycées*, to the distribution of awards on the 10th of November at the Palace of Industry. There was a purpose, no doubt, in fixing this national festival on the Empress's fête-day. It was intended to show the people of France in the most conspicuous way that the future of the Napoleonic dynasty was secured, for the Empress's condition was sufficiently evident, in spite of the enormous hoops then worn. Who, on that day of intoxicated rejoicing, could have dreamed that the child born only three months later, the hope then of a great nation, whose birth was hailed in song by Théophile Gautier — that this boy was fated to perish by a Zulu assegai?

In 1867 the crinoline was a thing of the past, though the skirt had lost nothing of its fulness and breadth. No more steel hoops, but a fearful and ruinous abundance of petticoats. The luxury of underskirts, if it had not reached the pitch of elegance which now characterises it, was fast becoming the tombstone of fine dressing. The most typical evidence of this fact is to be found in Victorien Sardou's well-known play of *La Famille Benoiton*. This perhaps is the reason why, of all that ingenious author's multifarious works, this comedy will perhaps survive the longest.

In 1878, the reign of petticoats was over. Fashion had taken up the statuesque and assumed a delightfully pagan character. Garments were cut to cling to the figure and display its simple beauty. Stuff became flesh, so to speak; it was the apotheosis of dress. Never at any modern period have women been more bewitchingly attractive, for never was the art of dress more stonearly allied plastic art.

Nowadays, in 1889, there is a strong reaction, and to my taste not a happy one, towards the style of the *Directoire*. The day has dawned once more of short waists and leg-of-mutton sleeves, of which indeed Mesdemoiselles Magnier and Darlaud, in *Belle-Maman*, have shown us some very remarkable specimens. Is the nineteenth century in its dotage?

No, thank Heaven! It is but a passing whim; a whim of which our artist has foreseen the end, sketching with a prophetic pencil the fashion of to-morrow.

A very exquisite person is this *Parisienne* "before letters" that Marchetti here sets before you leaning on her tall parasol, and looking through her glasses.

Do you not agree with me that in the perfect taste of her "get-up" she has nothing to fear from a comparison with her neighbours of the past, whose ghosts the draughtsman has summoned from oblivion?

Parisian fair ones of the time of Louis XVI, airing themselves under the arcades of the Palais-Royal, in front of the Café de la Rotonde.

THE "PARISIENNE" OF 1810.

Of the first Empire, displaying themselves on the Terrasse des Feuillants.

Of 1830, stepped out of a sketch by Gavarni.

Of the second Empire, before the grub had turned to a butterfly.

A whole century of fashion is displayed in these drawings, which are as faithful as they are amusing.

Then there is another scale of comparison; we may consider these successive Exhibitions from the point of view of domestic economy. Every time that one of these Grand Assizes has been held, it has had a marked effect in modifying Paris life. They have given Paris a cosmopolitan character which it can nevermore lose, turning it into a fashionable resort where every article of daily consumption has become perceptibly dearer.

THE "PARISIENNE" OF 1830.

THE "PARISIENNE" OF 1860.

This would not be a serious matter if the loss were inflicted on none but passing sojourners. But it has become a scourge to the natives. They were wont to comfort themselves with the reflection that if so much gold was spent some of it must surely stick to their fingers, and with the hope that when the scramble was over, matters would fall into the old grooves. But alas! In France nothing is permanent save what is temporary. The rise in prices, which was endured as a temporary necessity, is a case in point; like certain enactments, which, made to provide for a special case, take root in the code and become part of the national common law. And the cost of living, which was thus enhanced "only while the Exhibition lasts," proved, when the Exhibition was over, to be the normal rate.

I have never regretted so much as I do now my neglect in omitting to collect bills of fare, like my friend Xavier de Montépin. An edifying comparison might be made between a bill at the Maison d'Or in 1855, and one at the same house in 1867 or 1878. However, though I have no such documents, my memory is good. And from memory, with the help of account books, I can present the reader with the following estimate of prices.

What, in 1855, cost five francs, in 1856 cost ten.

What, in 1867, cost ten francs, in 1868 cost twenty.

What, in 1878, cost twenty francs, in 1879 cost forty.

Whence we may infer that what costs forty francs this year will cost eighty in 1890.

We shudder to think of the cost of living at all in the year after the exhibition of A. D. 2000.

*
* *

Enough of the prologue, dear reader. Send up the curtain!

EMILE BLAVET.

ÉDOUARD DETAILLE. — BIVOUAC OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE BATTALION OF IMPERIAL SKIRMISHERS.
A reminiscence of the great manœuvres of the Russian army.

ART IN UNIVERSAL EXHIBITIONS

ÉD. DETAILLE. AN ESCORT.

The idea of an International Exhibition of Fine Arts essentially belongs to France; the first was in 1855. That of 1889 will be the fourth. There is a growing interest in studying such a collective display of the genius of various nations. The nineteenth century is insatiable in the matter of knowledge, comparison, and generalisation in all things. The taste for art is, in these days, merely one special branch of universal curiosity. In the eyes of the thoughtful public, a figure, a picture, a statue, a group, has gradually lost its subjective interest, which has become secondary to its value as an ethnological or historical record.

Landscape, for instance, French, English, German, Slavonic, African, Asiatic, takes the place of descriptive geography; genre, finding its subjects in the most dissimilar countries, represents with the added charm of relief and colour, the manners and customs of every human race.

At the same time, as we look round at the plastic efforts entrusted to us from various latitudes, we very soon discern that each people, as studied in its original works of art, takes the native type as its model of creation; thus an universal exhibition is equivalent to an anthropological show of the races themselves.

And thus we find verified by an endless series of examples, the principles, already known to philosophy and æsthetics, that the origin of the Fine Arts lay in the innate desire of man to copy himself, so to speak, that he may know himself, and knowing himself, admire himself in his own image. Hence the irresistibly logical inference that each man does not recognize or satisfy himself under any type but that particular one which is to him the ideal of his kind.

The multiplicity of universal exhibitions of Fine Arts corresponds exactly with the vast extension of the means and ways of communication which engenders a taste for travelling. The number of Frenchmen, nay, of Parisians alone, whose "change of air" is taken anywhere from the shores of the Nile to those of the Ganges, is now beyond counting; the Amu Daria, in the very heart of what was unexplored Asia, and Lake Albert

SMITH HALD. — A WINTER EVENING.

DAGNAN-BOUVERET. — Vaccination.

J. MARIS. — Amsterdam.

Nyanza in Central Africa, are seen by more tourists than ever visited the Tyrol a hundred years ago.

These excursions, which to the traveller are a peripatetic exhibition, have led to a considerable modification in the standpoint of criticism in matters of art. European criticism, at any rate in the West, has seen the decay of one of the essential laws of Beauty in the classical sense, of Beauty as it was accepted from Greek and Roman tradition — the synthesis of the superiority of the Caucasian race.

To say the least, the exclusiveness which regarded the Caucasian type as alone admissible in high art has greatly diminished, The taste of amateurs made great strides between the " Jewish Bridal " by Eugène Delacroix, and the " Salome " by Henri Regnault; and the Jury seemed to have caught the contagion of anthropology when, at an interval of a few years, they awarded prizes to an Ethiopian Djinn and to a gorilla, as masterpieces of sculpture.

The art of colouring underwent similar vicissitudes before reaching its aim and end — Truth. By slow degrees, feeling their way through artificial systems to subtle discoveries and bewitching effects, painters for centuries broke their hearts in the struggle to reach the light of heaven, the glory of open air. At first there was the clear, lustreless tinting of the Ancients in conventional and primitive colours, to which the early painters of Christian times lent a sort of consecration, till the art of glass staining revealed the possible intensity of colour. This vivid colouring, faintly softened by shading, soon guided the fancy and the mysteries of *chiar 'oscuro*, which gave birth to the marvels of Titian's brush, of Tintoret's and Rembrandt's; but, in the case of men of gloomier imagination, fettered art in prisons and sepulchres. The sun had already risen on landscape in the luminous distance of Claude le Lorrain's pictures, while, down to the end of the last century, historical painting still dwelt under the northern skies and cold yellow light which fell from the studio skylight on David's

CABANEL. — Portrait of M. Armand.

canvas. After him there came a reaction, a renascence of warmth and life, with Gros and Géricault, who led the way for Eugène Delacroix and Decamps in their modern literalness, while landscape dwelt among nature with Théodore Rousseau, Troyon, Daubigny, Chintreuil, and a hundred others not less worthy of mention.

But nature herself, who may flatter himself that he has caught her, enclosed her in a formula of light and colour? Courbet, the realist, who was so severely handled when he showed us the "Nymphs of the Seine," found smiling truth among the precipices of the Jura or the waves of the storm-tossed ocean. Corot, the idealist, shows us dryads and fauns wandering through woods and dells, the dream of his fancy; he excels no less in his rendering of the mysteries of shadowy groves, of fields besprent with daisies, or pools on which white water-lilies float in the pale glamour of dawn or twilight.

It is now nearly thirty years since a new code of expression was introduced. After the war with China, ports were opened in the furthest East; Nipon poured out upon Europe and chiefly upon France, a prodigious flood of art of a novel type. Japanese art was revealed to us.

It was the study of Japanese art, and of the effects of staining paper, which gave rise among a certain class of realistic painters, to a manner of feeling in art which has become familiar under the name of "impressionism."

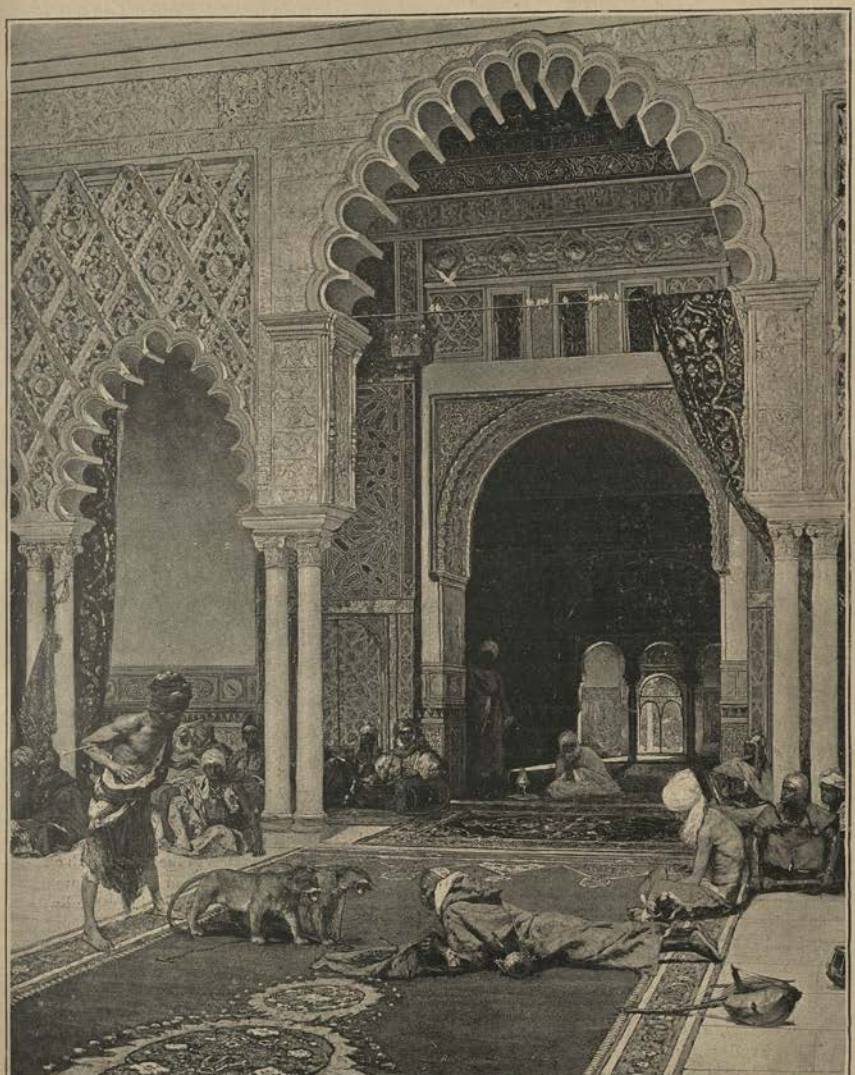
Impressionism has its place and its value nevertheless; its very exaggerations of violent and crude contrasts keep our masters of colours awake, and will preserve them from dozing over the greys and greens of some past schools.

But in spite of diversities of theory and cosmopolitan vagaries, in spite of the friction of nationalities and interchange of influences, we shall find the French School still independent, with its unalterable identity and indefeasible qualities, brilliancy, justness, and charm, with the clear light of its atmosphere, and the heroic vivacity of its generous temperament. France has not fallen away from the great traditions of classical and monumental art of which the Institute and the schools of Fine Arts in Paris and in Rome are the still faithful guardians. Cabanel and Gustave Boulanger died too soon, but they will be represented by noble works at the Champ de Mars. Others still survive to carry aloft the standard of grand painting; Puvis de Chavannes, Gustave Moreau, and Jean-Paul Laurens; and the believers and apostles of pure human form, Bouguereau, Jules Lefebvre, and Henner, who, like Michael Angelo, regard the bare foot of a man or woman, were it of a beggar, as always an object of greater beauty than the most magnificent covering it could wear.

But contemporary eclecticism, which leaves to every individual the responsibility and liberty of his thoughts, allows large room not merely for pictures of genre, such as we have always been accustomed to, that is to say historical anecdote, and the representation of manner and of costume, but also for illustrations of contemporary and homely life. The realistic school — to use the commonly accepted word — is not a birth of yesterday, as some of its deluded adherents fondly imagine, and did not first

JULES LEFEBVRE. — Psyché.

see light in Courbet's "Stone-breaker." It was contemporary with the first efforts of painting, and practically constituted all the native art of Holland; it was known in Italy in the seventeenth century, in the hands of Giovanni di San Giovanni, practised in Spain by Murillo, and in France by the brothers Le Nain, who, as M. Frédéric Villot has aptly observed, were the first to give their rustic figures a serious or sad expression, and, so far, may be regarded as the precursors of Millet. The development of democracy was accompanied by a movement in art which should give increasing prominence to the victims of civilization and to the disinherited of the earth; labouring men and workmen, the poor and the wretched, whose annals have in our day been raised, if not to the dignity, at any rate to the dimensions of historical work by more than one sculptor and painter.



BENJAMIN CONSTANT. — A Caliph's Pastime (Seville, 13th Century).

This strong tendency towards realism faithfully wrought out in details, even when they are most remote from the antique conception of ideal beauty, has not been without effect on every branch of art, and on its general aspect. Science has stepped in to forward the new tendencies of pictorial art. Photography had scarcely seen the light when art, forewarned, cried : " Thus far and no further! " forbidding its ever pretending to take the place of the artist's inspired work, of his insight and his hand. In one sense this was right; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that recent applications of photography to the reproduction, first of the human form, then of wide landscape scenery, panoramic views, and even the sky and stars, have made the public familiar with the truth of form, and with the real relations of bodies seen against infinite space and their modelling in the light. And thus the artist, too, has necessarily increased his technical knowledge, and has learnt to follow nature more closely, not indeed, perhaps in its beauty as a whole, which nothing can apprehend, except the supreme intuition of genius, but in its individual forms without any of the meretricious conventionality which was acquired in the studio. This stern fidelity, which is not incompatible with inspiration or imagination, has found special application in the revival of a class of work which has always held an important place in the French school; namely, military painting. Not that we need ignore the vehemence of the cavalry charges shown us in full shock by Bourguignon's fiery hand, nor yet the value and interest of the pictures bequeathed to us by two foreign painters who did great things to immortalize the glory of French arms : Van der Meulen and Casanova.

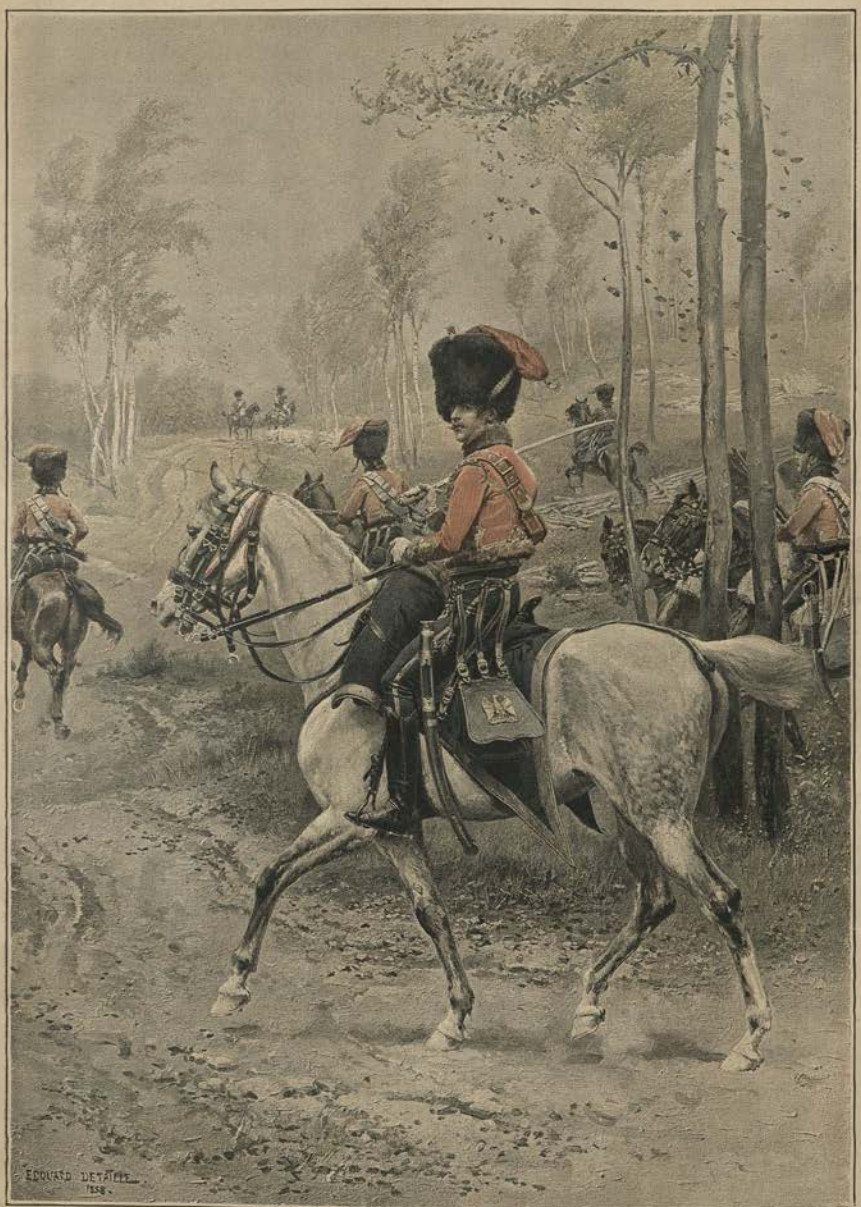
The present century saw among its best military painters Isabey, Carl Vernet, Robert Lefebvre, Géricault, Charlet, Raffet, Horace Vernet, and Bellanger, whose immediate successors were the host of young painters under the second Empire. And Horace Vernet, in his day liked to think that not a button was missing from tunic or gaiter, no more in the melancholy combatants at the Barrière de Clichy, than in the triumphant regiments who carried the strongholds of Abd-el-Kader. All homage to these veterans!

And no Frenchman whose heart beats true to his country will ever forget the " Bugler's Horse, " or the " Regimental Dog, " two chapters of a sentimental journey through the wars of a past time.

But, as we look about us, we hail in their turn the phalanx of young painters, born since the day of disaster, with the youthful army which henceforth is one with the nation. Foremost Alphonse de Neuville, the first on the list, since he is dead in the prime of life, leaving behind him some immortal works : the " Taking of Le Bourget, " " The Spy, " the " Graveyard of Gravelotte, " where the soul of the nation seems to hover in tears; and next to him Édouard Detaille, who is still so young that his masterpieces outnumber his years. It is in him, as the painter of " The Dream " (*Le Rêve*), an admirable picture which carried off the first medal in 1888, without a suspicion of demur, in him, I say, that we see the typical example of an artist whose care for literal truth is combined in perfect balance with the glow of inspiration and the deepest feeling, without a trace of affectation or sentimentality.

PHILIPPE GILLE.

W. MARIS. — Ducks.



Chromotypogravure et Imprimerie Boussod, Valadon & Cie.

OFFICER OF HUSSARS

5th Regiment of France, 1805.

Chromolithographiert et Imprimerie Bienné, Valadon & Cie.

THE LAKE CITY.

A WALK ROUND THE EXHIBITION

A PREHISTORIC DWELLING.

The best way to get a comprehensive view of the Exhibition is to take up a position in the centre of the Trocadéro palace in the middle of the circular gallery whence you look down on the gilt statues representing the five great divisions of the world. From thence the panorama is really splendid. Below, lie the gardens full of shrubs and flowers; the scent comes up on the air. This garden-plot has been laid out for the Horticultural exhibition, which could not be better placed. Beyond flows the Seine, crossed by the Pont d'Iéna crowded with people; on the river we have the show of the Transatlantic Company; behind this, to the right and left, the two great polychrome cupolas of the palace of the Fine Arts, and the palace of the Liberal Arts—an innovation in architecture, it may be noted, which has not fulfilled all the fine promises made on its behalf, far from it. In the middle the Eiffel tower rises to the clouds, and under the gigantic straddle of its four piles we see the centre dome of the Exhibition, and a swarm of smaller buildings looking like the children of that long-legged mother. For side-scenes, on one hand lie the verdant slopes of Sèvres and Saint-Cloud, bathed in a flood of light; on the left the Invalides, whose gilt dome might itself be part of the Exhibition buildings with which it harmonises perfectly.

Now we will go down to the bridge, glancing as we pass at the forty or fifty greenhouses in which are collected all the rare plants indigenous to various parts of the world, as well as the double and other abnormal varieties produced by human effort to coerce nature. We shall see by and by whether there is a black tulip among them or a blue rose. I should not be surprised; the purple lilac has been made to turn white by being grown in the dark.

We glance, too, at the position for the exhibits of the Boards of Public Works and Forests, a modest structure of wood, contrived only for use, and making no pretensions to magnificence. Then, after crossing the bridge, we pass the exhibition of Maritime (including river) appliances, which deserves a longer visit than we have time to pay it to-day.

***

To the right hand and to the left, all along the Quai d'Orsay and Quai de Grenelle, we see the series of buildings illustrating the dwellings of mankind. M. Charles Garnier has here set before us one of the most curious lessons imaginable. An hour's visit to this part of the Exhibition teaches us more than a whole book full of facts.

That hut, standing on the water as it would seem, and looking at first sight as if it were meant to shelter swans or ducks, is a specimen of the lake dwellings of the most remote period, when men first came out of their caves and constructed habitations raised on piles in the midst of the waters, to protect themselves against wild beasts. The precaution was ingenious, no doubt, but what rheumatism they must have had! To be sure, as every one was in the same predicament, it was perhaps treated as a matter of course. Other dwellings we see built of enormous blocks of stone set on end to form a wall; this is an advance. We shall find larger dwellings of the Gallo-Roman age, of the primitive Persians. Here is a Hindoo temple eighteen metres high, with two towers forming wings, and scarcely any central building; an Etruscan house raised on three pillars; a Pelasgian dwelling, a Hebrew hut with a doorway of triangular form with the upper point cut off, a reminiscence of the captivity in Egypt; a Phenician tower; a Syrian dwelling; and finally an Egyptian house, restored as exactly as possible on the plan of the ancient Egyptian dwellings at the time of the Pharaohs. Then, in contrast with all these, a hut of the Huns, a cart, neither more nor less, with canvas curtains—the primitive "caravan." There must certainly still be Huns about at fair-time.

This first row illustrates primeval dwellings; it is to the left of the bridge towards Paris. To the right, on the Quai de Grenelle, we see not exactly modern, but less ancient forms of

houses; the Scandinavian, built of logs one above another, the Romanesque, with round arches on the ground floor and narrow windows; the house of the Middle Ages, with carved gable-ends, the gable fronting the street, which was the pride of the good citizens of the period, and which may yet be seen in some Alsatian towns; the Renaissance house, with an elegant turret overhanging the corner of the street; the Byzantine, with a terrace-roof; the Russian, with its pointed cupola; the Slavonian, entirely built of wood, the Arab, a square tower with verandahs; the Soudanese, with a steep peaked roof; and the hovels of South African savages, of Red Indians and Laplanders; Esquimaux huts perched on piles and not unlike those of the lake-

all round the tower, another class of structures to examine. These are the pavilions erected for separate and independent displays. We may see in succession and study at our leisure, as fancy leads us or their attractions tempt us, the products of Brazil, of the Argentine Republic, of Uruguay, Chili, Venezuela, Nicaragua, Bolivia, San-Domingo, Haïti, Salvador, and the rest; of Monaco; of the foundries of the North; of the marbles of Ossau; of the water-colour painters; of M. Simard—the *chalets* above-mentioned; and of M. Perrusson, a display of pottery; he it was who made the restored model of the Bastille and of the old Rue Saint-Antoine, which for the last twelve months, has attracted all Paris to the Champ de Mars and

THE CHINESE HOUSE.

cities; the dwellings of the Aztecs and of the Incas; and these, by a singular coincidence which it would be interesting to investigate, display the same leading features as the architecture of the Egyptians. These restorations cannot fail to be a great success, and that not merely as interesting the learned or specialists, but as captivating the merely curious visitor, who will be interested in seeing the beginnings of the now costly art of architecture.

Charles Garnier had, of course, many and efficient colleagues. Among these clever and indefatigable assistants I must mention M. Simard, whom we shall meet with again in the course of our walk. M. Simard is in fact the contractor for rustic *chalets* to the City of Paris, and the builder of all those in the Bois de Boulogne, as well as of most of those we passed just now in the Horticultural exhibition in the gardens of the Trocadéro. And it is M. Simard who has built, under M. Charles Garnier's direction, the straw hut and lake dwelling before mentioned, and the various huts of the Albanos, the Red Indians, the Laplanders, Esquimaux, and others.

We shall presently come upon the *chalet* pattern again, for he has made a special exhibition of such houses.

M. Rubé and M. Chapron, well known as decorative painters, have also served M. Garnier well, with their admirable taste and special training.

* *
*

After going through this series of human dwellings, we have, which all the sightseers at the Exhibition will not fail to visit.

We must also look in at the Pavillon Coignet, built with a quite new material; blocks of concrete. M. Coignet's patent stones, made of concrete cast in a mould, are a substitute for hewn stone, and superior in convenience, durability, and hardness. The firm of François Coignet and Co. have already constructed on this system above three hundred kilometres of sewers in Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Dieppe, Mulhouse, Odessa, and elsewhere; nearly sixty kilometres of the aqueduct which brings water from the Vanne; the lighthouse at Port Saïd; the church at Le Vésinet, and many other buildings. In the Exhibition itself the concrete blocks of A. Coignet and Co. are largely employed, as, for instance, in the platform on which the fountain by Formigé and Coutant is erected; in the balustrades enclosing part of the garden; the steps leading to the Mexican court, and to those of Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia and the colonies, as well as the Health exhibition and the display of State manufactures. And even now I have certainly omitted some, but one brain cannot contain everything.

And now, if we have a few minutes to spare, we may look in on a performance at the Théâtre des Folies-Parisiennes, under the management of Messieurs Daubray, Scipion, and Georges Richard; or else, if we want to refresh our energies, by going a little further we shall come to the Bouillons Duval; here, close at hand on the right, is one of the three restaurants they are licensed to open at the Exhibition.

I need not, at this time of day, relate the history or sing the

praises of the Bouillons Duval. Their fame is world-wide. Abroad, as well as in France, their name is familiar, and their motto is the same: Comfortable, good, and cheap.

The restaurant on the Quai d'Orsay, and its twin near the gallery of machinery, are planned on the model of the Paris establishments. That in the Avenue de Suffren is more especially destined for the people.

THE HINDOO HOUSE.

*
* *

But we must not linger, for we must visit the Eiffel tower at any cost.

You know all the objections that were raised to the erection of this building, the highest in the world.

To begin with, engineers declared it to be impossible; the tower must collapse like the Tower of Babel of Biblical tradition, or at any rate, even if the inventor had made no mistake in his calculations, and the resistance of the iron and the foundations proved strong enough, the very earth would give way under its weight.

"There must be a sheet of water, "they said," or a stratum of sand, or perhaps a bed of clay under the Champ de Mars; something, at any rate, which would give way, and down would come the tower."

Hence, protests, threats, and even a lawsuit set on foot by the residents and owners of houses in the neighbourhood, an action for enormous damages for the mischief done to them by the tower in preventing their letting their houses by reason of the danger.

And finally there was the famous protest signed by the painters, poets, and dramatic authors, to the effect that the Eiffel tower would be a disgrace to Paris, and petitioning the minister of the Interior to prohibit its erection.

M. Lockroy's reply was highly ingenious.

He expressed his regrets that, as the agreements were passed and signed, he was no longer in a position to prevent the profanation of that matchless quadrangle of gravel known as the Champ de Mars, so worthy to inspire poets and landscape painters.

And M. Coppée — an academician he — could mock at the Eiffel tower in a neat copy of verses :

" Le flâneur, quand il considère
Les cent étages à gravir
Du démesuré belvédère,
Demande : A quoi peut-il servir?

A ces hauteurs vertigineuses
Le savant voit-il mieux les choses
Des mondes et des nébuleuses?
— Non pas; on y prendra des bocks.

. . . . . .

Le Mont Blanc hausse les épaules
En songeant à la tour Eiffel. "

Well, to make Mont Blanc shrug its shoulders is something, and that is not the last achievement of the Eiffel tower!

As a matter of fact, this erection offers a field for highly interesting observations in astronomy, vegetable chemistry, meteorology, and physics. In case of war it might enable Paris to keep up communications with the outlying country, and finally, it is one of the greatest achievements of man's creation. Foreigners have been quite alive to this when, in their jealousy, they have done their utmost to cry it down. The *Times* especially, asked of what earthly use this huge carcass of iron ribs could be? " To send the English up it, " replied M. de Foville at a meeting at the Conservatoire of Arts and Crafts.

Let us go up it — as if we too were English. It need not cost " a hundred sous " as Coppée says; at least the price depends on how high we go, and on the day we select. The tower is divided into three stories, and you pay more or less according to the height to which you mount. On week days the ascent to the lowest floor costs two francs; to the second three francs, and to the highest five. On Sundays the prices are reduced to a franc and a half, two francs, and two francs and a half.

Let us pay and ascend.

There are two ways to the lowest story : either by the stairs or by the lift. The two *great staircases* are in the eastern and

THE ASSYRIAN HOUSE.

western piles or legs of the tower; for it must be explained that, as it happens that the Champ de Mars lies due north-west and south-east, the four piles on which the tower stands lie exactly at the four points of the compass. We will go up by the western staircase, the one nearest to the Decauville railway-

THE ARAB HOUSE.

station; the other is reserved for descending visitors, to facilitate the traffic. The ascent is not steep, not even very fatiguing. The staircase, following the curve of the supporting piles, is broken at intervals by landings which give some rest, and you find yourself at the top of the three hundred and fifty steps before you are aware of it.

However, if you are afraid of the effort, you can go up in an elevator. There are four of these lifts, one in each pile. Those in the eastern and western piles are worked on the Roux and Combaluzier system; each will carry a hundred persons at a time, at the rate of one metre per second. These elevators, which are on a perfectly new pattern, and specially contrived for the Eiffel tower, are of very singular construction. The cage, or room in which the passengers sit, works up and down guided by the beams of the ironwork without any visible mechanism to explain its motion. We will give a very summary account of this novel and ingenious contrivance. The elevators being required to follow the curve and slope of the piles supporting the tower, the inventors, to meet this novel case, have divided the ordinary rigid and cylindrical piston into segments, each a metre in length, threaded, as it were, on a hinged rod and forming an articulated or jointed piston. This slides in an iron sheath, which is an organic part of the tower, and thus, being absolutely unbendable, it acts by pressure like any ordinary piston.

The room conveying the passengers is worked by two such pistons, one on each side, with perfect safety. These chain-pistons roll on two huge wheels, like those of an ordinary dredger, and over two pulleys above, thus forming two endless circuits including the cage, and steadying the motion. The wheels are turned by two huge hydraulic presses, fed from reservoirs under the floor of the second story. This is in outline the elegant and ingenious solution devised by Messrs. Roux and Combaluzier for a new and complicated problem.

I believe that this system of working elevators, which has already been applied to private houses, is destined to be very extensively adopted, owing to the support which the inventors have received from M. Morane junior, the well-known mechanical engineer in the Rue Jenner, whose name we shall again have occasion to mention in speaking of hydraulic machinery.

It may be added that the ascent, thanks to the piston-sheath, is perfectly steady and absolutely safe; if by any accident there should be a breakage in the gear, the passengers would simply remain in mid-air till the damage was repaired, or till they were released by an arrangement expressly contrived for the purpose.

The elevators in the north and south piles are worked on the Otis system, which is that principally adopted in America. They are on the same principle as the Armstrong hydraulic crane. A piston is worked, in a cylinder lying perpendicular to the beams, by water derived from the reservoirs on the second floor. This piston moves a truck carrying six movable rollers each 1 metre 40 centimetres in diameter. Each of these answers to a fixed roller of the same size. This forms a huge mass of hauling tackle, by which for every metre the piston moves, the cage is raised twelve metres. Here too, precautions are taken in case of accident. The cage or room, is a carriage moving on rails along an inclined plane, and not straight up and down as in an ordinary lift. It is also furnished with strong breaks which

A LAPLANDER'S HOUSE

stop it instantaneously, and rides on six wire ropes, each one of which alone is strong enough to bear the weight of the cage and passengers.

So, by one way or another, here we are on the first stage. Here we may pause; and there is room enough — a surface of 4200 square metres, where five thousand persons may stand at

case. We will walk through the covered galleries which run round the platform. Even from here the view is magnificent.

On one side the Trocadéro, on the other the whole of the Exhibition, like a plan in relief, and full of stir; and then Paris on one hand, and the hills closing in the valley of the Seine on the other.

From this height we can take in at a glance the gigantic stretch of glass skylight over the galleries of the various Exhibition buildings. Gigantic, I say, and the word is not too strong when we remember that this glazing, in corrugated glass six millimetres in thickness, covers a surface of nearly seventy thousand metres or about 17 acres. The material was delivered at the depôt of the station at the Champ de Mars by a hundred and forty-one goods trucks, belonging to the Western Railway of France; the weight of it is 951 810 kilogrammes. These seventeen acres of glass are not to be wasted; they will be returned to the manufacturers when the Exhibition closes. To fix them, 200,000 kilogrammes of putty were used, contained in five hundred casks.

This enormous piece of work was achieved in two hundred and forty days by an average of eighty glaziers, all Frenchmen; the firm of Murat, Boulevard Malesherbes, the only house that could undertake such an immense job, making it a point of honour not to employ a single foreigner.

In the middle of the platform stand four restaurants of different classes and a graduated scale of prices. On the Grenelle side is an Anglo-American bar, where food is served at a very reasonable rate. The contractor is bound by agreement to supply refreshments at a much lower price than in the restaurants on *terra firma*, and not of inferior quality. Fronting the Trocadéro is a Flemish beer counter; looking out over Paris a Russian restaurant; and finally, facing the Exhibition buildings, the French restaurant Louis XIV — which is the most aristocratic of the four.

Each has a room twenty-five metres long by fifteen wide; so there is elbow-room and to spare, and the diners will not be packed like herrings in a barrel, as they are in the restaurants on the Boulevards.

On the Eiffel tower everything is on a grand scale. And while you lunch or dine you can still enjoy the view; the rooms look out across the gallery and over the awning which shades it.

And where, you will say, are the kitchens and cellars? Oh, there is plenty of room for them too; they are under the dining-rooms in the thickness of the platform. Cellars in mid-air; another curious novelty.

Have you seen enough of the first floor? We will go on to the second. Here again we may choose between the steps and the lift. Only here there is but one system of elevators. The "Combaluziers" end at the first landing-stage, those between the first and second are on the Otis system.

Note the difference of pace. The "Combaluziers" lifts have cages in which a hundred persons can be carried, and they rise one metre per second. Thus they mount to the first platform, fifty-seven metres, in rather less than a minute.

The Otis elevators, on the other hand, carry only fifty passengers, but they rise two metres in the second. They arrive at the first stage in half a minute, at the second in another half-minute; one minute in all from the ground to the second floor. It is the "Eiffel tower Express." I need not say that if the thought of such a pace alarms you there are the steps as before. Here we have a spiral staircase, but there are landings at intervals all the same.

THE PAVILION OF THE *Figaro* ON THE SECOND STOREY OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The second landing-stage, at a hundred and eighteen metres above the ground, has an area of fourteen hundred square metres. A gallery runs round it as on the first floor, but the view is much finer and over a far wider extent of country. If we need refreshment here again are bars; here, too, are sold photographs, books, etc.; and here we have the pavilion of the *Figaro*, which occupies half the space, looking out over the Place de la Concorde.

This pavilion, built by M. Sauffroy, the architect to the *Figaro*, contains a printing office with presses on the rotatory system by Marinoni; a miniature printing-house, but fully filled up with every accessory and a complete staff. A little daily paper is printed there, a supplement to its big brother *Figaro*, which will be in a way the official organ of the Eiffel tower and the Universal Exhibition. And visitors will find in this pavilion various surprises which I will not spoil by betraying them beforehand.

On this platform is the station from which we may ascend to the third floor. Above this, the lifts are not aslant as the others are; they are vertical. M. Edoux, a mechanical engineer in Paris, undertakes to convey us through the air for the hundred and sixty metres between the second and third floors, a considerable distance, which might well daunt us if M. Eiffel did not assure us that he superintended in person the construction of M. Edoux' elevators, and pledge himself that there is no risk whatever. But the whole ascent is not accomplished without a break; the hundred and sixty metres are divided half-way by a landing, where passengers quit one cage and start afresh in another.

These lifts work at the rate of one metre per second; thus, allowing for the time required to disembark and embark, it takes three minutes before we find ourselves at the top.

There is no balcony gallery round the third platform; it might

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

not be safe; we are in a large room about nineteen metres square and two metres and a half high, very much resembling the saloon cabin of a steamboat. It is closed on all sides by means of sliding windows which lift up and down like those of a carriage. The windward side is closed, and the opposite side left open.

The view from this height is unique. The eye can see beyond the hills enclosing the Paris basin over a panorama of a hundred and forty kilometres in circuit. And we are high above earth-born mists. The sky isblue over head, and at our feet lies a sea of haze on which, under certain conditions of weather and light, the shadow of the tower is cast with the most striking effect.

Up here there is only a little bar for refreshment; but there is a round table on which, as at Fourvières, there are placed at certain points telescopes and opera-glasses, with maps to show the spectator the direction in which he is looking.

At night, particularly, the scene from this platform will be quite extraordinary; a scene which hitherto none but aëronauts have been privileged to behold — Paris by night. Great electric lanterns, fixed at the very top of all, will send shafts of light into the distance, revealing the hidden things of darkness. This will be quite a new method of investigation. What discoveries might be made! We dare not dwell on the notion.

We can mount no further; the crowning turret is closed to the public, and reserved for scientific observations. Unless you are a professor at the Sorbonne or a member of some Academy, you cannot claim the privilege of climbing the little corkscrew staircase which leads thither. Up there is the electric lighthouse.

As we come down I will give you a few figures as to the accommodation for visitors.

Two thousand persons per hour can go up the stairways.

The elevators, as far as the second platform, can carry up two housand four hundred, and those up to the third level will carry seven hundred and fifty.

This gives about five thousand persons per hour, and it is hoped that on fine days from twenty to twenty-five thousand persons will make the ascent.

At night there will be special attractions provided at the foot of the tower, among others a theatre, and M. de Saint-Vidal's luminous fountain.

This fountain deserves a special paragraph. It is about ten metres high and represents "Night striving to suppress the flight of the Genius of Light which tries to illuminate Truth."

Round this central group are five colossal and noble figures, finely modelled to represent the five divisions of the globe.

This monumental work, of which we give an engraving in this number, was to have been executed in cast-iron by M. L. Gasne, ironmaster at Eusey (Meuse) in whose foundry the handsome fountains and rostral columns in the Place de la Concorde were cast, as well as many other important decorative works. Unhappily, however, the models were not finished in time to be reproduced in metal, so it was necessary to erect, in the place they were intended to fill, the original work in plaster by M. de Saint-Vidal. M. Gasne's foundry has nevertheless contributed largely to the decoration of the Exhibition buildings; for instance the pleasing cast-iron ornamentation of the pavilions for the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts, the noble balustrades of their cupolas, the great electric lights in the central avenue, and last, not least, its own exhibit of bronzes and artistic castings, where we may see the reproduction in iron of the *America*, one of the divisions o the globe round the fountain.

We have lingered long in and about the Eiffel tower; in fac the visit and ascent necessarily take up some little time. We may still see something more of the Exhibition itself.

* * *

Let us turn to the right through the gardens, and enter the palace of the Liberal Arts. It is one of a series of structures planned by M. Formigé, one of the three first prize-winners in the competition for the Exhibition buildings. This series includes four distincts parts: this palace of the Liberal Arts, in front of which we are standing, and which lies parallel to the Avenue de Suffren; the palace of the Fine Arts, parallel to the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, the Desaix Gallery, and the Rapp Gallery, which join these two pavilions with the central avenue of the general exhibits.

The Liberal Arts compose Group II, constituted to include everything connected with the teaching and practice of medicine, surgery, book-work, photography etc. etc.

The Fine Arts is a title which explains itself. M. Antonin Proust, the special commissioner, has collected and arranged this exhibition.

I would have you remark the various contrivances and diversity of design introduced by the architects to escape monotony, and at the same time to make each building appropriate to its special use and purpose.

The nave of each of these art-palaces is formed of iron uprights supporting girders, at a distance of 18 metres from arch to arch, with a span of 52 metres 80 centimetres; the rest of the structure is of iron trellis. The side aisles are of similiar construction. The Desaix and Rapp Galleries have a span of 30 metres.

THE WELL OF THE ELEVATORS.

In one of these galleries two disasters occurred which, for the moment, caused great excitement in Paris. The entrance was to be decorated with ornaments in terra-cotta, but the casts not having been finished in time — or, perhaps, not to the architect's satisfaction — it was decided to use stone for the arch, on which an independent decoration might be applied in the form of reliefs. But the iron skeleton calculated to bear terra-cotta was not strong enough to carry stonework. One of the pylons fell, and with it the central arch of the Desaix Gallery. On hearing of this the good folks of Paris were seized with a panic. They thought that was but the beginning, and that the whole of the Exhibition buildings would tumble down one after another, like a village of card houses. It was quite a business to reassure them. In point of fact there was no great harm done. Wooden blocks were substituted for the stonework, and on these terra-cotta plaques are fixed, as was originally intended; thus all further risk was averted, and the façades of the galleries are as strong as the Pont-Neuf — now that it has been repaired.

It must be owned that M. Formigé, by substituting stonework for terra-cotta in the decoration of his buildings, was injuring the effect of his original design. Brick, earthenware, and glazed

ware are in fact the materials he has worked with throughout. The great domes which we looked down on fromthe Trocadero are in earthenware, and the effect, we must repeat, is far from being so wonderful as was promised; the wall of the drum too, is of earthenware, the lower courses supporting it are of brick, and the vases which decorate the piers are in terra-cotta. So also are the architraves of the arcades which form the Gates of Honour, as well as the medallions, trophies, and statues. It is he triumph of pottery, and every colour on the palette has beent flung broadcast.

The palace of miscellaneous exhibits, which connects that of the Fine Arts with those of the Industrial Arts and Machinery is the work of M. Bouvard. Like the two others, and indeed the greater part of the Exhibition, it is made of iron.

It consists of a huge accumulation of galleries with an area of 105,878 metres, composed partly of side-galleries for the exhibits, of very plain construction, partly of corridors for visitors, somewhat more decoratively treated. In the centre is an imposing dome.

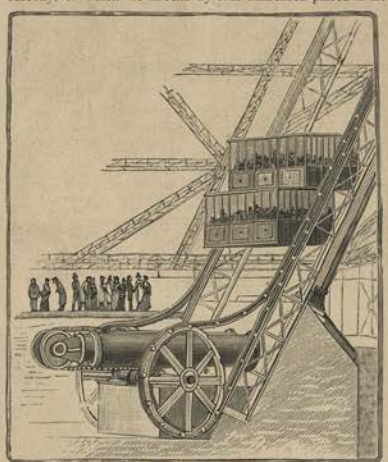
The diameter of this dome is 30 metres; its interior height 55. That of the outside, measured to the top of the statue which crowns it, and which represents France distributing the awards, is 75 metres.

These figures seem very insignificant compared with those just given in describing the Eiffel tower. But considering that it is merely an ordinary monument, and above all, let us not forget, only temporary, they are good enough. After all, the central dome overtops the towers of Notre Dame.

The palace of miscellaneous exhibits is quite a relief after the surfeit of terra-cotta lavished on its two neighbours. If, on the outside, the facing is of glazed brick, inside we find a collection of decorations painted on canvas, the rich colouring of which has a very pleasant appearance.

Let us take our stand in the centre, and examine the cupola.

On the first floor, 20 metres from the ground, runs a circular balcony, to which we ascend by four staircases placed in the



THE WELL OF THE ROUX-COMBALUZIER ELEVATOR.

corner piers. From this the visitor commands the vestibule of the main entry, the gallery 30 metres in length which leads to the palace of Machinery, and the inner garden beyond which the eye, threading the mighty curves of the Eiffel tower, can wander as far as the Trocadéro.

Above the level of the first corner the pillars are coupled by four pediments representing symbols of the four agents of production : Water, Air, Steam, and Electricity.

Above, a great decorative frieze, containing twelve panels, six metres in height, painted by MM. Lavastre and Carpezan, represents France summoning all the nations to the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

The names of the nations who have accepted the invitation are inscribed on four large scrolls.

Above the frieze four allegorical groups of sculpture illustrate Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The integrity of the decoration is completed by painted panels depicting the products of each of these quarters of the globe.

It is on the ground floor of this palace that the interesting collection of French tapestry from Gobelins and Beauvais is to be found.

From the artistic point of view the decoration of the palace of Machinery is not particularly interesting. It is, so to speak, a vast workshop. Nevertheless, it deserves a brief inspection by the uninitiated, showing as it does a summary of the whole advance of the last sixty years in the science of steam machinery, a science whose progress has been so swift. It will be the joy of experts.

*
* *

I should commit an act of base ingratitude if I said nothing of the parks and gardens, which enliven the somewhat dreary aspect of this conglomeration of metal buildings.

M. Alphand himself has directed their laying out. The scheme has been carried out by M. Laforcade, head gardener to the City of Paris.

A park does not spring into being like a building. By working day and night one can raise scaffoldings, pile stone on stone, brick on brick, and build a palace as quickly as that in the Arabian Nights. But in spite of steam, gas, and electricity, one cannot in a few months produce great trees.

This then was long since provided for. For upwards of two years the large trees have been planted, together with the shrubs. heyThave consequently had time to acclimatize, and are now in full vigour.

The flowers, on the other hand, are planted out at the last moment, that they may appear in their first freshness to early visitors to the Exhibition.

When we have passed an hour examining, one after another, the glass cases containing objects which have astounded and bewildered us, it is a genuine delight to rest our eyes for a time amid foliage and blossom.

At night, particularly, one can enjoy in these gardens a remarkable spectacle, not yet seen in Paris, that of the illuminated fountains.

These have been arranged on the plan of those which caused so much excitement at the London Colonial Exhibition in 1886, at Manchester in 1888, at Glasgow, and lastly, at the exhibition of Barcelona.

By taking advantage of the phenomena of reflection, the effect of a fountain of fire has been obtained, and by using different glasses to alter the colour of the light, and at the same time regulating the pressure of the water, marvellous results are produced, giving all the appearance of fireworks, without smoke, smell, or danger.

You can see for yourself, however, if you stay to spend the evening at the Exhibition, for it should not be forgotten that it now remains open to the public till a late hour.

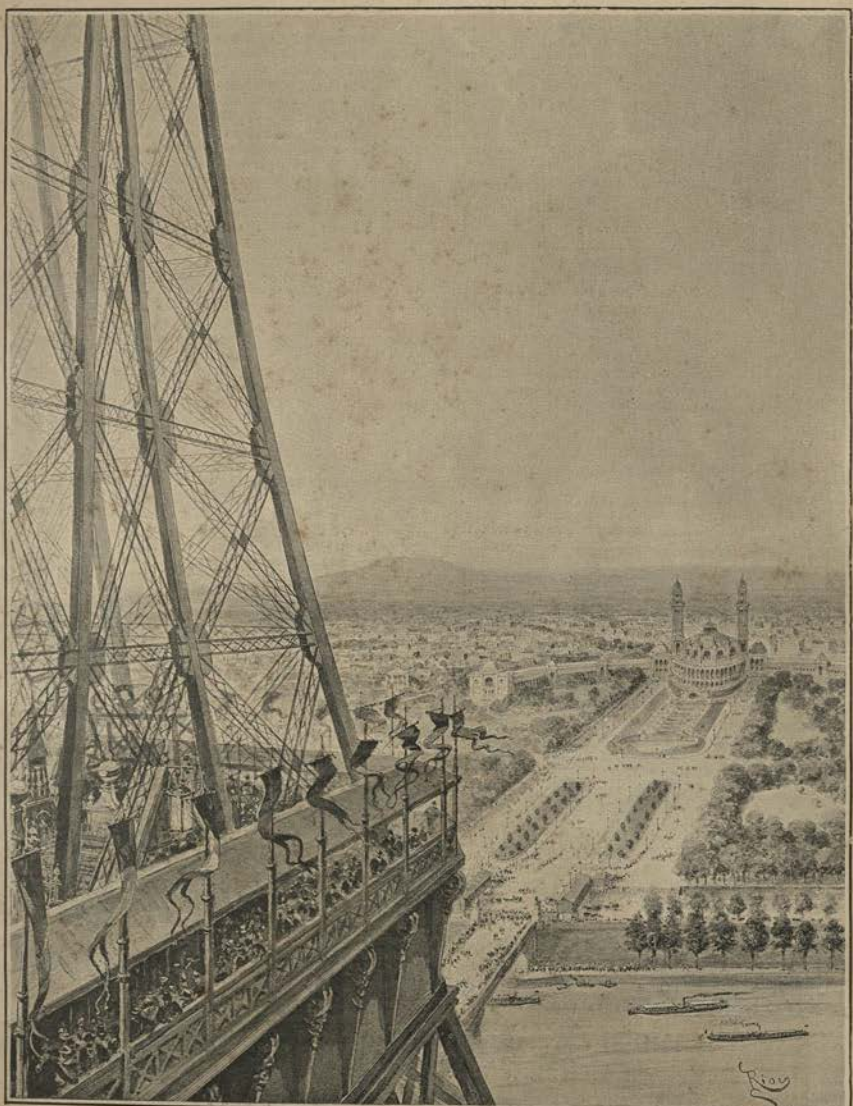
The night visit should prove by no means the least attractive. One can inspect everything as well as by daylight. The gas will flare, the electric light pour down its dazzling glare on all the buildings. All these palaces glinting with a myriad fires should have the look of fairyland. Even the street of Cairo itself, a perfectly typical street, which we must some day visit in detail, house by house, for it is well worth it, will be lighted by electricity, which should considerably astonish the sphinxes and crocodiles brought from the banks of the Nile, who can never have seen such a sight.

Don't be alarmed because I speak of crocodiles; those you will encounter there are all either carved or stuffed. There is no fear of their biting you.

*
* *

Instead, however, there will be donkeys, real Egyptian donkeys — or so supposed — that we may ride through the street of Cairo. They will add a glamour of local colour, which cannot fail to be enjoyed by the children.

These donkeys remind me that I have completely forgotten to



On the second storey of the Eiffel Tower.

mention the means of transport. For in a city of such importance as that formed by the Exhibition, one cannot visit everything on foot. The Exhibition, moreover, is not all in the Champ de Mars. It includes also the Invalides and all that portion of the Quai which separates the two Esplanades. Well, when one has arrived, whether by one of the numerous omnibus routes started on purpose, or by the special extension of the Western Railway, or finally by the steamboat, one can take the Exhibition railway to any point one wishes to attain.

This railway, a narrow-gauge line, is on the Decauville system. Its starting place is at the main entrance on the Esplanade des Invalides; its terminus at the end of the palace of Machinery, at the corner of the Avenue Lamotte-Piquet and the Avenue de Suffren. It has intervening stations at the palace of Food-products, the Eiffel tower, and the Porte Desaix. But a certain number of stopping-places established at intervals enable one to take the cars, as on a tramway. The cost, for any distance, is only twenty-five centimes.

As you see, it is very convenient.

And by the way, as we are speaking of it, why not take it to give a glance round the Invalides?

The Esplanade des Invalides has been devoted chiefly to the exhibitions of the respective colonies, and of certain Ministerial Departments; War, Education, Post and Telegraphs. Round these exhibitions of a purely educational character are clustered a number of pavilions intended for special or collective exhibitions, but all belonging to our foreign possessions.

On arriving at the station, and taking up a position opposite the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, we have, on our left, the palaces of Algeria and Tunis. They are encircled by annexes forming a real Arabian town, with its *kouba*, minarets, terraces, and domes. A true voyage in Africa, where one can at one's pleasure, begin in Algeria and end in Tunis, or the reverse, as with a circular ticket.

To complete the local colour, a certain number of natives have been introduced and dwell in the houses. When one comes out, one ought to feel astonished that one need not take ship to return to France. To be sure, there is a river steamer close at hand; and with a little imagination the illusion should be possible.

A little further on is the exhibition of the Colonies. This consists of a principal palace surrounded by pavilions, in which Cochin China, Annam, Madagascar, Guiana, Guadeloupe, and the Gaboon display their products. We can at will linger in a Tahitian village, a Cingalese, Cochin-chinese, or Canack, and examine the inhabitants; thus going round the world, not in eighty days, or even eighty hours, but in one hour or an hour and a half, and without danger of being killed, or eaten, which is certainly an advantage. Better still, we have an Annamese restaurant, an Annamese *café*, and an Annamese theatre with a troup of dancing girls brought direct from Huë. Needless to say, the dancing of these young people does not in the least resemble that performed at the Opera. It has a charm, none the less, for some admirers. After all, it is a matter of taste, and once inside the theatre, we are far from Paris and the pruderies of its censure.

To cool ourselves, let us visit the model school which the minister of Education has established not far from these. That will undoubtedly bring us back to France in 1889. Let us go through. On the other side of the central passage, on leaving the Hôtel des Invalides, we have an altogether different exhibition. Here is that of relief to the wounded in battle, that of the appliances for encampment; the exhibition of social economy, with the working men's club, the co-operative and benefit societies; the artizans' dwellings, the mining associations, the cheap restaurant, the dispensary.

How far away we are from Annam and its dancing girls!

Here now is the Health exhibition, composed of a central pavilion and important annexes, the chief of which is the pavilion of the Board of Public Relief. Instructive, but hardly amusing.

Here is something more entertaining; the palace of the Ministry of War, led up to by a mediæval fortress, environed by moats, flanked by turrets, with drawbridges, machicolations, etc., etc. Just now we were in the far East; behold now we are in the age of chivalry! A perfect dissolving view.

To wind up with we visit the pavilions of gunpowder and saltpetre, post and telegraph, and then a lot of private pavilions or *chalets*, the Dutch bakery, the Swedish butter-makers, the English dairy. Who can say what? A cosmopolitan hurly-burly in which it is wise to shut one's ears lest one should forget the little French one knows.

Let us take once again the Decauville railway and return to the Champ de Mars, to dine either at the Bouillon Duval, or in one of the numberless restaurants scattered everywhere. Oh! these are of all sorts. You will see that, when we pass them under inspection.

Dinner finished, we will take part in the night *fête*, and according to your inclination, finish the evening at the Théâtre Scipion, the new Bastille, or the Fairy Palace, a grand establishment situated on the Rapp Gallery, in which, to the great enthusiasm of the young ones, all the tales of Perrault are exhibited in turn and put in action. It is an innocent and amusing fairy scene, but one in which, no matter what pains are taken to astonish us, nothing can appear wonderful. Are we not in fairyland since we have set foot in the Exhibition, and may not M. Berger, who has been chief organiser of the whole, and has completed it with such skill and rapidity, pass for a magician?

GEORGES GRISON.

THE SAINT-VIDAL FOUNTAIN.

ÉTIENNE BOUSSOD, *Manager*.

Printed by Bonnet, Valadon & Co.

Chromotypographie et Imprimerie Bonnard, Villedieu & Cie.

TASSE A LA REINE

Mounted in chased bronze, gilt; reliefs *en pâte* on hard porcelain,
by M. GÉLY, 1885.

THE EGYPTIAN QUARTER AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

EXHIBITION GOSSIP

Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé at the Exhibition.

In every boudoir and every club, in the cool shade which falls on five o'clock tea, and the blaze of light which illuminates a great dinner, and again, after dinner, in the smoking-room, as soon as the Boulanger question is exhausted, and in the drawing-room, as soon as the ladies have had enough of baby-clothes, every one is eager to discuss the Exhibition which is but just inaugurated.

Shall we go there often, or just once and have done with the thing? Shall we love it a little, or passionately, or not at all? And every one, of course, has something to say on the subject, and interrupts every one else to utter some truism or paradox. It is a scene of quite parliamentary confusion.

However, in the midst of the hubbub two parties are soon distinguished: a majority and a minority. The minority, to be sure, is almost invisibly small, and consists almost exclusively of those malcontents who will have nothing to say to the Exhibition at any price.

These rebellious spirits are, generally speaking, the Sybarites of Paris, or, it may be, the devotees of selfish routine. Paris, such as six months of excursion trains and steamboats will make it, is not the Paris for which they care; they will be lost in the swarming, bustling, noisy chaos where no familiar face will meet their eye.

Listen to them, only listen:

"Devil take all these upstarts, with names like the names of cigars, Bessarabians and Mesopotamians who will take the *cafés* and the theatres by storm, and crowd into the Odéon. — Heaven save us! — on classic nights. And all the time we Parisians shall not be able to get anything done by tradespeople who live upon us all the year round! Bootmakers, tailors, shirtmakers, will all beg us more or less civilly to look in again when the Exhibition is over, in the autumn, to try on our spring garments and boots. All this rabble, who till yesterday were our humble servants, will behave like the delightful curiosity-monger of whom Théophile Gautier wrote, who one day stuck up a notice in his shop window to this effect: "M. Pacheco is suffering from a very bad headache to-day, so buyers are requested not to beat him down."

"Then, granting that we do mean to go to the great international bazaar, what a trouble and fatigue it is to get there! Those of us who are fortunate enough to have horses — and horses will be as white elephants, for God alone knows what hay is to cost — well, those may at any rate get there; but the rest? I hope you may enjoy parleying with the cabdrivers who ask ten francs to convey you to the Champ de Mars, and who will threaten to strike if their employers try to satisfy our complaints by rapping them on the knuckles.

"Or how will you like to stuff yourself into a *char-à-bancs* or an omnibus, where you sit cheek by jowl with the most cosmopolitan dirt? Or you may go and stand on one leg for hours on the quays, to catch a river-steamboat, which winks at you and skims past, packed with passengers one above another up to the Captain's very eyes."

This is a very fair echo of the tone taken by the crabbed faction.

Many of them, I readily admit, are perfectly sincere; but the greater number, if you do but press them a little, will confess that it amuses them to entertain the gallery by their lamentations. But they are not, for the most part, repaid for their pleasantry: nine times out of ten, when they have poured out their mourning and woe, the gallery is ready to cry out:

"Well now, we, at all events, shall enjoy going to the Exhibition very often."

Yes, the gallery will enjoy it, and is already discounting the pleasure to come.

For instance, here are a young couple, married some six months or a year since; they have not yet thoroughly settled themselves in their home, having bought no more than the most necessary articles of furniture for the bed-room and dining-room. They have been anxiously awaiting the opening of the Exhibition to decide on what they will buy for the drawing-room, the other sitting-rooms, and, above all, for the nursery. Monsieur and Madame may indeed have collected a few trifles here and there in the furniture and carpet warehouses, or, if they have the modern taste, have stared in the windows of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; their final choice is not yet made. They are waiting till the foreign stalls are dressed, for they have been told that the sweetest things are coming from London and Vienna, not to speak of Pekin.

And Monsieur and Madame are quite right to wait.

Only to mention London, a recent visit there has filled me with keen regret that I did not buy enough shares for the fall in *Métaux* to enable me to acquire a house in the country near Paris, only to furnish it in the latest English style. Let my young friends go and inspect the British section. Among other "sweetest things," they will find a room completely furnished, which is already quite finished. The walls are wainscoted with white varnished wood, all ready to be fixed up. Facing us is a fireplace lined with rose-coloured enamelled tiles; above the chimney-piece is a looking-glass with bevelled edges, and on each side of the glass are little shelves and cupboards, fastened to the panelling, and like it painted white. In one corner is the dressing-table, a perfect gem, of white wood like the rest. The top, instead of commonplace marble, is inlaid with the same rose-coloured tiles as line the fireplace. About the room we see other pieces of furniture to match; little tripod tables, funny little stools, and screens with two leaves in pierced wood lined with rose-coloured silk. The bedstead, as usual in England, is of brass and has no curtains.

***

This is for our married pair. Now for Monsieur and Madame separately. You will see whether the Exhibition has not for each severally a thousand temptations to look forward to with satisfaction.

What man or woman of fashion, however fond of moving about the world, will not rejoice to find here, by the side of our Paris shops, the best of everything that Regent Street, and the Graben, and the Newski Perspective can produce?

Or, to rise to a higher level, who is the collector of works of art who will not rush to make the round of galleries where all the schools of Europe are so worthily represented? Remember the success achieved by Millais and Herkomer, by Menzel, Makart, Cannon, and Pradilla at the Exhibition of 1878. With what interest must every amateur mark the progress made in Art by foreign exhibitors! And with what patriotic self-gratulation may he not then return to wander long through the galleries devoted to French painting! The best last.

Grant him next a few minutes' pleasant rest. He will have earned the right to drink a glass of the old Port wine of which Desforges speaks in *Mensonges*, at one of these smart English bars. Anglomania in everything! And you need not pity him if he should be served by the daughters or the nieces of the fascinating barmaids of 1867, who made such havoc among the dandies of the day.

As for Madame, for the moment I will merely reply to the following objection, which is often to be heard:

"Paris being universally recognized as the very centre of taste for all matters pertaining to women's dress, what possible attraction can a dressmaker's or a milliner's display have for Parisian ladies? Either their own tradespeople are the exhibitors, and in that case they have seen the same things twenty times already in the show-room, or they are invited to stand in front of a foreign stall, and what good can they derive from taking a lesson in bad or doubtful taste?"

The dilemma is plausible, but, like most dilemmas, it has an issue. In the matter of dress, hats, linen, and even shoes, I am quite ready to grant that the Parisian fair have nothing to learn from the Exhibition; but who will be so bold as to say that the whole chapter of feminine attire is included under these four simple words?

It must not be forgotten that, of late years, handsome furs have become absolutely indispensable to women who for a long time had looked upon them as an unapproachable extravagance. Do you think that any woman of fashion will hesitate to be late for dinner so long as she can stand rivetted and absorbed in front of the cases piled with sables, blue fox, and Thibet goat? Think of the cry of delight with which she will gaze at the skin of some new hyperborean beast of silky fell, which must make the greatest, the most novel effect at the next Ambassador's ball. And what an irresistible attraction to toy with a boa of the very latest make, an endless wriggling boa, the Eiffel tower among boas, to roll it and unroll it about her throat and shoulders, even if she must muffle her pretty little face in order to judge of the effect!

And still in the department of feminine frippery, not to speak as yet of diamonds and jewels — everything in good time — there

will be an endless variety of pretty things to attract Madame's attention besides furs, if it were only the costumes of all nations, of which photography gives, as a rule, so feeble and so imperfect a notion!

Nor am I thinking only of fancy-dress balls, for which these national dresses may indeed suggest ideas for adaptation, but of this or that garment or trimming, which an intelligent woman may adopt from a dress which she could not wear as a whole. This is a matter of good taste and deft fingers. And on that point we are content to rely on Parisian instinct, it is its characteristic quality that it can dip into a heterogeneous mass, and assimilate with grace just what is best in the foreign medley. From twenty discordant toilets, devised in London, Vienna, or Rome, the Parisian will borrow some happy notion of arrangement or style, just as our epicures, after a long course of gastronomic experiences, have culled from the generally wretched cookery of other nations certain dishes which they have done well to annex, from English plum-pudding and Russian smoked herrings, to German sauerkraut and Italian ravioli.

* * *

And now it is Bébé's turn.

Victor Hugo said that Exhibitions were big toys for big children. This perhaps is the reason why the little ones have hitherto been so greatly neglected in the arrangement of these great assizes of labour. But in this lies a great error in principle, and it has also damaged the cause — which is not without interest — of the receipts at the turnstiles. How many husbands and wives, think you, may have stayed at home in 1878, to take the latest case, to mind Bébé, who could not with any decency be taken to stare half the day at a hydraulic press or a machine for hackling hemp?

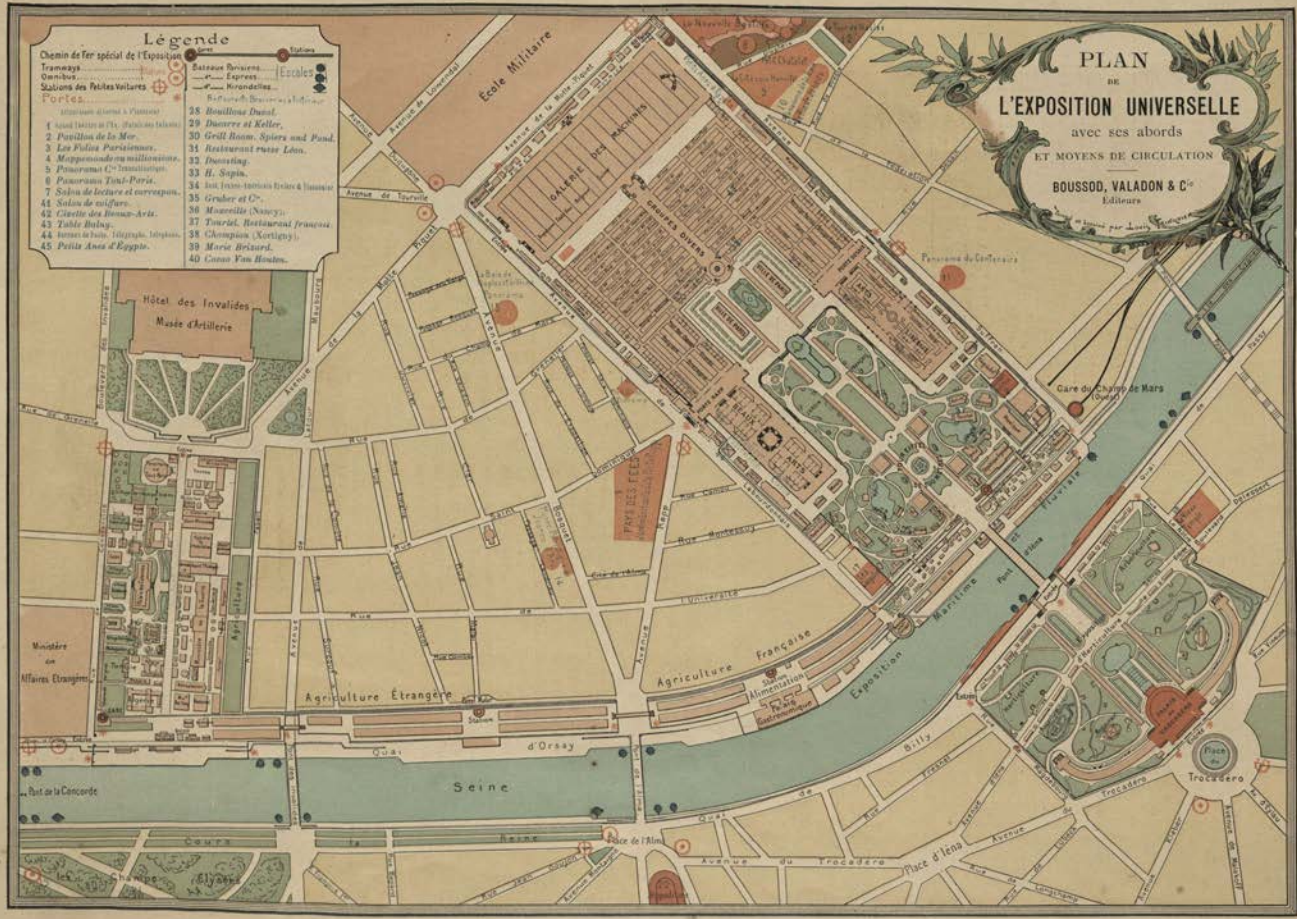
But here everything is ready for Bébé. Bébé has only to be good all this spring, and he will have a more tangible reward than the legendary little boy, whose papa promised to take him to see the people eating ices outside Tortoni's.

Indeed, he will have to borrow Tom Thumb's seven-league boots to go from one to another of all the fine things set forth for his express benefit. These delights are scattered up and down in the immense precincts. Here, in a picturesque street of Old Cairo, conveyed bodily to the Exhibition, he may feast his astonished and delighted eyes — as Victor Hugo hath it — on the pretty white Egyptian donkeys, and if he has not worn the dunce's cap at school, his mamma will let him have a ride. It is not up so high as on the elephant or the giraffe at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, but then it is much more like a horse, and how proud will Bébé be to feel himself ever so little like papa, when he rides in the Bois on his white cob. The liberty to mount a white Egyptian donkey will be an act of emancipation for a child always eager to get out of leading-strings. Begin on an ass, and you may end on a pony.

Now, little chap, jump off. Go and buy a basin of milk from that worthy Brittany woman, who is too good a Christian to christen it with water, and then trot on again. There is a choice of raptures adapted to your tastes, from the Fairies' Palace,

where you will see the earliest romances of your fancy put on the stage — Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves, Cinderella, and the Ass's Skin — to the Children's Palace, contrived, as the name suggests, on purpose for you, and where another theatre is fitted up for your sole and particular delectation. There you will see dancers and clowns, learned beasts, and a puppet-show. You may open your eyes wide at the vagaries of Punch, dear old Punch, and I can see you, as I write, clapping your hands at the constable getting a thrashing. Happy Bébé! You will find here an epitome of delights, the realisation of every dream that can hover over you at night as you fall into a doze in mamma's arms, when mamma is not dining out.

GASTON JOLLIVET.


Légende
Chemin de Fer spécial de l'Exposition
Tramways
Omnibus
Stations des Petites Voitures
Portes
Stations
Bateaux Parisiens
Express
Hirondelles
Restaurants, Buffets, etc.
28 Bouillons Duval.
29 Duerrey et Keller.
30 Grill Room, Spiers and Pond.
31 Restaurant russe Léon.
32 Duevoting.
33 H. Sapin.
34 Aux Trois-Taureaux Frères & Hannicq.
35 Gruber et Cie.
36 Mazeville (Nancy).
37 Tourtat, Restaurant français.
38 Champion (Xertigny).
39 Marie Brizard.
40 Cacao Van Houten.
PLAN
DE
L'EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
avec ses abords
ET MOYENS DE CIRCULATION
BOUSSOD, VALADON & Cie
Éditeurs
École Militaire
Hôtel des Invalides
Musée d'Artillerie
Ministère des Affaires Étrangères
Agriculture Étrangère
Agriculture Française
Alimentation
Restaurants
Exposition Maritime
Pont d'Iéna
Pont de la Concorde
Seine
Quai d'Orsay
Quai de Billy
Cours la Reine
Champs Élysées
Trocadéro
Place d'Iéna
Place de l'Alma
Avenue du Trocadéro
Gare du Champ de Mars (Ouest)
Panorama du Centenaire
Galerie des Machines
Groupes divers
Palais des Fêtes
Rue Fabert
Rue Duvivier
Avenue de Tourville
Avenue de Lowendal
Avenue de la Motte Picquet
Avenue de Suffren
Avenue de la Bourdonnais
Avenue de Labourdonnais
Avenue de la Rapée
Rue Jean Nicot
Rue Rapp
Rue Boudreau
Rue de Constantine
Rue de Grenelle
Rue de Bellechasse
Rue de Solférino
Rue de la Passerelle
Rue de l'Université
Rue de Bellechasse
Rue de Lille
Rue de Bourgogne
Rue de Varenne
Rue de Babylone
Rue de Monttessuy
Rue de Constantine
Rue de Grenelle
Rue de Bellechasse
Rue de Solférino
Rue de la Passerelle
Rue de l'Université
Rue de Bellechasse
Rue de Lille
Rue de Bourgogne
Rue de Varenne
Rue de Babylone
Rue de Monttessuy

1

GRAND THÉATRE DE L'EXPOSITION

PALAIS DES ENFANTS

Divertissements. — Jeux. — Attractions. — Spectacles

De 2 heures à 6 heures et de 8 heures à 11 heures

Ballets, Pantomimes anglaises, Chants et Danses, Acrobatie, Excentricités.

ENTRÉE : 50 cent. dans la journée, 1 fr. dans la soirée

le Samedi, à 2 heures, représentation par le Théâtre lyrique, de l'Opéra-Comique.

(L'Opéra-Comique pendant la Révolution.)

2

PAVILLON DE LA MER

Attractions. — Jeux. — Divertissements.

LES VAGUES DE LA MER. — VOYAGES SUR L'OCEAN

La ville Japonaise avec sa vue, son temple. — La Vie populaire et maritime.

ORCHESTRE DES DAMES VIENNOISES

Prix d'entrée : 25 centimes.

3

FOLIES-PARISIENNES

SPECTACLE-CONCERT

Concession : DAUBRAY, SCIPION, G. RICHARD

Matinées : De 1 h. à 6 h. — Soirée : De 8 h. à 11 h. 1/2.

Orchestre de 50 musiciens. — Chefs : MM. A. Fick, D. Fédaux.

Ballet, 40 danseuses, dirigé par M. Marquetta.

Opérette. — Pantomime. — Intermèdes.

ENTRÉE LIBRE

4

MAPPEMONDE AU MILLIONIÈME

de MM. Th. VILLARD et Ch. COTARD

Globe terrestre ayant 12 m. 75 de diamètre, mesurant 40 mètres de circonférence, tournant sur son axe au moyen d'un mécanisme.

Une plate-forme en pente permet d'en faire le tour.

5

PANORAMA DE LA Cie TRANSATLANTIQUE

En rade du Havre, sur le pont de la *Touraine*, au bôn la pleine mer, autour, les plus grands paquebots de la Compagnie : *la Normandie, la Gascogne, la Bourgogne et la Bretagne.*

Entrée : 1 fr.

6

PANORAMA DU TOUT-PARIS

Peint par Castellani

Vue des boulevards devant l'Opéra, la foule circule ; on y voit toutes les personnalités de l'Industrie et du Commerce, des Arts, des Lettres, etc.

7

SALON INTERNATIONAL DE LECTURE ET DE CORRESPONDANCE

0 fr. 50 la Séance.

Abonnements : **2 fr. 50** par semaine ; **10 fr.** par mois.

Vente de Journaux, Catalogues, Guides, Plans, Cartes, Vues, etc. relatifs à l'Exposition.

Service d'express pour le départ des lettres : 50 minutes après la dernière levée.

8

LA BASTILLE ET LA RUE St-ANTOINE

EN 1789

80 bis, avenue de Suffren

CHAMP-DE-MARS

9

PETIT CHATELET

LA CITÉ SOUS HENRI IV

Avenue de Suffren, 80

10

Panorama de la ville et de la baie de Rio-de-Janeiro

80, avenue de Suffren

OUVERT TOUS LES JOURS

On y voit la plus belle rade du monde, la plus vivante résurrection de la nature tropicale.

11

PANORAMA DU CENTENAIRE

Avenue de Suffren

12

LA TOUR DE NESLE

Rue Dupleix

13

PAYS DES FÉES

JARDIN ENCHANTÉ DE LA PORTE RAPP

Tous les jours et tous les soirs

ATTRACTIONS ET DIVERTISSEMENTS DIVERS

14

MUSÉE PATRIOTIQUE DE JEANNE D'ARC

15 et 23, avenue Bosquet

15

PANORAMA

DE LA BAIE DE NAPLES ET DU VÉSUVE

Avenue Bosquet

16

DIORAMA DU MONT BLANC

Avenue de Labourdonnais

17

LES CONGOLAIS

Avenue de Labourdonnais

18

LE VIEUX TEMPLE

RUE LE NOTRE ET BOULEVARD DELESSERT

19

CAFÉ-CONCERT DE L'ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

Tous les soirs, à huit heures

20

CAFÉ-CONCERT DE L'HORLOGE

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

SEUL CONCERT COUVERT EN CAS DE PLUIE

Tous les soirs à huit heures

21

CAFÉ-CONCERT DES AMBASSADEURS

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

Tous les soirs, à huit heures

22

HIPPODROME

PLACE DE L'ALMA

Tous les soirs, à huit heures et demie

MATINÉES : DIMANCHES, JEUDIS et FÊTES, à huit heures et demie

23

CIRQUE D'ÉTÉ

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

Tous les soirs, à huit heures et demie

MATINÉES : DIMANCHES, JEUDIS et FÊTES, à huit heures et demie

24

NOUVEAU CIRQUE

251, rue Saint-Honoré, 251

25

PANORAMA DE JÉRUSALEM

Champs-Élysées

26

PANORAMA DU SIÈGE DE PARIS

Champs-Élysées

27

PANORAMA DE REZONVILLE

Avenue Kléber

28

BOUILLON DUVAL

Établissement du Quai d'Orsay

GARE DU CHAMP-DE-MARS

CANTINE DUVAL, à l'angle des avenues de la Motte-Picquet et de Suffren.

BOUILLON DUVAL, à l'angle des avenues de Labourdonnais et de la Motte-Picquet.

29

RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS

Tenu par DUCARRE & KELLER

SUCCURSALE DU

CONCERT-RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS

(Champs-Élysées)

30

GRILL-ROOM SPIERS & POND

Bar anglo-américain

GRILL-ROOM SPIERS SUR LA TOUR EIFFEL

31

RESTAURANT RUSSE

LÉON & FABRE

Succursale du Café de Paris, avenue de l'Opéra

ET DU RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS DE NICE

32

BRASSERIE-RESTAURANT DUCASTAING

PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS

MAISON PRINCIPALE

Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle

EN FACE LE GYMNASE

33

CAFÉ-RESTAURANT GLACIER-PATISSIER

H. SAPIN

Palais des Beaux-Arts

Côté des jardins

34

CAFÉ-RESTAURANT FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN

RIVIÈRE ET TINSONNIER

EN FACE LE PAVILLON DE LA PRESSE

Pavillon des Beaux-Arts

35

BRASSERIE-RESTAURANT

GRUBER & Cie

BRASSEURS A MELUN

36

BRASSERIE-RESTAURANT DE MAXÉVILLE

A NANCY

PALAIS DES ARTS LIBÉRAUX

Grande Brasserie de l'Est à Maxéville

37

RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS

PAVILLON TOURTEL

BIÈRE DE TANTONVILLE

38

BRASSERIE CHAMPION-XERTIGNY

RESTAURANT

Près du dôme central

39

BUFFET MARIE-BRISARD

DE BORDEAUX

Palais des Beaux-Arts

Près de la porte Rapp

40

BUFFET-RESTAURANT

CACAO VAN HOUTEN

Reconstitution de l'Octroi de Wesp en Hollande, en 1828.

41

SALON DE COIFFURE

et

BUREAU DE CHANGE DU CRÉDIT LYONNAIS

42

Civette des Beaux-Arts

CRÉMIEUX

Tabac et Buffet

43

Voir dans la classe 17

LES NOUVELLES ET RAVISSANTES

TABLES BALNY

44

BUREAU DES POSTES

TÉLÉGRAPHE ET TÉLÉPHONE

45

PETITS ANES D'ÉGYPTE

dans la rue du Caire

Promenade : 1 franc, de la section égyptienne à la Tour Eiffel ou le tour du Grand Jardin ; l'heure : 2 francs.

REPRODUCTION DU TEMPLE D'EDFOU

par MM. Th. COOK et fils.

THEODORE WEBER. — The Steam-tug.

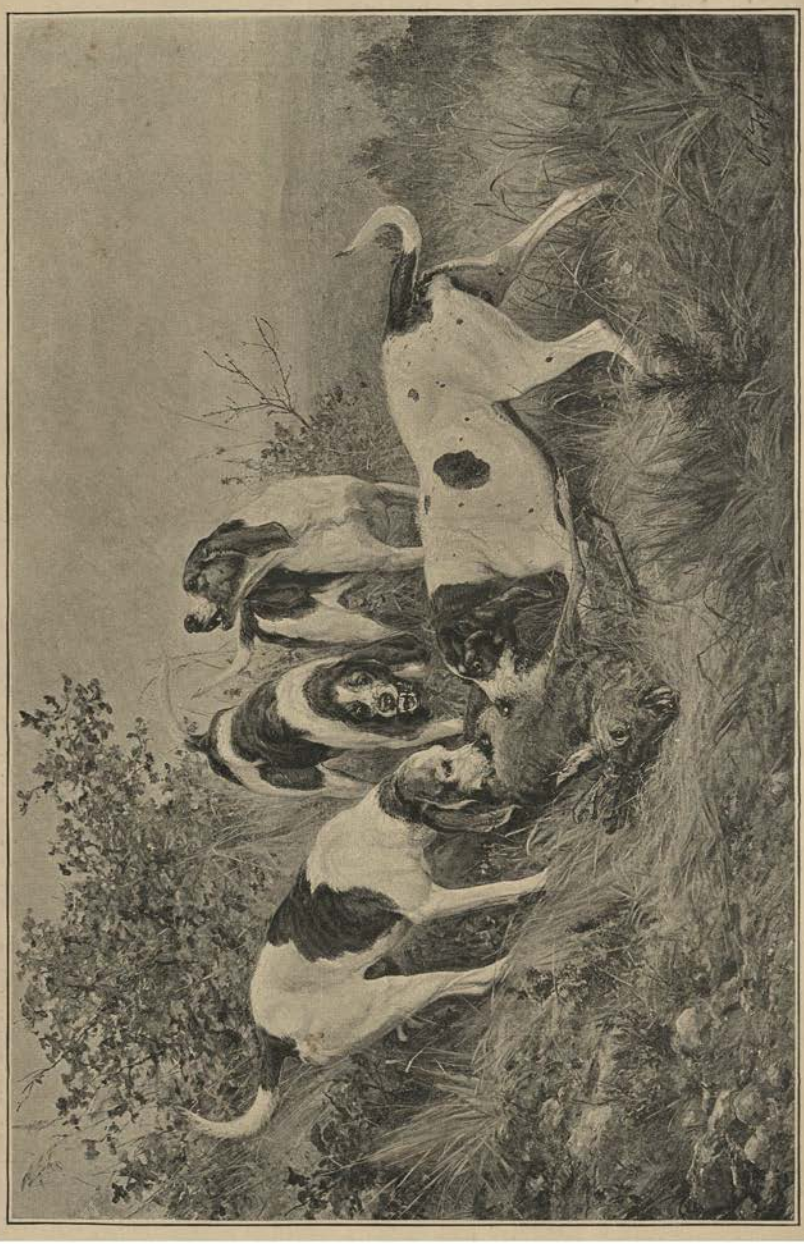
THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

In a former article I made it my business to point out in a general way the importance of International Exhibitions, especially from an artistic point of view; many of the arguments I adduced, and, I may say, the most valid, were borrowed, as I have great pleasure in recording, from a work which does honour to one of the most enlightened of our brethren of the press, M. Auguste Vitu. Now that the genesis, the development, and the uses of such Exhibitions have been duly set forth, I will lead the way into the galleries devoted especially to art, and, wandering as my steps may guide me, will pause before those works which seem to me most worthily to illustrate the distinctive merits of each artist, and the spirit of the art of his nation. But, being chiefly anxious to give an idea of the feeling of the public towards such pictures, I shall try to describe that faithfully, and write not as a critic, but as a witness.

Chance led me first to a superb portrait of a man, by Cabanel, in the portion of the French Gallery which M. Proust has so judiciously arranged to display the history of French art during the past century. Supported as he has been by the very pick of our collectors, who combined to form a committee, divided into sub-committees, the Chief Commissioner of Fine Arts has succeeded in gathering together treasures from the finest galleries, cabinets, museums, churches, in short from all parts. The great difficulty was to find really interesting works of the earlier years of the period extending from 1789 to 1878; there were, to be sure, examples of some very great painters, sculptors, designers, engravers, and architects of the last century to be found; but then it was to be feared that they would be for the most part the productions of their old age; pictures indeed by Greuze, Fragonard, Houdon, Clodion, Moreau the younger, but of their later manner, that is to say, of their decadence. These apprehensions, however, turned out to be groundless, as is amply evidenced by the magnificent specimens exhibited in the galleries of the Champ de Mars.

To return to the moderns and the fine portrait of M. Armand, of which a reproduction was given in our first number; it is a masterly work, enough in itself to make us feel how great a loss France has suffered in the person of this master and great teacher, who will ever be one of the glories of the French School. The days of passionate criticism, of interested opinions, and prejudice are past; posterity has begun for Cabanel, and this display of his works, anticipating the exhibition which is shortly to be made of them at the École des Beaux-Arts, amply proves the greatness of the painter we have lost.

Mme DIETERLE. — Willows.



O. DE PENNE. — HUNTER BOAR.

The conscientious sincerity of the artist is conspicuous in every painting by Cabanel, a conscience which in him was awakened the first time he took brush or pencil in hand. I ask no better proof than those wonderful drawings of the Twelve Months, of which only five are exhibited. These were the first decorative work Cabanel ever undertook, and those who saw the pictures painted from these designs, in the Hôtel de Ville, before it was burnt by the Commune, can remember the knowledge, the accuracy, the sense of effect, which were displayed in the execution of these compositions. I have certainly no wish to speak ill of the learning of our connoisseurs in matters of art, but I suspect that many of them would have been puzzled to determine the paternity of these drawings, if they had been anonymous. For my part I have not a doubt that they would have been added to the list of works by some great and famous Florentine painter.

Space would fail me to mention all Cabanel's works. I will speak only of those which are to be seen in our centennial and decennial exhibitions, feeling sure that they will amply suffice to justify the artist's splendid reputation.

The cartoons for the great fresco in the Pantheon, "The Life of Saint Louis," are full of all the characteristic qualities he displayed in his best paintings, and this is due to the special charm of treatment and to the admirable drawing of the figures; I need only point more particularly to the figure of Saint Louis as a child, learning to read; how delightful are the delicate profile, the childlike attitude, the little legs hanging from the stool, too short to reach the ground! Here is realism in the best sense; this is nature, real nature — in the outline, the gesture, the folds of the drapery, the simplicity of arrangement; it is as real as a photograph, as fascinating and as noble as a figure by Ingres or by Raphael; for the high places of beauty are not to be half seized; they are sealed, or they are not.

L. DOUCET. — FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

The narrow limits of this article do not allow of my enlarging any further on the merits of this master, to whom I was eager to pay the tribute which all true lovers of art have long since regarded as his due.

I should be glad to escape all reference to the "young ones," who, for obvious reasons, are wont to declare that drawing, composition, and painting are qualifications quite out of date for a painter. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," they say; "we want something new. Let us have drawing that is hysterical and sickly, let our composition be apocalyptic, let us paint riddles; that is the art of the future. Give us impressions, of never mind what, — but no more than an impression. Feet, hands, busts! Who draws such things nowadays? They are suggested, taken for granted; that even is really too much for us; the real thing is not to hint at them even. The roughest sketches of the artist of the past shall be the perfect works

of our day; this is progress, this is the true stamp of youth. "

Yes, I have heard such things said; nay, I have seen them done; I see them doing every day, and it is against this tendency that I stand forth in the name of reason, of common sense, which are as much a part of art as the blatant vehemence, which must not be mistaken for inspiration.

me, I found myself in front of an elegant painter, M. Heilbuth, whose picture is reproduced in this number. M. Heilbuth is a charmer among charmers; nay, more, he is a conscientious artist, whose stages of progress have all come under the ken of the public, an artist who has not shirked exhibiting for fear of discrediting himself by showing more weakness one year than another. This is

J. STUART. — THE SUPPER.

As ill-luck will have it, these fanatics for youthfulness take up the mania, for the most part, solely because youth is slipping away from them, or was never theirs. For my part I never like to hear that an artist in good repute has " grown young again, " has changed his style, has modified his views; that seems to me as much as to say that he has divested himself of his individuality, and that, being anxious to hear himself talked about, he has striven by any means to recover the popularity he was losing. If you will show me a masterpiece painted in this second manner of declining age, I will acknowledge these visions of new roads to Damascus; otherwise I would rather see the weakness of a great man, so long as I can trace the stamp of his personal genius.

In this series of articles I intend to follow no classification, and shall wander at random, sometimes going straight before me, sometimes retracing my steps, and noticing as I go the work of a sculptor or of an engraver, side by side with that of a painter.

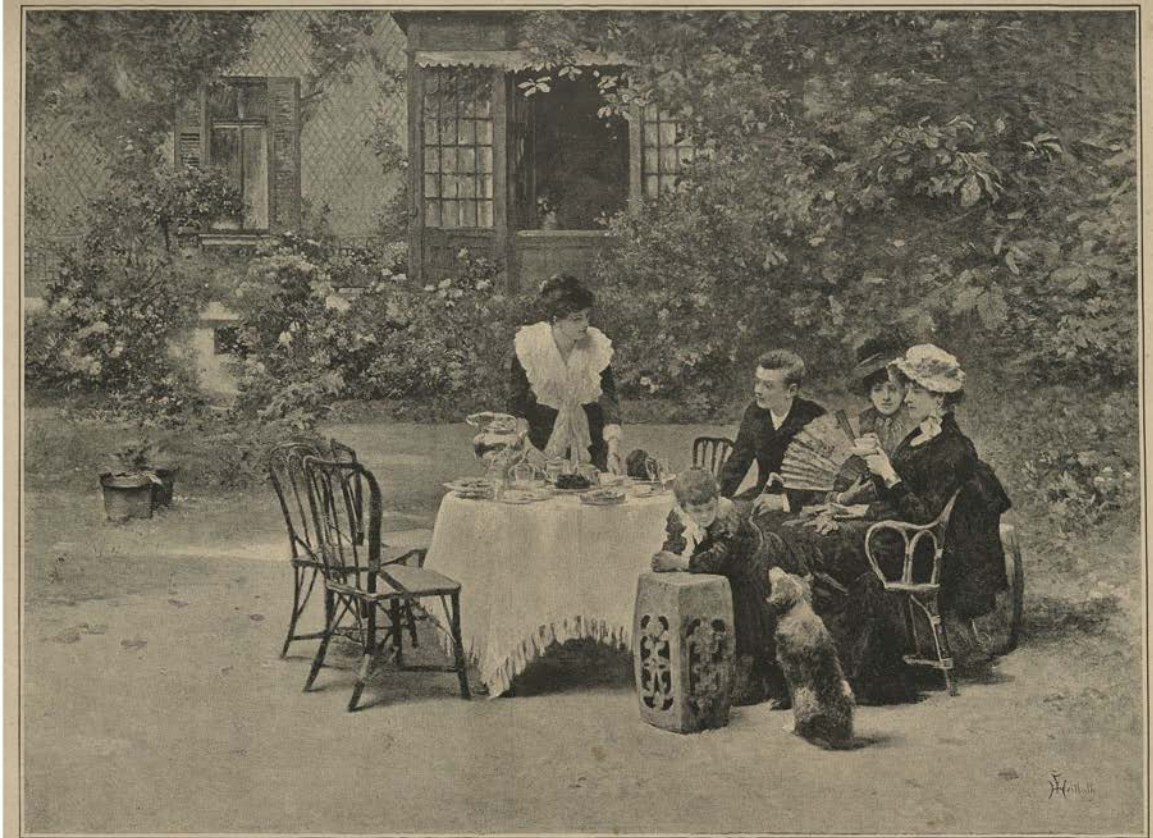
Walking on, as I have said, as fate might guide

true courage and deserves our applause. How many great artists, whose daily needs have made them the prey of dealers, have been robbed by them of the profit and pleasure of competing year by year for public approval.

" If he should fail to win the medal, or the cross, " these middlemen say, " what would become of us, who have forty of his canvases on hand? Let us hope that he feels himself superior to such rewards and scorns them, and for our part let us sell away as fast as possible. "

I need not give a history of M. Heilbuth's career, since he, as I have said, has always walked on in the light of day. And the pictures he shows us this year in the Salon of the Champs-Elysées, as well as those which he has sent to the decennial and centennial exhibitions, are in themselves an epitome of his life as an artist.

The exceptional success which he is certain to enjoy at the Great Exhibition, where the Schools of every nation are represented, will be well deserved, as we must own on looking at the pictures he sends: " A boating party, " " A Summer's



HEILBUTH. — The Luncheon.

day," "A Meeting," "The Luncheon," "Monte Pincio," "Rêverie," "Saint John Lateran," and "Mignon," a modern Mignon; then his superb water-colours: "The Excavations," "A Child on the Terrace of Saint Germain," "Morning," "*Le Jour des Pauvres*," "On the turf," "A Conversation," "The Washing-place," "Barbizon," "Fleury." All these pictures are so vivid, so perfect, that they give evidence of a life-time of labour, determination, and conscientious study, while they fully explain the painter's success. I cannot go through them one by one to point out their charms in detail; but can there be anything more delicious than this dreamy damsel sitting by the water-side? What elegance of pose and dress, what exquisite delicacy of tone, and perfect keeping!

I do not deny his talent and dexterity; on the contrary I wish to insist on them; but what I would no less insist on, is the absolute sincerity by which M. Heilbuth has placed himself in the first rank of our great artists, whether in oils or water-colour. A truthful impression, admirably reproduced, with exceptional skill, is a description applicable to every one of his works. He adopts no formulas, imitates no one, and always remains original; whether painting scenes from France, England, or Italy he follows no guide but the impression he feels and which imparts, unconsciously as it were, to each particular subject its true colour. As we look at his wonderful pictures of seminarists greeting cardinals, we remember the exclamation of Paul de Saint-Victor, I think: "It is a page out of Stendhal!" The remark is quite true; we have the same minute precision, the same clear outline, the same truthful colouring, and, I may add, greater charm of the whole and of every detail. Stendhal lingered less over the flowers in his path, and Heilbuth knows too well how to paint them, giving each its true form and special grace, to overlook them on his way. I ask no further proof than "The Terrace of Saint Germain," and above all "The Luncheon," of which we are able to give a very accurate reproduction.

GEOFFROY. — At School.

In this M. Heilbuth has painted his own garden, and never was a study more exact; it is a perfect mass of flowers of every description, and of amazingly varied colour; each of them, to the smallest leaf, is in its place, both in lineal and aërial perspective. As to the persons seated round the table, and the dishes, the crockery, the glasses upon it, the dog, too, who looks on — it is a miracle of finish and beauty. To conclude: M. Heilbuth's show is not only a great personal triumph for him, since he has improved on his own work, but shows us one of the most delightful aspects of French art, which, in spite of detractors, will always be that which combines charm and *esprit* in the highest measure. This is what gives it the undisputed attractiveness it exerts, and will always exert, over art-lovers throughout the world.

Philippe Gille.

Chromotypogravure et Imprimerie Bussod, Valadon & Cie.

BON VOYAGE!

Gravé par Jacquemart et Jules Jacquemart Rémond, Valadon & Cie.

FABIOLA

THE TROCADERO SEEN FROM UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER.

THROUGH THE EXHIBITION

A VIEW OF THE DOME.

The opening day is past, the opening of the Exhibition, which the timid and the envious declared would be impossible. It took place on the day named, and was more magnificent than could have been anticipated.

The *fête* of the 5th of May, at Versailles, was a revival of the splendours of the splendid age. In spite of the incident of the pistol shot, fired by Perrin at M. Carnot — which, after all, was absurd rather than alarming — the President's visit was, so to speak, a triumph; the march past of the soldiers was capital; the display at night magnificent; and in Paris next day it all began again. At the Exhibition the crowd was so great that food ran short everywhere, and that for about an hour and a half there was, in all the Champ de Mars, literally no bread.

The view of Paris illuminated, from the top of the Eiffel tower, was a really dazzling spectacle. In fact, in spite of a great number of cases still left empty, and the inevitable gaps unfilled on the opening day, the general feeling was that so grand a show never was inaugurated by a more splendid ceremonial.

But it is useless to enlarge upon the past. We must look to the future, and the future promises more and more attractive displays. Paris will not yield the palm of honour, but will be more than ever the capital of luxury, civilisation, and culture.

* *

So the Exhibition is open, and visitors are crowding in. We will proceed to give to foreigners, provincials, and Parisians — who, it is sometimes said, know their Paris least — all the information they can need to enable them to lose as little time as possible.

First, as to means of transport.

There are four — to wit, the railway, hackney carriages, omnibuses, and steamboats.

As there is a station at the Exhibition itself, any one living near either of the Western Railways, the lines of the right or left bank of the Seine, or the outer circle of Paris, has only to take a ticket direct. You are lodging, let us say, at Montrouge. You take a Circle ticket, and are set down at the Champ de Mars. If you start from Versailles you need only change at Ouest-Ceinture, or at Batignolles, according to the line you may have taken. By enquiry you may obtain all needful information as to routes and hours.

Once at the Champ de Mars, as I mentioned in a previous

article, the Deauville railway will take you up where you alight, and carry you for five sous to any point you wish to visit.

As to hackney carriages, I have not much to say about them. There will be plenty of all sorts, good and bad. Thanks to the improvements introduced by Messrs. A. Samuel and C^{o} (Carros-serie Industrielle), hackney coaches are now much better than they used to be. Try to get one of the neat "milords" which this firm builds for the Urbaine Cab Company.

But failing this, you will do well to put up with what you can get. However slow the beast in the shafts may be, it will be better than waiting. However, new companies are being formed, and by the help of competition we may perhaps achieve for the Exhibition a rather better service of hackney cabs than of old.

The steamboats will do good service. Flying up and down the river, they can take up large numbers of passengers at various piers, and deposit them at the Invalides or the Champ de Mars.

The accompanying plan, moreover, gives all the necessary information as to routes both in Paris and in the Exhibition.

* * *

We will now proceed to give some information as to victualling the forces.

There is no lack of cafes and restaurants in the Exhibition. They are to be found under every flag. Among the French restaurants the most noteworthy are the *Durand*; but we may also give honourable mention to the restaurant Ducastaing, close to the sculpture gallery in the Palace of Fine Arts, the Franco-American dining-rooms of Messrs. Rivière and Tinsonnier, facing the Press Exhibition building; the *Restaurant Français* (Tourtel) at the foot of the Eiffel tower; the *Grande Brasserie de l'Est* (Great Eastern Brewery); the *Restaurant Kunn*, near the diamond-cutting shop; the English grill-room kept by Spiers and Pond; the Russian restaurant, with a national band of Tziganes and an organ; the Dutch *buffet*, quaint to behold, a Dutch beer-shop too, where you are served by Friesland women with silver head-gear; an Indian refreshment stall, where English colonial "cups" and Indian tea may be tasted; a Hungarian restaurant, an Austrian beer pavilion, an Anglo-American bar.

It is difficult to recommend one or another of these establishments in preference to the rest; however, among the French purveyors I think I may safely direct your special attention to the Compagnie Duval.

As I mentioned in a former number, there are three of these dining-rooms: the first on the Quai d'Orsay, facing the station on the Champ de Mars, in the street illustrating human dwelling places; the second at the corner of the Avenue de La Bourdonnais and the Avenue de Lamotte-Piquet, by the side of the great gallery for machinery. The third is on the other side of the Champ de Mars, opposite the New Bastille.

THE LUMINOUS FOUNTAINS.

The two first are most luxurious, but nevertheless their prices are extremely moderate.

The third is essentially for the people.

The restaurant on the Quai d'Orsay, the largest of the three, covering about 900 square yards, has special accommodation on the first floor for dining in the open air. The whole space forms a sort of terrace covered in by an awning and commanding an extensive prospect.

There is another terrace in front, and a sort of bar where light refreshments may be procured and consumed.

The whole structure, consisting of a basement containing the kitchens and offices, a ground floor, and the said first floor terrace, includes on the ground floor a large central dining-room or nave, and side rooms opening into the central hall and forming one with it. At the four corners are pavilions, two serving as entrance-halls.

The interior is decorated in a bright and pleasing style, harmonizing with the Exhibition buildings.

The outside has been treated by an application of colour to the main lines of the structure, with panels of earthenware to fill in the spaces.

I may add that with a view to averting a recurrence of the famous famine of the opening day, the Duval Company has established a central depôt of supplies for prompt distribution to the three several dining-places. The basement of the Bourdonnais restaurant is occupied by a huge meat-store, where all the meat is cut up and cooked and then sent out; it also contains a large ice-house, so that cold dishes can be served at any hour.

IV

The Indian palace in the Champ de Mars.

The Bolivian pavilion in the Champ de Mars.

The basement of the twin restaurant is devoted to bread-making, pastry, and baking generally, supplying bread and cakes to all three establishments.

The reader is referred to our large plate representing one of the three buildings.

I may also mention that conveyances with good horses will start frequently from the principal "Duval" restaurants for the Exhibition. The hours of starting will be advertised in their dining-rooms, where tickets may be taken for places at the cost of one franc. Return vehicles will start from the restaurant La Bourdonnais and from that on the Quai d'Orsay.

Among foreign restaurants I will especially mention the Russian dining-room, which is one of the handsomest, and above all one of the most comfortable. It stands to the left of the great central dome, and is under the management of Messrs. Léon and Favre.

From the point of view of the picturesque nothing can be more amusing than a breakfast or a dinner at this very superior establishment, where the waiters are *moujicks* in the national costume, while a band of Tziganes perform a selection of favourite and popular Russian airs. One might fancy oneself at Moscow.

As, however, it is necessary to cater for all tastes, the bill of fare, though preserving a national character, is cosmopolitan and above all Parisian.

You may, as a matter of curiosity, begin your dinner with *Tchi*, a soup of meat and cabbage, or *Borsch*, of which the main feature is beetroot. The flavour is quite peculiar, but not unpleasant to the Parisian palate.

I may add — from a cosmopolitan point of view — that the cashier at the Russian restaurant is a charmingly pretty young woman, which proves triumphantly that, wander round the world as you may, the palm of beauty must at last be given to the *Parisienne*.

* * *

And now, having mastered so much useful information, we will proceed on our way.

We must direct our special attention to the magnificent statue which crowns the central dome, and which, though put in position somewhat late in the day, is nevertheless one of the most beautiful objects of admiration to be found in the Exhibition. It represents, as you know, "France awarding crowns," and was made by M. Delaplanche after the design of M. Bouvard, the architect. This is a colossal work. It measures 9 metres (29½ feet) from heel to crown. It was begun in January and finished in the studio on the 14th of April. It was first wrought in clay, 1 m. 10 in height (3½ feet), and then reproduced in its present massive size. Each portion was cast and finished in zinc at the workshop of M. Coutelier, 52, Boulevard Richard Lenoir. When all the pieces were ready they were joined together by means of strong iron rods inside. Its absolute dead-weight is 12,000 kilogrammes (roughly speaking, eleven tons).

THE DUVAL RESTAURANT ON THE QUAI DE BILLY.

As it stands it forms one of the most beautiful specimens of wrought metal work that French industry can supply.

It is needless to add that the zinc is hidden by bronze and gilding, and that nothing can surpass the splendour of this gigantic production.

M. Coutelier has also cast for the exhibition the frieze of the Gallery of Machinery and one of the doors of Class 41 (that opening into Class 27), and lastly he has in Class 25 an exhibit of his own.

* * *

I have intentionally avoided mention of the street from Cairo. I would rather see it in a state of absolute completion before more particularly describing it. It is in fact of extreme interest, really carrying us into the very heart of the old Egyptian city.

It stands on your right as you enter by the bridge of Jena, between the palace of the Liberal Arts and the Gallery of Machinery.

To get to it we must first traverse the building of the Suez Canal Company; and next M. Simard's rustic chalet, which is the subject of one of our illustrations.

Then we have the Brazilian pavilion, to which is attached a

splendid conservatory for the display of the flora of South America;

The pavilion of Chili constructed by Messrs. Moisant-Laurent, Savey and Cie,

The Mexican building, the work of the famous foundries of Cail, which will be removed in its entirety to Mexico after the Exhibition, to serve as a museum of archæology;

The pavilions of Venezuela, of the Ecuador Republic, and of the Argentine Republic;

The exhibition of Bolivia, an important building supporting a dome 12 metres in diameter (nearly 40 feet). Here is to be seen a collection of specimens of the minerals in which the soil

as it would be nowadays, with the alterations which time has effected, new buildings, the sacrilege of civilisation; but a real undegenerate street, such as used to exist, with the genuine stamp of Arab architecture upon it.

For it was a real art, that Arabian art; no other has carried to such perfection the elegance and grace of line; it would seem that its ideal of a happy life was to loiter in some cool spot surrounded by forms of exquisite lightness; it fills one with an indescribably languid delight. It is still unrivalled in that which is called by its name — the arabesque — in subtle geometrical combinations; it is in reality the gift of this race, with its abstract genius to which our worship of nature is unknown. Now this

The Russian restaurant at the Palace of Fine Arts.

of the country is rich, the model of an argentiferous lead mine, and an aviary filled with the countless birds of gorgeous colours which people the forests of Peru;

The pavilion of Guatemala, where the panels of the façade, which look like earthenware, are in fact made of Linerusta Walton. The various uses to which this material may be applied are to be seen under class 21, near the Cairo Street;

The Indian pavilion, containing marvels of Eastern art, precious stones, and Indian silks displayed by Liberty of London and Watson of Bombay.

We reach finally the street of Cairo, of which, to begin with, the history is sufficiently amusing to bear telling here. Egypt was very eager to exhibit, but did not wish to be at any expense. A committee was formed consisting of wealthy natives, deputies, and heads of departments — all were full of enthusiasm, but as soon as it came to a question of money and action their lofty zeal vanished as if by magic, and one and all found the best reasons for resigning.

It was then that M. Delort de Gléon, chief representative of the French nation at Cairo, resolved to arrange the exhibition single-handed. He applied to M. Charles de Lesseps, who aided him in finding the money.

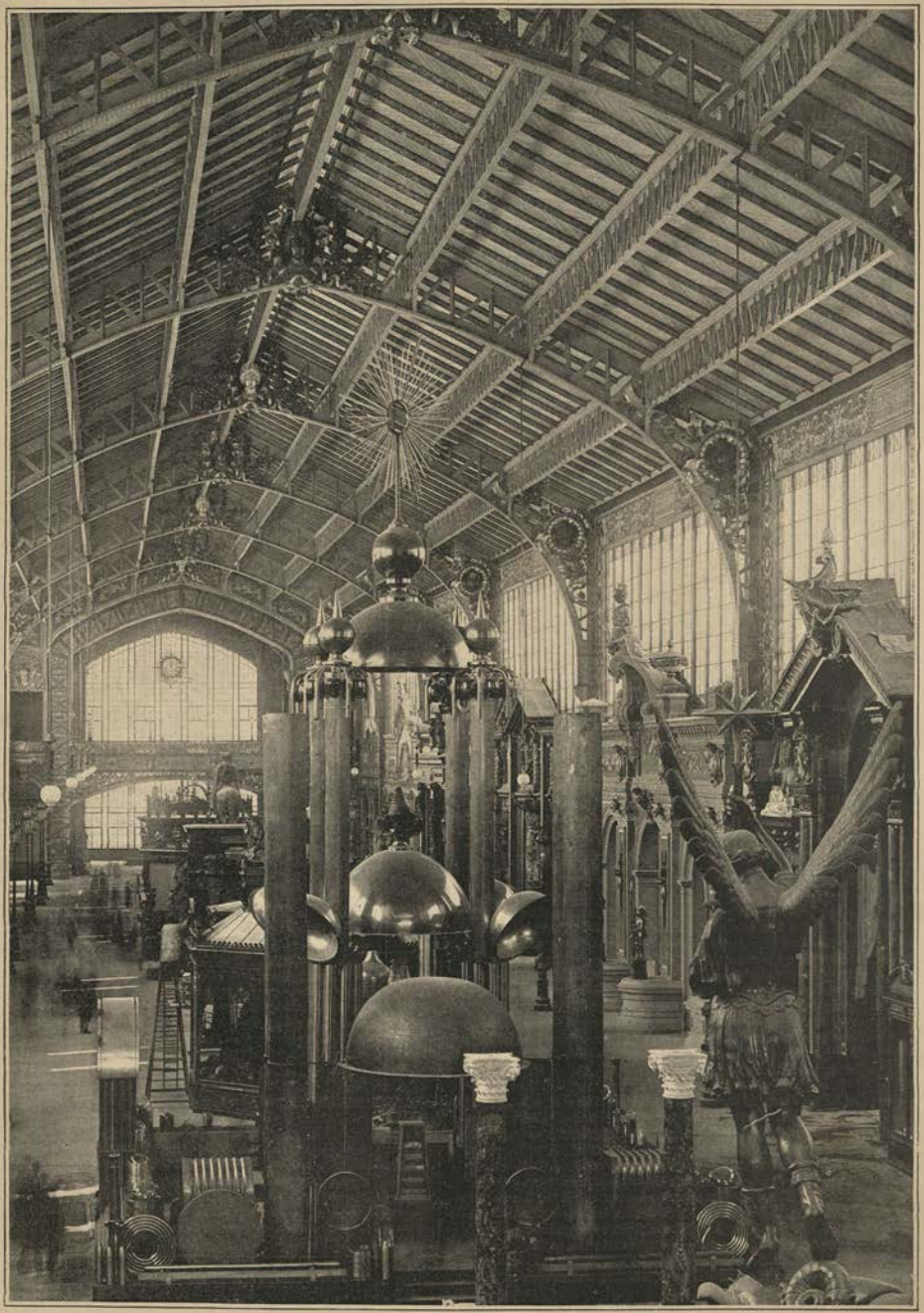
His idea was to make a typical Arabian street. Not a street

Cairene street is a charming aggregation of mosques and twenty-five houses of the town, selected from the most characteristic specimens, from the far off age of Touloun to the last century. The main idea has scarcely changed in all that time: there is always the ground floor with its low doorway, the projecting storey above, its windows covered with lattice-work, and a terrace with decorations clear cut against the sky. Sometimes the projection of the upper floor rests undisguisedly upon beams embedded in the walls of the ground floor, sometimes the ends of these massive beams are wrought into corbels more or less embellished.

All the decorations laid on the walls, the crocodiles, the sphynxes, the signs, have been imported from Egypt, as well as the ancient earthenware.

One of the houses contains a fine collection of oriental carpets of every style, and the designs, with their marvellous richness and endless variety of colour, remind us of the masterpieces of ancient art. It is highly interesting to compare these with the best productions of the French manufactories of Beauvais and the Gobelins, where the finest specimens are designed on the general principles of these oriental patterns.

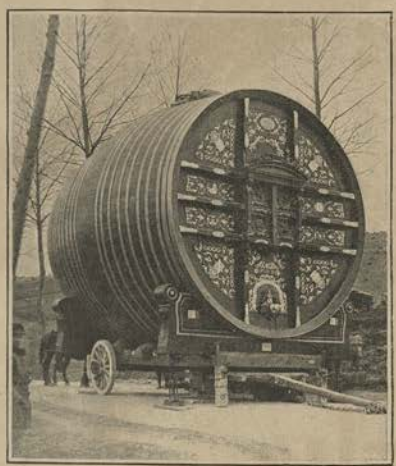
For population some real Arabs have been brought over, some donkey-drivers — for donkeys being the only means of trans-



The section of Metaelurgy.

port known to Cairo. M. Delert has procured one hundred little white donkeys to carry visitors through his exotic quarter — and even outside it. The charges are moderate; one franc for a ride from the Egyptian section to the Eiffel tower and the Street of Dwellings, the same for the circuit of the large garden, or, if preferred, two francs an hour.

There are, moreover, working jewellers, potters, weavers, turners, inlayers, engravers, carvers, etc., who work in a highly original way. They regard civilisation and the advancement of mechanics with the deepest contempt. Their hands and their feet — more particularly their feet — are their chief implements.



THE MERCIER CASK.

Lastly there are sellers of fancy trifles, silk, and old embroidery, coffee merchants, vendors of nougat, musicians, retailers of sweetmeats, everything, in short, that is to be seen at Cairo itself, up to a Muezzin who from the summit of the Minaret calls you to prayer. We feel on leaving the Cairene street as if we ought to have to take the steamer back to France.

Before returning thither, however, we will visit the temple of Edfou restored by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son.

It is one of the most curious revivals of the Ptolemaic age.

The Ptolemaic temple of Edfou belongs to the third period of Egyptian architecture, and is one of the best examples of its epoch.

Everything, with the sole exception of some columns and capitals which have been injured by fire, everything is there in a state of perfect preservation. Inside, as well as without, the temple is in the same state and as enduring as when, two thousand years ago, the long processions of the inhabitants of the great city of Apollo wound beneath the splendid porticos between the *Stelæ* on their way to sacrifice to the Egyptian Venus, "Queen of the human race."

In common with other buildings of the same kind, the temple of Edfou served as a citadel to the kingdom as well as a temple to the priests. The height and enormous thickness of the enclosing walls through which no doorway pierces made an impregnable fortress.

This reproduction, — the private property of Mr. John M. Cook, the present director of Cook and Son's Universal Agency — has cost, in addition to a considerable sum of money, an incredible amount of artistic labour. Two artists actually proceeded to Edfou, and after taking while there elaborate measurements, copying with the most scrupulous fidelity the columns, capitals, hieroglyphics, etc., have constructed this marvellous reduction on which still more artists were engaged. This work took no less than two years.

It is the most complete reduction of its kind that has ever been displayed to public curiosity, and Mr. J. M. Cook is quite willing to allow the reproduction of this unique specimen of Egyptian art of the Ptolemaic period. For that purpose it is necessary to apply at the office of Cook and Son's Agency at 9, Rue Scribe, Paris, or to the head office at Ludgate Circus, in London.

We give an engraving of some models of boats, four thousand years old, in the possession of Messrs. Cook. Can anything be more remote from this Company's steamers on the Nile, where they have a special concession from the government allowing them to convey travellers as high as the first cataract, Philæ, Luxor, Thebes, Assouan, etc.?

And now if you would like to go round the world in less than eighty minutes, we will enter the dome of Messrs. Villard and Cottard. This dome encloses one of the strangest monuments of our time; a terrestrial globe on a scale of one in a million, having consequently a diameter of 12 m. 75 (thirteen yards roughly) and a circumference of 40 metres (forty-three yards); clockwork causes it to turn upon its axis, and ladders facilitate the inspection of every portion.

It is really a work of science, commended by our chief geographers, and the greatest credit to MM. Villard and Cottard, as well as to M. Seyrig, who, under their direction, has conducted the investigations and construction.

* * *

To return thoroughly to France, I should advise you to go and see the famous colossal cask of the Maison Mercier in the pavilion of Food products.

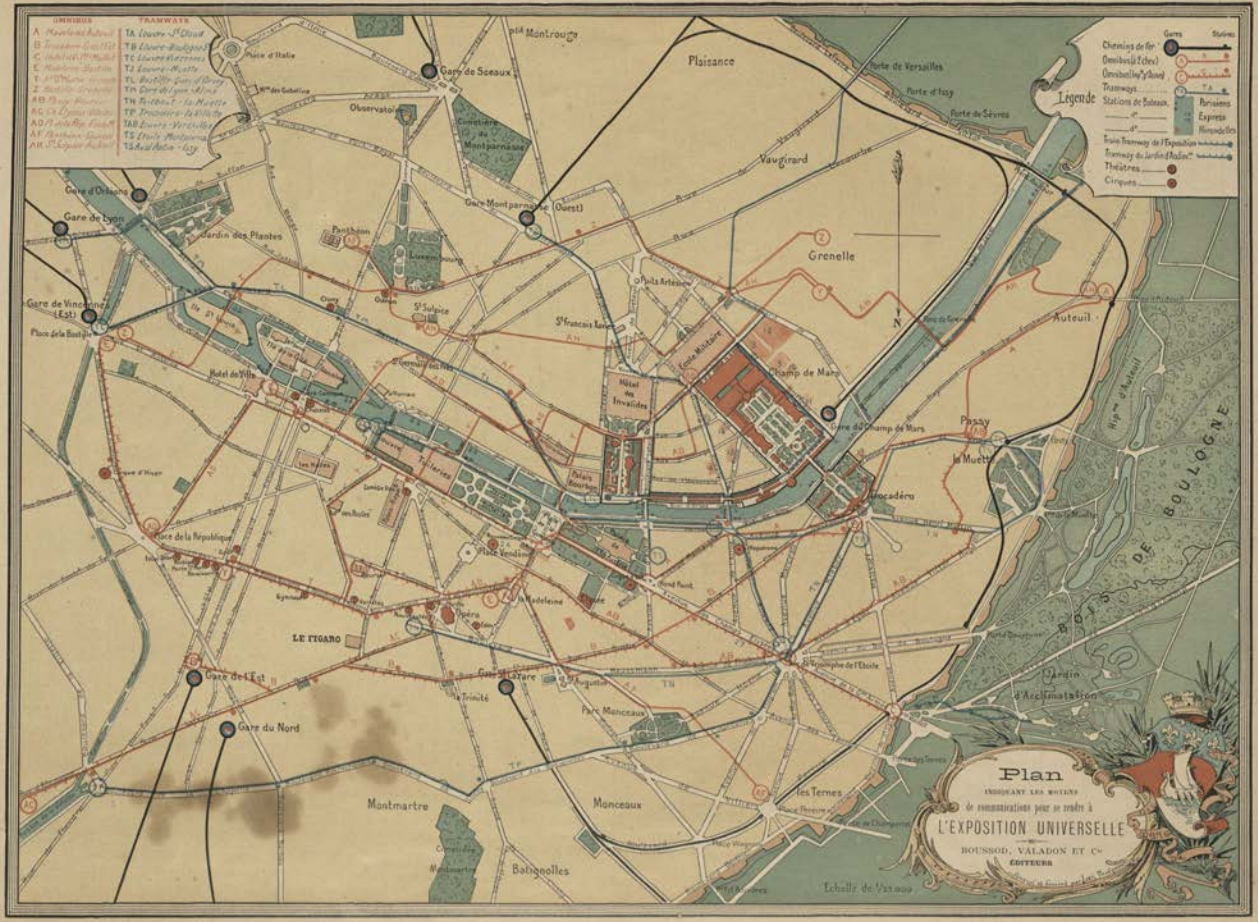
They had fearful trouble in getting it there. Twelve oxen were required to move it, and even then, on two or three occasions, it stuck in mid plain, checked by the torn-up road. To get it into Paris they removed the *octroi* barriers.

Now it rests on an immense framework of iron in the vestibule of the palace of Food products, facing the *buffet* placed at the end of the principal gallery at which all the products displayed may be tasted.

The two ends of the cask, which form the façades of this particular exhibit, are tastefully decorated, and represent two allegoric figures showing, "Champagne offering England a grape," on that opposite the door of the Palace; the other, facing the *buffet*, is ornamented with the arms of the principal vine-growers of the Marne carved in relief.

This cask, which is the largest ever made, and which far exceeds in size the celebrated casks of Germany, will prove one of the chief attractions of the Food Exhibition.

M. SIMARD'S RUSTIC CHALET.


Plan
INDIQUANT LES MOYENS
de communications pour se rendre à
L'EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
BOUSSOD, VALADON ET Cie
ÉDITEURS
Légende
Gares
Stations
Chemins de fer
Omnibus (2 chev.)
Omnibus (4 chev.)
Tramways
Stations de Bateaux
Parisiens
Express
Hirondelles
Train Tramway de l'Exposition
Tramway du Jardin d'Acclim.
Théâtres
Cirques
OMNIBUS
TRAMWAYS
Gare de Sceaux
Gare Montparnasse (Ouest)
Gare d'Orléans
Gare de Lyon
Gare de Vincennes (Est)
Gare de l'Est
Gare du Nord
Gare St Lazare
Observatoire
Cimetière du Montparnasse
Jardin des Plantes
Panthéon
Luxembourg
Hôtel de Ville
Tuileries
Palais Bourbon
Hôtel des Invalides
Champ de Mars
Trocadéro
Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile
Opéra
La Madeleine
Place de la République
Place Vendôme
Auteuil
Passy
Bois de Boulogne
Jardin d'Acclimatation
Les Ternes
Monceaux
Montmartre
Batignolles
Plaisance
Vaugirard
Grenelle
Echelle de 1/23.000
LE FIGARO

The Maison Mercier is, moreover, universally known, and every one is aware that in Champagne it occupies one of the first, if not the first, place by the extent of its manufacture.

No one who visits Champagne fails to visit this stupendous establishment, known as the Château of Pekin, which is placed at the foot of the richest *coteau* of the Marne and in the very heart of the best vineyards of the region. The cellars are cut out of the chalk, without any brickwork, and extend under the hillside to a distance of fifteen kilometres (more than nine miles), branching off into a multitude of subterranean galleries, threaded and united by main arteries supplied with railway lines, which enable the trucks of the Eastern Railway Company to penetrate this vast labyrinth to carry off the millions of bottles stored therein.

It ought to give some idea of the immensity of these cellars, when we say that they cover a surface of more than twenty hectares (about 50 acres).

It would take a whole chapter, and a most instructive chapter, to depict the arrangements of this huge establishment. We have just spoken of the cellars; the workshops are no less interesting; we see there an army of workmen, all equally skilful, labouring ceaselessly at the washing of bottles, the drawing of wine, corking it, etc., which amounts to the daily handling of 80,000 bottles. Enormous vats of a capacity of 380,000 bottles, veritable masterpieces of cooperage, are kept constantly full of reserve wine dating from the best years.

* *

Still intent on returning to France let us visit the Reading-room, close to the Rapp gate.

This establishment of vast dimensions, composed of a ground and a first floor, is situated on the terrace of the Palace of the Fine Arts, near the pavilion of Posts and Telegraphs.

It contains: First, a reading-room in which the best works of current literature and all the novelties of the day, both French and foreign, together with the principal papers and magazines, native and foreign, will be obtainable. Secondly, a writing-room, with a special service in all directions up to the latest post hour. We give a view of it.

This establishment is organised by M. A. Ghio, the well-known publisher in the Palais-Royal. It is lighted at night by electricity, and connected with the telephone system. The charge for entrance is fifty centimes, and the subscription 2 francs, 50 centimes per week, or ten francs a month (8 shillings).

* *

We may, lastly, take a turn round the monumental fountain of MM. Formige and Coutant, a description of which I gave in the first number of this publication, where we may also test the strength and endurance of the concrete of François Coignet and Company, whose productions (steps and balustrades) on the terraces of the Palaces of the Fine Arts and Applied Arts, of Mexico, Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia, the Colonies, Health, State manufactures, suggest a new opening to all architects.

If you are an expert I would also beg you to examine the monumental door executed in pottery and mosaic from the designs and under the direction of M. Deslignières, an architect who has won his diploma and showed us what he could do at the Exhibition of 1873.

M. Deslignières entrusted the execution of the two kinds of work in this doorway to our leading French firms, who have worked miracles of skill. Their names may be read on a memorial tablet at the entrance.

The artistic portion was placed in the hands of M. Mortreux, a potter at Paris, who had it carried out by two sculptors well-known to the frequenters of the Salon, M. Houssin and M. Lormier.

The best tribute we can pay is to give here an illustration showing the two statues of "Pottery" and "Mosaic." Each is in a single piece, painted and fired with enamel glaze in most harmonious colouring; they are the delight of connoisseurs, and are in fact the first examples of a perfectly new class of sculpturesque decorative work. Several sculptors are already intending to design decorative works to be treated in this manner.

The bas-reliefs are castings in potter's clay applied to a dull stoneware background — a process recently patented by M. Mortreux. Those for the Statue of "Pottery" represent all the stages of the manufacture, carried on by children in Greek costume: the digging of the clay, manipulation, throwing, casting, tooling, painting, enamelling, and firing. The whole is admirably designed by André Laoust, a sculptor of distinction. The bas-reliefs for the Statue of "Mosaic" in the same way represent the processes of the art: the chemical preparation and manufacture of the material, inlaying, polishing, and placing.

The reliefs, which recall the work of Lucca Della Robbia, are nearly five feet high, but in the vast gallery which they decorate they look like delightful miniatures.

For experts, again, is the series of works carried out by the Society of Bridges and Works, comprising:

THE READING-ROOM.

1st. One of the four sets of galleries of miscellaneous Industries.

2nd. The domes of the two Palaces of Fine and Liberal Arts, with their porches and vestibules.

3rd. The porches of the Rapp and Desaix galleries.

4th. The special pavilion of the Argentine Republic.

5th. The special exhibition of class 63 on the first floor of the Gallery of Machinery.

The Society of Bridges and Works has, as we all know, taken one of the first places among the great Companies of which French industry boasts.

Lastly, to feel thoroughly in France, we will proceed to admire the pavilion of War on the Esplanade des Invalides.

* *

Leaving the Exhibition properly so-called, we can visit for further recreation the patriotic museum of Joan of Arc. Conceived in the first place by M. Ivan de Woestyne, this museum has been excellently carried out by MM. Gédéon Marc and Fournier, who have succeeded above all in avoiding the hideous gasometer shape which all panoramas present. With this object they have surrounded their series of pictures with a mediæval building representing the tower of Joan of Arc at Rouen, the house at Domremy, etc., etc. In the centre we find eight large panoramic canvases on which M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse has depicted with incredible power the episodes in the life of the martyred Virgin, from the hearing of the Voices to her murder at the stake. In the surrounding galleries are gathered all the

THE CENTRAL DOME.

relics of the great French heroine which could be procured. — The President of the Republic kindly consented to be represented at the inauguration of this national work.

In conclusion, to avoid quitting France, one may pass some hours at the New Bastille, the success of which a whole winter has not abated, and where new attractions have been provided by M. E. Perrusson, whose chalets we admired in the course of our first walk.

Close by the New Bastille we can start off once more into the unknown by going to see the panorama of that glorious bay at Rio de Janeiro, concerning which Jean de Lery exclaimed in 1557: "Every time that the image of this new world which God has permitted me to see arises before my eyes, straightway the words of the prophet come to mind: 'Oh, Lord God, how marvellous are thy various works!'"

This panorama, imagined and started by a Peruvian artist, M. Victor Morelles, of Lima, has been painted in fourteen months by a Belgian artist, M. H. Langerock. Inaugurated at Brussels in the presence of the Royal family, it was removed to Paris in November, 1888.

We can, finally, more especially if we have children with us, take them to the Fairy Palace, of which the success from the first day has been extraordinary. Never have so many attractions been brought together. The three theatres are never empty. For the Fairy Palace has three distinct theatres.

First, the theatre of Perrault, where Puss-in-Boots and little Red Riding-Hood are presented, and the young artist of ten years old who takes the leading parts continues to be spoiled by the public, astounded at such precocious talent. While Perrault's tales are unfolded in the chief theatre, in the *Théâtre fantasmagorique* Professor Antoulin performs conjuring and juggling tricks. Most entertaining also are the pantomimes performed by children.

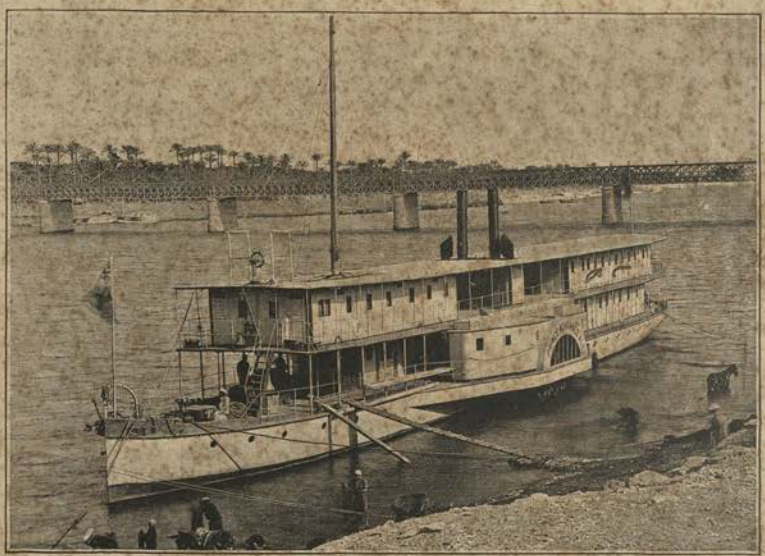
Further on, in the *Théâtre excentrique*, there are the Sellis children, fascinating on their bicycles; then the monkeys, birds, parrots, and English dogs, the last truly extraordinary. Near at hand the mechanician Voisin shows you his magical tricks, masterpieces of precision. Such is the programme of the day which any one may enjoy for a franc, that is to say for nothing. The extras charged at the Fairy Palace are only asked at the switchback railway, the cavern of Ali Baba, the castle of Bluebeard, and in the interior of the Elephant.

* * *

Attractions are not lacking, as you see. Even if you do not wish to spend the evening at the Exhibition you can cross the Seine and finish your day in the Champs-Élysées, the most enchanting promenade in the world, where the summer circus will offer you one of those performances of which M. Franconi, worthy descendant of the founder of equestrian exhibitions in France, possesses the secret. The evenings at the summer circus are immensely popular, and the Fridays in particular draw all the Parisian high life.

In the next article we will take another walk which we will strive to make attractive, and in which we shall pass in review anything new that the Exhibition has to offer us.

GEORGES CHISON.



MESSRS. COOK AND SON'S STEAMER.

ÉTIENNE BOUSSOD, *Manager*.

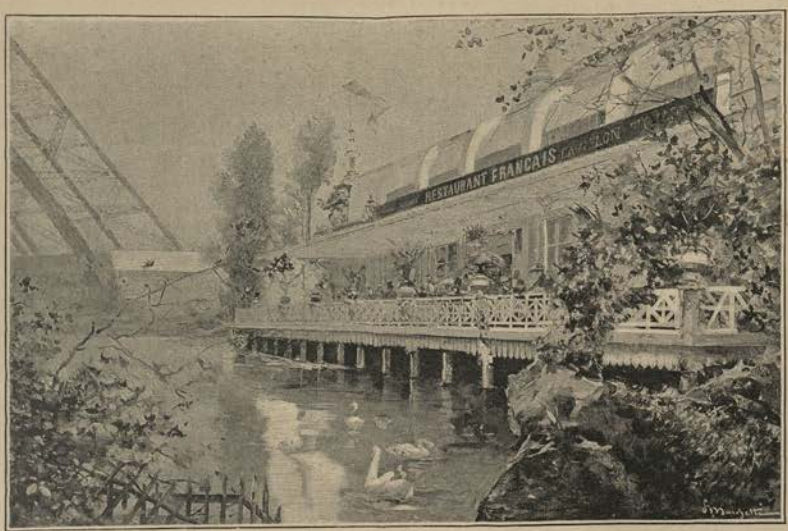
Chromolithographie de Becquerelle Bonnard, Valentin & Cie.

PORCELAIN FIGURES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE POTTERY AND MOSAIC SECTION.

From the Manufactory of G. Mortreux.

Chromotypogravure et imprimerie Boussod, Valadon & Cie.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE EXHIBITION



EXHIBITION GOSSIP

Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle at the Champ de Mars

MADAME DE CHARVY TO HER MOTHER

A whole day at the Exhibition, mother dear, a whole day, on my word. You would never have survived such a vagary, you who fled to the country a week before the opening at the Champ de Mars, in fulfilment of your vow never to set foot in any other exhibition than that of 1867, the dazzling turning point of your youth's brightest memories. But what is to be said? I now am young in my turn, and have in my charge one still younger, my sister Gabrielle, whom you have entrusted to my care. Add, moreover, that my darling husband is not the man to cross a single wish of mine, he who calls himself, with resigned melancholy, his wife's head footman. There you have the reason why, at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, Gontran, Gabrielle, and I stepped out of the victoria at the entrance in the Avenue Rapp.

The arrangement had not been completed without some protestations. Only fancy, the night before at the Outreys' we were solemnly assured that henceforth there is to be "a day" for the Exhibition. You know what I mean by "a day." With the craze that now rules society for secluding itself, four or five drawing-room oracles have decided that they will give up to the vulgar visitors to the Exhibition six days of the week, but that on the seventh we may be sure of meeting genteel people. Monday is the day chosen for this fashionable selection, and it happened to be on a Monday that I visited the Outreys. Everybody had been that day to the Exhibition, and I bet that behind our backs they called us rather "so-so" for making our plans for Wednesday.

But Gontran was firm. He spoke roundly against making "a day" for the Exhibition. It is all very well for the Opera, the Français, even for the Eden, or the circus in the Champs-Elysées, but the world at large will protest if we authoritatively announce our intention of shunning contact with it at the Champ de Mars, or on the Esplanade des Invalides. This worthy public wants to have its sixty centimes' worth for its ticket, and it would seem that the sight of swell Parisian ladies is included in the list of exhibits it has bargained for.

Gontran, of course, did not convert a single soul at the Outreys' to his views, but he confirmed me in my own, which was the main point, and we courageously chose Wednesday without a qualm. At this time of year, when so many friends have left town, it is no longer a matter of supreme difficulty to settle one's plans. There is no need to break some half-dozen former engagements.

Gabrielle herself will send you an account of the dress she wore that day. I can trust her for that. Only her modesty will prevent her saying that she was as pretty as a picture. For my own part, between you and me, neither was I amiss. I wore my dress of light grey with white stripes, which I showed you after lunch the day you went away. You remember, the one with a coat-shaped body showing a waistcoat of white piqué. With it I had a little round black straw hat with a broad brim, which my milliner sent home the night before. It is extremely neat with its trimmings of honeysuckle, the latest thing in flowers.

Before lunch is a splendid time to visit the Exhibition, and I congratulated myself not a little on having chosen it. In the morning there is no crowd; we could move with freedom, not only in the galleries, but in some of the rooms in the exhibition of pictures, which are crammed in the afternoon.

The sight of a still-life by Philippe Rousseau having reminded us of the pleasing claims of the appetite, we graciously permitted Gontran to take us to the restaurant he had selected. My good husband is, as you know, quite an epicure, and has no equal in ordering a dinner at the best places in Paris. And at the Exhibition he had no trouble, for he has studied the

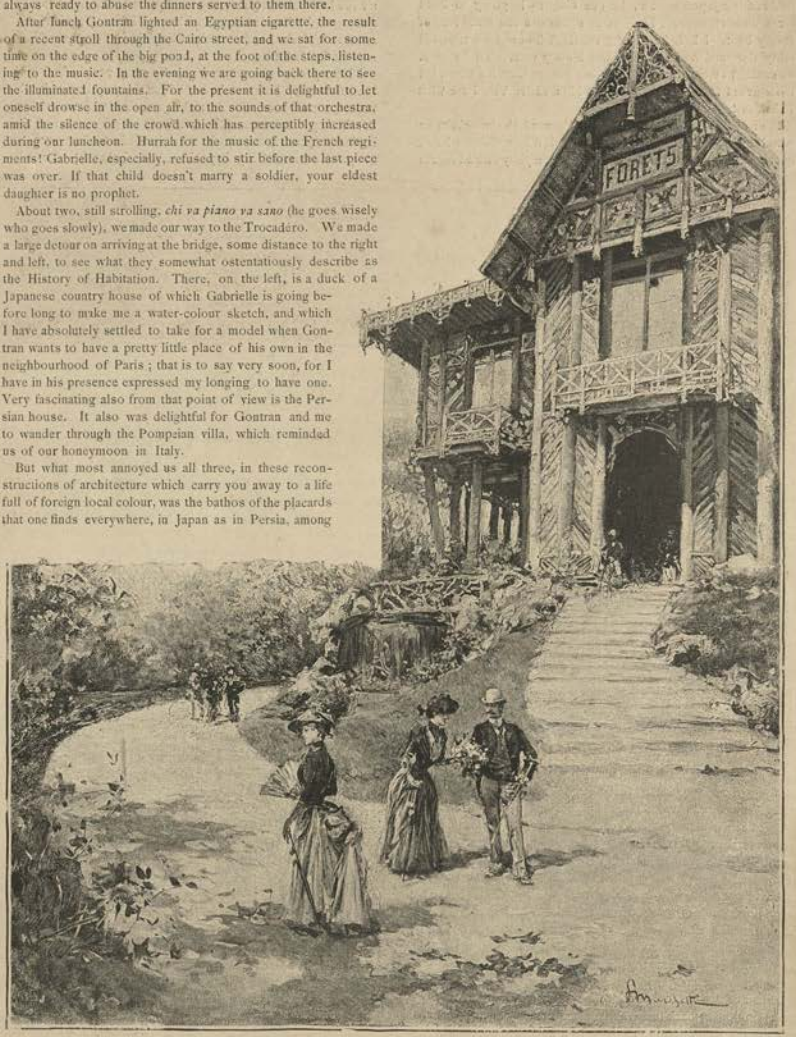
matter conscientiously. After having sampled all the cookery, having even plucked up sufficient courage to put his lips to a Roumanian bowl of sour milk, he has fallen back after all on our native art. It is because they have ignored the superiority of French cookery that so many people exclaim against the food at the Exhibition. Furthermore, as Gontran says, clamours of that sort come as a rule from people who feed abominably at home. The same case applies nine times out of ten, by analogy, to those members of such and such a club, who are always ready to abuse the dinners served to them there.

After lunch Gontran lighted an Egyptian cigarette, the result of a recent stroll through the Cairo street, and we sat for some time on the edge of the big pond, at the foot of the steps, listening to the music. In the evening we are going back there to see the illuminated fountains. For the present it is delightful to let oneself drowse in the open air, to the sounds of that orchestra, amid the silence of the crowd which has perceptibly increased during our luncheon. Hurrah for the music of the French regiments! Gabrielle, especially, refused to stir before the last piece was over. If that child doesn't marry a soldier, your eldest daughter is no prophet.

About two, still strolling, *chi va piano va sano* (he goes wisely who goes slowly), we made our way to the Trocadéro. We made a large detour on arriving at the bridge, some distance to the right and left, to see what they somewhat ostentatiously describe as the History of Habitation. There, on the left, is a duck of a Japanese country house of which Gabrielle is going before long to make me a water-colour sketch, and which I have absolutely settled to take for a model when Gontran wants to have a pretty little place of his own in the neighbourhood of Paris; that is to say very soon, for I have in his presence expressed my longing to have one. Very fascinating also from that point of view is the Persian house. It also was delightful for Gontran and me to wander through the Pompeian villa, which reminded us of our honeymoon in Italy.

But what most annoyed us all three, in these reconstructions of architecture which carry you away to a life full of foreign local colour, was the bathos of the placards that one finds everywhere, in Japan as in Persia, among the Etruscans as well as with the savages dwelling in the lake villages, and which display the announcement: "Bock — thirty centimes." It is enough to make me detest beer to the end of my days, though it has been the correct drink since the doctors discovered in red wine the root of all our ills, small or great.

This walk had rather tired Gabrielle and myself, so in order to reach the horticultural exhibition we each settled ourselves lazily in a chair on wheels. Gontran either followed us, or went before on foot, which depended on the throng increasing more



THE PAVILION OF FORESTRY.

and more as we approached the Trocadéro. Stop! Here we are in front of the pavilion of forestry, and close to the flowers.

It is absolutely dazzling, every known variety of roses, fields of tulips like those round Haarlem, and above all, those marvellous orchids about which I rave. There is material there to decorate the tables at all the dinners to which I may be invited next winter, and you know that we dine out six days out of seven. What a pity that I could not carry off my arms full! Instantly I was impressed with the notion of having a conservatory in the forthcoming Japanese villa, the one Gontran is going to build for a country house. Besides, it seems one can make lots of money by it. I have heard of great English noblemen who sell thirty thousand francs (£ 1200) worth every year. To be sure, according to Gontran, each flower costs twice what it fetches, but those grand folks do things on too big a scale. You'll see what I shall do!

Four o' clock! Time to get back. Forward, the two chairs on wheels! What did I say, two? If that idle fellow Gontran hasn't got another for himself, and we all three start rapidly down towards the Champ de Mars! On the way a short halt. We encounter Albéric de Lurcy, one of Gabrielle's partners in the cotillon, who politely offers to retrace his steps, and return with us to the Cairo street from which he is coming. It is the place to be seen at before dinner, the gathering-point where one meets friends and acquaintances. If the Exhibition has not yet got its "day" it has its hour. That is quite enough.

There one is literally overwhelmed among all the curiosities, architectural or otherwise, among the shops, the minarets, the mosques. One sees thousands of eyes raised in the direction of the latticed windows, and then returning to the ground floor, which is crowded with earthenware, woodwork, stuffs, and everything else that is sold beneath the pretty arcade and graceful colonnades faithfully reproduced in the Eastern style.

You must know that our first step, after having shopped along the entire line, was to mount the white donkeys from Cairo. It is much more amusing than the chairs, and I am sorry I did not make use of that method of locomotion to reach the Trocadéro. It was on donkey-back that Gabrielle and I made our first acquisition at the Exhibition in the shape of a waistcoat covered with gold and silver arabesques. You will see how sweet it is. And think of our delight! We could take our purchase away with us at once, while in many of the sections it seems that when one has made choice of something or other the seller says: "Very sorry, madam, but I cannot let you have it until October, when the Exhibition closes." Such is the rule. Fortunately it does not extend to the Cairo street. When I say fortunately, I am not answering for Gontran. He is compelled to become the bearer of our two parcels. Carrying home the waistcoats, as he mournfully describes it.

Happily for him the burden is not his for long. All this open air life has made us gloriously hungry, and with one accord we make straight for a restaurant. I know it is very plebeian to dine at seven o'clock, but that can't be helped. An empty inside has no ears for fashion.

Dinner good, and not too dear. So many people flock to the restaurant proprietors at the Exhibition that they have at last had the magnanimity to lower their charges. You will say, perhaps, that if they didn't reduce them, nobody would come, and their loftiness of soul is merely the worldly wisdom of a purveyor of soup. No matter! My disposition is such that I prefer to believe in greatness of mind, even behind the bar of a restaurant.

MARCHETTI. — THE ILLUMINATED FOUNTAINS.

After dinner — you will see how wise we were to dine at seven — we were able to take our seats in the front row of chairs placed round the pond exactly opposite to the illuminated fountains. Ah! my dearest mother, what a lovely sight! Those sheafs of blue, rose-colour, orange, and silver have really the look of water fireworks. And how splendid it is to see them change colour every minute, every second even! It was enchanting. The crowd behind us clapped their hands, and we followed their example.

And after that — after that? My goodness, we could not take Gabrielle to see that naughty Moorish dance of which you have heard so much, now could we? It's as much as I can expect if Gontran consents to take me some fine evening. So before ten o'clock we all three got into our victoria, which was waiting for us at the Porte Rapp, carrying away with us the most pleasant recollection of a whole day spent at the Exhibition.

Certified copy.

GASTON JOLLIVET.

JULIEN DUPRÉ. — THE LUCERN HARVEST.

THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

THE catalogue of the Exhibition gives us, after the name of Puvis de Chavannes, the following list of his works: "Pro patria ludus;" "Vision antique" (a Vision of the Antique); "Inspiration chrétienne" (Christian inspiration); "le Rhône et la Saône" (River gods); "Le Bois sacré" (the sacred Grove); "Peintures décoratives pour l'escalier du Palais des Beaux-Arts" (Decorative paintings for the staircase of the Palace of Fine Arts); "Décoration du grand hémicycle de la Sorbonne" (decoration of the great hemicycle at the Sorbonne.)

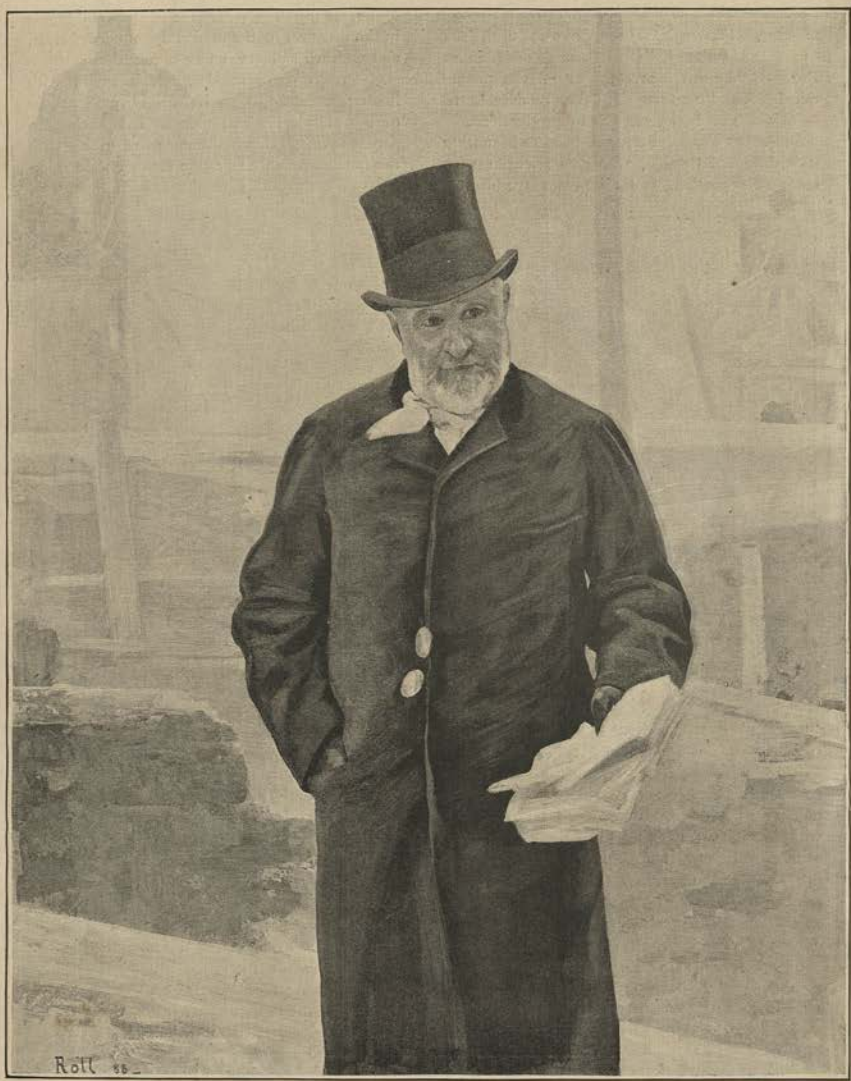
Having read this list, the visitor begins his walk through the various galleries devoted to French art, seeking at any rate the sketch for one of the magnificent works executed by Puvis de Chavannes, the undisputed master of decorative painting in France. In vain. He hunts once more; he presently discovers the portrait of the great artist by another great artist, Bonnat; but where are his great works; where on earth have the authorities managed to hide them? Among the pastels we find, indeed, a female bust of attractive charms and powerful beauty; among the drawings again, a masterly study in red chalk of "Foundrymen at work;" but what is there to represent Puvis de Chavannes at all adequately in this assembly of masterpieces of all schools and of all lands?

Alas! This is the lamentable and inevitable gap in the Exhibition. If walls could but speak and move, what a triumphant plea might be put in for the glory of this painter by those of the Sorbonne and the Pantheon, the galleries of Amiens, Lyons, Lille, displaying themselves before the hundred thousand lovers of art gathered here from all the corners of the earth! The great composition for the Sorbonne, for instance — as yet far from completion — would be worth pages of narrative and description. Who can give a notion of the impression produced by this fresco, this poem in painting which stirs the soul to meditate as well as to admire?

I say no more; but for the glory of my country I shall always regret that such a champion should have failed to appear and meet other champions in this great arena.

If we were not eclectic in our tastes before the Exhibition, where should we find a better opportunity of becoming so? The grandiose art of the decorative painter does not leave me insensible to the charm of easel pictures; and though the sympathies evoked by M. Dagnan-Bouveret's works — "The Benediction," "Vaccination," "An Accident," and "Le Pardon" — are of quite a different order, I am not the less touched by them. Now, one emotion is as good as another; and I may say that I do not understand the distinction people try to draw between a great and a small masterpiece. A masterpiece is a masterpiece all the world over; it is a difference of species, that is all. The fine "Portrait of Monsieur Alphand," by M. Roll,

J.-P. LAURENS. — Thomas Aquinas.



ALFRED ROLL. — Portrait of M. Alphand.

the magnificent "Thomas Aquinas," by that great painter, Jean Paul Laurens, are far from spoiling my appreciation of the gem by M. Boutet de Monvel which he calls "Portraits of Children;" of François Flameng's "Game of bowls;" of M. Félix Lucas' "Abandoned," (La Délaissée), of M. Julien Dupré's "Lucern harvest;" or of the picture called "The First Struggle," (La Première Lutte) — of which we here give capital reproductions.

I now come to a master, a real master in another style, Édouard Detaille, whose conscientiousness, sense of perfection, and scrupulous truthfulness

M. BOUTET DE MONVEL. — Bernard and Roger.

have long since placed him in the first rank of our military painters. He has often been compared with Meissonier, whose pupil he is. The small scale of his early works may have contributed to this misapprehension; but in fact, each of these painters has an individuality and originality of his own. We have but to glance at Detaille's noble display to appreciate the fact.

All his fine qualities may be studied here, in the "Dream" (Le Rêve), "the Review," "the Cossacks of the Ataman," or the "Bivouac of the sharpshooters of the Imperial Guard," (Bivac des tirailleurs). These are all the works of a master, both in workmanship and in the emotional quality. Here, I am, I know, on delicate ground. Many critics, though they admire him, refuse to see any emotional power in Detaille. The whole secret lies in the definition of the word. If emotion is the outcome of theatrical exaggeration, then, to be sure, Detaille is not emotional; and so much the better. But if there is any pathos in a field of battle, for instance, where the fight is still raging in the distance, in the dead and wounded, horses, and wrecked artillery under a relentlessly serene sky, strewn on a meadow which smiles with flowers, unmoved, then Detaille is emotional, at once a philosopher and a poet. It is in this apparent coldness, this indifference face to face with the horrors which civilization forces on the calmness of nature, this emphasized contrast, that Detaille's great value and poetic individuality are shown. Like Mérimée, he does not sentimentalize or break into melodrama when his point is to represent exactly the capture of a redoubt; but like Mérimée, he shows us really living men, soldiers and leaders, each strong in his individuality; and above them, after the attack, the great canopy of smoke, which has a solemn and unaffected poetry of its own.

Before closing these remarks on Detaille, I must mention his fine show of water-colour pictures, for the sake of a very remarkable work, "The French army." Also his studies and reminiscences of Russia, (Études et souvenirs de Russie); the "Port de Bizerte," "Halt of the Vincendon Brigade," and the "Scene from the Expedition to Tunis." I could find much to say concerning the noble life of an artist who, in our matchless Exhibition, represents one

of the most interesting phases of French painting; but here I must end with hearty good wishes to a young painter who reveals not only the genuine artistic temperament, but conscientious workmanship, good sense, and insight, three fine things too often looked down upon in these days, though they must always be the glory of our national art.

One of the great elements of the unprecedented success of this Exhibition is not merely its amazing variety, but the lavishness with which art has been flung broadcast over everything. A façade here, a cupola there, is graced by real masterpieces of sculpture, painting, or ornament. I do not allude to the works of acknowledged chiefs in their line, Lavastre and Rubé among decorators, or sculptors such as Chapu, Barrias, and others; but also to artists hitherto almost unknown, who have devoted their best talents to the service of this great but impersonal achievement. I trust that all these acts of devotion will not be left in the shade, but that the authorities will see their way to rewarding duly even the humblest private who has fought in this grand struggle of intellect. Every detail in the decoration of the Exhibition buildings is worth seeing and studying; I can only regret that it is impossible to make a note of all the beauties I have discovered there, beauties of conception due to the artists, and of execution due to the artisan; for the craftsmen, too, have their share of merit in this instance.

Having no object in view but art in the Exhibition, I shall make no further divagations outside the precincts of the galleries; I shall now go to the rooms devoted to pastels and to water-colour painting, and beg the reader to accompany me thither. I will lead him first to look at the works of a young artist whose success has ere now been pointed out to the public, the water-colours of M. Julien Le Blant. Brittany, with episodes of the end of the last, and the beginning of the present, centuries, is

FÉLIX LUCAS. — ABANDONED.

the hunting ground where he finds his favourite scenes and subjects; his peasant-women or soldiers, skirmishes, fights between "Blues" and "Whites", *emigrés*, and conspirators, are already famous. Here, as we look at "The Sorcerer," "The Ford" (Le Gué), "The Duel", "The Arrest", "L'Escalade," "Pillage," "The Mutineers" (Les Réfractaires), etc., we can but admire the versatility, the charm, and the ingenuity of his talent. They are so many pages of history or memoirs. Fully to appreciate M. Le Blant's powers, we must pause, too, before his fine designs for illustrations; for *Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet*, for de Vigny's *Grandeur et servitude militaire*, for *Le Chevalier Destouches*, and above all for Balzac's *Chouans*, a series of extremely fine compositions. We may, without fearing to commit ourselves, predict a great success for a book with such illustrations as these.

FRANÇOIS FLAMENG. — A GAME OF BOWLS.

I have not yet done with M. Le Blant; after seeing his work among the water-colours, we must go to the Centennial Exhibition, to see that the designer of these charming compositions is also a painter of the first rank, in such pictures as " The Battalion in square " (Bataillon carré), " L'Exécution de Charette, " and " The Crew at dinner " (Le dîner de l'équipage).

Returning to the water-colour gallery, I spend some little time in seeking for one of our most humorous and amiable artists, Eugène Lambert, the man who of all men best understands the cat and dog. But the painter of so many delightful incidents of animal life, who has lavished talent and humour in his book entitled *Chiens et Chats* (Dogs and cats), has sent only one small picture; it is, to be sure, a perfect gem, but it is really not enough for his admirers of many nationalities.

As to Madame Madeleine Lemaire, she has hoisted all sail, and we can but thank her for these masses of flowers, the fresh and charming compositions with which she has graced her interesting exhibit. The list of her pictures would be too long to give. I cannot enumerate her roses, pinks, peaches, and grapes, still moist with morning dew; but I must not overlook a remarkable series of drawings illustrating M. Paul Hervieu's novel, *Flirt*.

To conclude our visit to the water-colour painters, I must notice some striking studies by the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild. A woman and named Rothschild, this is more than enough to prevent the truth from ever reaching her. Few critics would dare to tell such a great lady that she was greatly gifted, for fear of seeming to flatter a woman of wealth and position. However, such coyness must be set aside in the present case; the Baroness is an artist militant, one of our best water-colour painters. Fine feeling, a love of nature, and an appreciative eye for distance and the subtleties of tone, are the masterly qualities revealed in the " Peasant's house at Vaux de Cernay, " the " Port of Beaulieu, " " The Lagoon, " the " View of Amsterdam, " the " Ravine in the Cornice, " the " Fishers' quarter, " the " Boat off Malamocco, " etc. The Baroness is a born painter, as the boldness of her work in these pictures sufficiently shows; what still further proves it is that she makes time for such studies in the midst of the social pleasures and duties of a busy life, and of those of what her intimate friends call her " Ministry of Benevolence. " But here I pause, having no concern save with the artist and her fine works, not her good works.

PHILIPPE GILLE.

PERRAULT. — THE FIRST STRUGGLE.

Chromotypogravure et Imprimerie Bonnet, Valadon & Cie.

A LADY OF RANK OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XV

Chromotypogravure et Imprimerie Boussod, Valadon & Cie

FEDORA

THE PAVILION OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR.

THROUGH THE EXHIBITION

THE nearer the Exhibition approaches completion, the more one becomes convinced that it is impossible to go through it methodically. A number of people, no doubt, have undertaken this trial of strength and patience, and will perhaps succeed in it. They have begun, for instance, at the Trocadéro, and have exhausted every corner. They have then gone to the Champ de Mars, and have visited in turn each house in the street of Human habitations, and then have looked at Class after Class in the Palace of Liberal Arts. They will go on thus to the end of the Exhibition and will then, according to their own notions, have this advantage over their contemporaries—they will have seen everything.

But no, these honest folks will not have seen everything, not really more than other people. The Exhibition is in fact a veritable Proteus, metamorphosing and changing every instant. To cite only one case, there is a fresh horticultural competition every fortnight at the Trocadéro, so that those who visited the gardens last month, would not know them again this. In the Cairo street new buildings have been opened. In the Champ de Mars, the American Republics have inaugurated their Pavilions, one after another; some, like that of Uruguay, having only been finished a week. The methodical visitor would therefore have been obliged to pass over these pavilions, some of them real marvels, and quitting his routine, must retrace his footsteps at some time.

I am not going to write a detailed guide to the Exhibition. There are plenty of them already, from the official guide, a dry and ponderous volume, to the neat little blue "Figaro guide" which contains all the indications necessary for seeing it in one long visit. In the first number of the *Figaro-Exposition* I traced the plan of a walk, which, if carried out conscientiously, would have taken at least a week.

Sticking to my title, I prefer to guide you "Through the Exhibition," looking, as the fancy takes you, first at one thing, and then at another.

To-day, if you like, we will spend our time in the Esplanade des Invalides, to which we only paid a flying visit last time.

And as every one coming from Paris enters by the gate in the Quay d'Orsay, near the Decauville railway, we will start from the other entrance opposite the Invalides. The first exhibit we see on the left is most interesting. It is that of the French Society for aid to the wounded, on sea and land. The President is Marshal Mac Mahon, and among the members one sees the names of General Cambriels, Dr. Riant; Comte de Beaufort, Secretary; Comte A. de Rességuier; Albert Ellissen, the indefatigable organ-

izer of this exhibit; the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Treasurer; Tagnard; Paul Biollay; etc., etc. On the Ladies' Committee are Madame la Maréchale de Mac-Mahon; la Maréchale Canrobert; la Maréchale Le Bœuf, la Maréchale Comtesse Niel, la Maréchale Comtesse Randon, la Maréchale Comtesse Regnauld de Saint-Jean d'Angely; Mesdames Andral, Antonin Bellargues, Auguste Cochin, Etcheverry, the Baronne de Pages, Péan, Riant, Vernes d'Arlandes, etc., etc.

To Mr. Albert Ellissen the Committee entrusted the organisation of the Ambulance Exhibition, and he has admirably carried out the task. The exhibits are divided into three sections.

I. Ambulance wagons, stretchers, railway apparatus, boats, pinnaces, etc., etc.

II. The hospital train, composed of seven carriages.

III. A station hospital, or moveable hut.

Opposite the Ambulance division is the panorama of "Tout-Paris," a paying exhibition, with which we have nothing to do, so let us proceed to the Exhibition of Social economy. This comprises a series of different exhibitions of the application of the laws of social economy of which the effects are demonstrated by Societies or co-operative associations. One sees the general gallery of exhibits, the workmen's club, co-operative and mutual societies, artisans' dwellings, and mining societies, a dispensary and a popular restaurant. The Health Exhibition which we come to next, occupies a central pavilion and important annexes, of which one of the principal is the Pavilion of the Assistance publique.

Opposite, on the right, is the village from the Indian Archipelago, and the fa- pagoda of Ankor, an exact reproduction of the original with the mouldings taken in Indo-China from the monument itself by M. Fabre, an architect who has travelled from the Far East to give the Exhibition the benefit of his knowledge. See our illustration. By the side of the pagoda is the famous and noisy Annamite theatre, which so amazed and bewildered the spectators on the opening day.

If we turn to the right, we see the Pavilion of the Ministry of War, with its mediæval front. I have already given a description of this miniature stronghold surrounded by trenches, and flanked by turrets; with its drawbridge, machicolations, and sentinels' gallery. The engraving in this number completes my description.

After crossing the drawbridge, we pass through the barbican, full of cannon, and enter the exhibition of war material proper.

The splendid entrance hall is decorated with busts of the Marshals of France, among whom we note Pélissier, Maison, and others.

In the great hall to the right, devoted to the Artillery, are huge guns of various patterns: Hotchkiss guns, projectiles of preposterous dimensions, colossal gun-carriages, and miniature models of all the machinery of war in use to the present day, with carriages and projectiles; these models are arranged on tables about 3 feet 6 inches high, and above them are hung prints representing the uniforms of different regiments, the great achievements of the French Artillery, and portraits of our most celebrated generals.

On the first floor the visitor finds himself face to face with two mounted soldiers in full uniform, sabre in hand, on guard by the doorway. To their left a serjeant-major of Zouaves is calmly smoking a cigarette; a little behind him three firemen are chatting in their various uniforms; a gendarme and a garde républicain are looking on, a military telegraphist and a railway military guard are face to face with an officer of the Military College; a cadet of Saint-Cyr is talking to one from the École Polytechnique, behind whom stands a pupil from le Prytance (la Flèche) carrying some books.

To the right of these a light-horse trumpeter blows his bugle-call in front of a tent, while a serjeant-major, seated in front of a biscuit barrel which does duty as a table, is examining the orders for rations to be delivered to the quartermaster who is waiting for them. Beyond these the cook is putting some meat into a kettle; the cook's boy has his hands full of the soldiers' mess tins, and some more are lying on the ground by a heap of vegetables which the men on fatigue duty have brought in. Further away a general, on horseback, is reading the dispatches which a staff officer has just delivered to him; the officer awaits his orders. Then we have a Chasseur d'Afrique on his Arab steed, talking to a Zouave or a Turco. A Spahi, in foraging dress, ready to rush on an adversary, is about to fire his carbine; and lastly a sailor, smoking a pipe, is chatting with a marine.

THE PAVILION OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR (SIDE ENTRANCE).

In the background a cannon — one of a battery — is surrounded by gunners; the lieutenant of the gun points a telescope at the enemy; a gendarme in undress uniform rubs down his horse, and other soldiers, belonging to various corps, covered with dust, and carrying a great can are returning to camp with water for the soup and coffee.

What are all these soldiers doing there? Are they performing a play? One might think so at first. But the next moment their absolute immobility reveals to you that you are but gazing on a group of wax figures, wonderfully well arranged, which has deceived you.

With the cavalry mingled with foot soldiers, Cuirassiers, Hussars, Chasseurs etc, it is but a simple collection of all existing uniforms, but with commendable ingenuity it has been made far more interesting than if it were formally arranged in cases.

These representatives of the present French army are the guardians of the retrospective exhibition which occupies the rooms on the first floor.

The first, decorated with large tapestries, presents a series of portraits of the Marshals of France borrowed from Versailles. The bust of Condé, that of Napoleon I; the statue of the latter by Guillaume, another bust bearing the following inscription: "General Bonaparte, member of the Institute. Presented by Prince Napoleon to his fellow-members of the Institute", complete the decoration of the vestibule.

A tablet on which one may read "To the former armies of France," shows plainly what idea has regulated the organization of this department under the Minister of War. There, also, are to be seen a portrait, arms, decorations, and objects which belonged to Napoleon I, and were given by him to his faithful Bertrand.

VI

They belong to the town of Châteaudun, to which the general bequeathed them.

In the first room on the right we may see the sabre of Kleber, and that of Marceau, several carbines, some weapons which belonged to Bonaparte, the stick of general Lecourbe, Murat's whip, a medallion of Desaix, the portrait of Marshal Canrobert by Horace Vernet, the arms and staff of Marshal Maison, the uniform which Marshal Mortier, Duc de Trévise, was wearing when mortally wounded on the 28th of July, 1835, by the side of King Louis Philippe, at whose life Fieschi aimed his infernal machine; the coat of Hoche, together with his shoulder-belt, saddle, and epaulets; the court mantle of Lannes, Duc de Montebello; a collection of the French orders; portraits of Victor, Duc de Bellune, of Ségur, and of Poniatowski; the arms, staff, and presentation sabre of Macdonald, etc.

In the second apartment are the arms and uniforms of Oudinot; presents from Napoleon I to his generals; drawings by Charlet and Horace Vernet, the exhibits of the Artillery Museum, types of the African army, and of the early armies, costumes of the entire army, etc.

The third room is devoted to private collections. It is just as full of interest as the others.

As a finish to the military exhibition we must visit the shed containing the specimens of aerostation, with its experiments in steering balloons; the pavilion occupied by gunpowders and saltpetre; Decauville's ambulance train, and the musical instruments.

On the right hand we stayed our steps at the Annamite theatre; we have still to see:

The *kampang* or Javanese village, built of *atape*, a native wood, and occupied by some sixteen aborigines, among them some young women — dancers, whom some people insist upon thinking pretty — a matter of taste.

Cochin China, with its pagodas, its Annamite theatre, its village, its splendid collections of pottery and porcelain, and its intelligent but inquisitive natives.

Behind the Creole restaurant, the factory from the Gaboon, the pavilion of Guadeloupe and Martinique, the huge Central Palace of the Colonies, beyond which, under the green alleys of the Esplanade, lie the new Caledonian villages, and the agriculturists' bazaar.

Annam and Tonkin with their garden, their restaurant, and their various products: idols, treasures, junks, pagodas, etc.

The pagoda of Villenour, the Hindoo pavilion, the tower of Saldé, the products of Madagascar, and the Senegal village.

The palace and well-supplied bazaar of Tunis.

The magnificent exhibit of our Algerian colony.

I cannot describe it all to you in full detail. We should never have finished, and we still have further to travel. I shall content myself with referring you to the pictures given to-day in the *Figaro-Exposition*, returning later to these wonders.

I must, in fact, carry you back to the Champ de Mars to show you two or three other exhibits which deserve to be examined with closer attention.

The Pavilion of the Colony of Algeria.

Now let me conduct you to the Gas Company's pavilion, open on the 31st of May last. We all know how important the gas-industry has become since Philippe Lebon made his discovery in 1799. In France alone, at this day, it represents more than £40,000,000 of capital, sunk in the property and plant of a thousand factories employing from twenty-five to thirty thousand labourers.

So important an industry must need occupy an important place in the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

It is not the work of any single company of abnormal wealth; it is representative of all those which, by contributing their quota to the common work, have given proof of the firm basis on which this industry rests. The characteristic feature of this collective Exhibition is that we have here no examples at all of the means of producing and distributing gas. It was supposed, and very rightly, that the public must be chiefly interested in a matter which concerns it more nearly: the application of gas to practical ends.

It is with regard to these requirements that the Exhibition of

the Gas Company's has been organized in the Pavillon du Gaz.

The building is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and represents a dwelling fitted to utilize every modern adjunct of comfort.

In the basement various contrivances show the motive power of gas applied as Lebon had foreseen was possible, and made available in various industries by the methods of Hugon, Lenoir, and Otto.

The machines exhibited are on many different systems: Forest, Salomon-Tanting, Lenoir, Otto, Ravel, Roger Benz; all so arranged as to be used with a governor and registering meter. Some can be connected to work either a pump, which brings water into the building, or an Edison dynamo, which is used to light the drawing-room.

Next to the machine-room is a rotunda in which may be seen specimens of every variety of apparatus for applying gas to the purposes of heating and lighting.

These are so arranged as to be quite easily understood by the public. By the side of each kind of burner is a ticket with full information as to its cost and lighting-power; by the side of the heating apparatus there are regulators, registers, and calorimeters, enabling the spectator to estimate the net outlay and relative cost of working.

In this rotunda some special forms of apparatus may be noticed for heating baths, ironing linen, and calendering stuffs; thus we are enabled to judge of the various services gas may render us when judiciously applied.

A kitchen, most luxuriously fitted with all its accessories, has a large stove working entirely by gas (on Fletcher's system), and another stove so contrived as to allow of the use either of coke or gas (Paris Company's patent). The kitchen is lighted by four burners, on Wenham's plan, called recuperative burners, provided with flues which carry away the products of combustion.

The fittings in the basement are completed by a chemical laboratory, where gas is tested and analysed; and a photometrical laboratory, for measuring the relative power of different burners and various systems of lighting.

Thus the basement contains the technical portion of the Gas display.

On the ground floor, as soon as we have left the exhibition of machines, etc., the whole aspect of the building is transformed. The place is handsomely decorated, with carpets, furniture, and hangings in every room, to suit its ultimate purpose. The lighting in each room had to be adapted to it in style, but in every case the aim has been to reduce to a minimum the burners consuming atmospheric air, that is to say without chimney to carry off the burnt air; and in every room the cornice has been utilized to insure ventilation.

The grill-room, which will be the resort of the public, and might smell of cooking and of tobacco-smoke, has had the ventilation specially arranged, with a central sun-burner and four Siemens burners with ventilating flues.

The smoking-room is lighted in a style strictly in accordance with the Oriental taste of the room; the gas burners are of the incandescent pattern patented by Auer.

ENTRANCE TO THE JAVANESE "KAMPANG."

The grand saloon is lighted by a large chandelier, like that of a theatre, the ordinary glass burners being replaced by those of the Cromarty-Sugg pattern. These burners have the great merit of reducing by from 50 to 100 per cent the consumption of gas for a given amount of work, and consequently reducing the heat. The system on which the grand saloon is built with a large dome all of glass which is lighted up, makes it very easy to ventilate. The glass dome is practically a ventilating flue, by which all the products of combustion and the exhausted air of the room are carried off.

The room containing the retrospective exhibition including a remarkable collection of every form of apparatus for artificial light, is thoroughly ventilated, as was indispensable to protect the valuable specimens placed here by M. Dallemagne, from injury. It is lighted by five large burners on the Wenham system, placed in the ceiling with ventilating flues.

On the first floor the same general arrangements are carried out so as to light all the rooms on sound and healthy principles.

The Louis-Seize room is lighted by gas; the Louis-Quinze room

by electric light, (Edison's incandescent). One of the gas machines in the basement works the supply to this electric lamp, and in this way alone can the electric light be made available for houses and rooms of a luxurious character.

The dining-room is lighted by a luminous ceiling. There are eight gas burners set into a plate of pierced iron, the holes serving as ventilators, and carrying off the vitiated air and the products of combustion. The light being placed so high, the table is left clear, and the guests below suffer no inconvenience from the heat.

The billiard-room is lighted on the same principle as the dining-room, but from the cornice, which also acts as a ventilator for the room.

In the dressing-rooms, offices, and bath-rooms, and in a hydropathic bath-room, all the latest appliances for lighting and heating are introduced, so as to show how readily gas may be adapted to all the requirements of refined comfort.

This pavilion was opened, as I have said, on the 31st of May, in the presence of M. Tirard, President of the Ministerial Council, who, by his presence, desired to manifest his sympathy and interest in M. Ellissen's undertaking, M. Dautresme, Secretary to the Minister of Commerce, M. Lockroy, and all the superior officials of the Exhibition, M. Georges Berger at their head.

We also noticed M. Léon Say, several engineers attached to the École centrale, artists, craftsmen, and others, and M. E. Pereire, chairman of the Transatlantic Company.

M. Raoul Duval, chairman of the Paris Gas-Company, M. Camus, one of the directors, M. Guichard and M. Heine, managers, M. Troost, vice-chairman, and M. Hart were also present, as well as MM. de Soubeyran, Forgès, Comte Camondo, and MM. Stern and Griollet, directors of the Great Northern (of France) Railway.

The honours of the evening were graciously done by Mme Ellissen, who received the company, among whom were a great many very pretty women.

Roumania has no official standing in the Paris Exhibition, but the Roumanian Chamber nevertheless voted a sum of 200 000 francs as an encouragement to exhibitors, and to this were added 80 000 francs raised by public subscription, and a further sum of 200 000 francs derived from a lottery entitled Lottery for the Paris Exhibition.

Roumania occupies a space of 1126 square mètres (12,120 square feet). The Commissioners applied for much more room, but it was impossible to grant it. It was not supposed that Roumania, which is essentially an agricultural country, could contrive to send so large a variety and number of exhibits. To be sure, it was not understood that the Commissioners proposed to make so important and picturesque a show, chiefly ethnographical.

The façade of their building is a faithful reproduction of the national architecture, decorated with native art. The interior preserves the same character; the doorways, the side buildings, even the glass cases are copied from designs modified from drawings of the churches of Roumania. The largest and central case is a reproduction of the famous dome of the cathedral at Ardgesch.

The Roumanian Commissioners also hit on the idea of erecting, at the further end of the Cairo street, a restaurant which is simply one of the marvels of the Exhibition. It is an exact copy of a Roumanian country house, with its gable, its turret, and its steep roof.

THE COLONIAL PALACE.

It was built by M. Oscar André from plans supplied by M. Alexandre Ciurcu.

The interior of this chalet is fitted to correspond; Roumanian Tziganes perform there — not by any means to be confounded with their Hungarian brethren, for these are still natural, and much travelling has somewhat spoilt the Hungarian troupe.

The tables are served by real Roumanian girls, very pretty girls too, in their picturesque costume. The food supplied is of course Roumanian. We met with a variety of unknown messes, among others the subacid soup called *borsch*, which is also a favourite dish with the Russians; *fleica*, the Roumanian edition of a beefsteak; *frigarin*, or beef fillets broiled on a skewer, etc. To drink, we may have *tzuica* (plum brandy), and a kind of wine of a strong muscat flavour, known as *tarnoiasa*. The amateur of culinary exotics should go to the Roumanian restaurant; his curiosity will be amply satisfied, and he can spend a very pleasant hour there.

In the Palace of the Liberal Arts; to the right that is to say

The Roumanian restaurant.

The Maxeville Brewery.

of the illuminated fountains as you come from the Eiffel Tower, there is a restaurant which, apart from the luxury and comfort of its arrangements, recommends itself by one peculiarity: its speciality is the supply of *French beer*.

I have no wish here to air my chauvinism, though in my pride at the success of our splendid Exhibition I feel a right to do so. But I must honestly applaud any effort at upholding our excellent French beer against the competition of the heavy and unwholesome German brew which fashion and ignorance have forced upon us. The Maxeville Brewery Company have undertaken such an effort, and have come out victorious of the contest.

It was founded in 1869 by M. Galland, a civil engineer, under the name of *Brasserie viennoise*, a name adopted in deference to the success of Austrian beer at the Exhibition of 1867; but it was crushed by the importation of German beer. Galland and Co. having gone into liquidation, the plant was started again by a joint-stock company under the title *Grande Brasserie de l'Est*. Thenceforth their success has been constantly increasing.

The principle laid down by the new company was, to use none but the best materials, and, in the matter of plant and process, always to keep up with the times.

Thus they hold a very high rank among French brewing companies.

This great establishment is able at the present time to turn out 100 000 hectolitres (or about 2 800 000 gallons) per annum, and with no great addition to their machinery could vastly increase their production.

The buildings, which are situated in the commune of Maxeville, cover an area of more than eight acres in the immediate vicinity of the town of Nancy. The main line of railway from Paris to Nancy runs past the village, and the old high road from Nancy to Metz divides it from the wharves of Saint Sebastien, on the canal which joins the Marne and the Rhine.

The Brewery itself has a branch line of rails connecting it with the main line, which enables it to receive the raw material and dispatch the manufactured article under the best conditions.

Two-thirds of the malt used is prepared on the premises. The cellars are fitted to contain 26 000 hectolitres (572 000 gallons) of beer, and are kept throughout the year at an equable temperature of one degree above freezing point by an elaborate system of freezing machines. These machines, if they were employed in manufacturing ice, could produce 48 000 kilogrammes (about 45 tons) a day; but they are applied in a more practical and rational manner to reduce the temperature of the cellars by means of an uncongealable fluid brought down to a temperature of 25 to 30 degrees below freezing point, which circulates in serpentine pipes fixed on the roof of the cellars. Thus the temperature can be regulated by a tap which increases or diminishes the supply of the fluid.

The cooling of the wort and of the fermenting liquor is, in the same way, effected by the circulation of water just above freezing point; thus sudden chills are avoided which are inevitable when the liquor is cooled by the direct application of ice.

The fermenting-house itself is kept at a constant temperature of about 9 degrees above freezing point, and fitted to contain from 7 to 8000 hectolitres (from 150 to 180 000 gallons) of fermenting liquor.

Water is supplied by two very powerful steam-pumps and a branch of the Moselle, conceded by the municipal authorities of Nancy. Above 150 men are constantly employed, and more than 32 000 barrels of various capacities are used for the delivery of the beer.

For long journeys ice-house trucks are used; two kinds of these ice-cases are to be seen at the Exhibition.

Finally the Brewery manufactures its own gas, having altogether five steam engines with a grand total of 210 horse power.

Thus the Brasserie de l'Est can compare in magnitude and importance with the most famous foreign breweries.

Every kind of beer is made there, more especially that known as Bock-beer, strong ale for keeping, and dark beer, known in Paris as Munich beer.

They have all beers submitted to analysis at the government laboratory, and the public is in a position to do them justice every day and all day long.

This great Company has made it its business to prove that the quality of beer depends neither on the place where it is made, nor on any mystery in the manufacture, but on good materials and due care in the making.

German beer may be made anywhere. There is no need whatever for importing it from beyond the Rhine.

By proving this to a demonstration, the Brasserie de l'Est has achieved a good stroke of business and a patriotic act.

THE DIAMOND CUTTING SHOP.

The Glass Works of Saint Denis were established en 1865, at number 80, Avenue de Paris. It was an establishment of second rate importance, like several which exist in the suburbs of Paris. It employed some seventy or eighty hands, and produced the usual articles of commerce.

This state of things lasted for some years. Five managers succeeded one another without effecting any marked improvement in the business. At length, at the beginning of 1866, M. Legras, who had entered the place as a mere workman two years before, assumed the management.

From that moment the turn-out increased, and the manufactory began the upward progress which has never ceased from that time to this. In 1871 a new building was added opposite to the former one, extending from number 85 to number 97 Avenue de Paris, and covering a rectangular space of six thousand square metres (64,000 square feet). The old manufactory serves now as offices, and in it are the potteries and the export department for the country and abroad. As a matter of fact these works form

THE INDIAN PAGODA.

THE GAS COMPANY'S PAVILION.

the most important manufactory of glass and crystal in Paris or its neighbourhood. Its average staff has for a long while exceeded six hundred individuals. The actual number, at this moment, is six hundred and fifty, clerks and workpeople, among whom are many who have been in the place from ten to twenty-five years, and who show by the zeal they display in working for its success how highly their chief is esteemed.

In 1880 M. Legras erected artisan dwelling-houses close to the manufactory. The working men's lodgings are spacious, suited to families, and the cost is one-third less than the rent charged in private houses.

The organization is completed by a special school for the children, a mutual help society, and a musical society.

The principal product is in glass for physics, chemistry, pharmacy, electricity, distillation, etc.; then for cafés, restaurants, and hotels. Objects of this description are turned out by hundreds of thousands, and are despatched not only throughout Paris, but all over France.

In addition to this the Saint Denis Glass Works have entered, in the matter of artistic works, into competition with the foreign producers upon whom, until lately, we were altogether dependent.

Its fancy wares, in numberless colours, with or without ornamentation, are able, owing to their low price and sound workmanship, to hold their own successfully against similar productions from Germany and Bohemia, to which they are even beginning to be preferred.

At these works began the wholesale manufacture of fancy glass, and of table appointments in coloured glass; a trade which, during the last five years, has spread enormously in France, and which is rapidly replacing in our midst the traditional manufacture of Baccarat.

I speak advisedly, for I was enabled to appreciate the labours of M. Legras when I visited his works a year ago, during the glass workers' strike—a strike, by the way, which caused him small uneasiness, for he knew that his staff were too much attached to him to desert him.

I have been able also to compare his artistic products with those of the best foreign firms in the warehouses of the great depôt opposite the *Figaro*; and this comparison shows clearly to me why the shopkeepers and commission agents, not only of Paris and the country, but even from abroad, come by preference to his works to purchase their stock.

At the Barcelona Exhibition, in 1888, the Glass and Crystal Works of Saint-Denis obtained a gold medal, and in the month December of the same year M. Legras was appointed knight of the Legion of Honour.

He exhibits this year at the Champ de Mars in Class XIX.

CHINESE HOUSE.

His display is one of the most important in that class, and occupies a space of more than fifty metres. It consists of a counter, a central case, and a room, twenty-five metres square, in the gothic style, furnished with a table, sideboard, and buffets, modelled on antique furniture of the period of Louis XII in the Cluny museum.

Here we see specimens of all the products of the factory.

Firstly a collection of various articles in plain glass, for the use of apothecaries, druggists, chemists, and for all laboratory work; shapes in infinite variety, fantastic-looking flasks and bottles made for distillers; table glass and coloured glass, flower vases of numberless shapes and hues. As a curiosity, attracting universal attention, there are three immense jars, two metres and a half in height, and, finally, articles of the highest merit in smoked Pompei glass, with palm patterns upon opalescent glass, and opalescent glass splashed with vivid red, the whole decorated with gold in relief.

The two last sorts have been made especially for the universal Exhibition of 1889, and are, together with the Pompei glass, the patented property of this house.

Along with the glass and crystal one may observe a certain number of rough stones resembling rubies and sapphires as they come from the mine. They are in fact rubies and sapphires, but artificially produced.

They were made by the nephew and assistant of the manager, M. Charles Legras, the chemist of the establishment, who, by carrying on the labours of Ebelmen and Frémy, has obtained these precious stones by the crystallization of alumina, treated by the dry method.

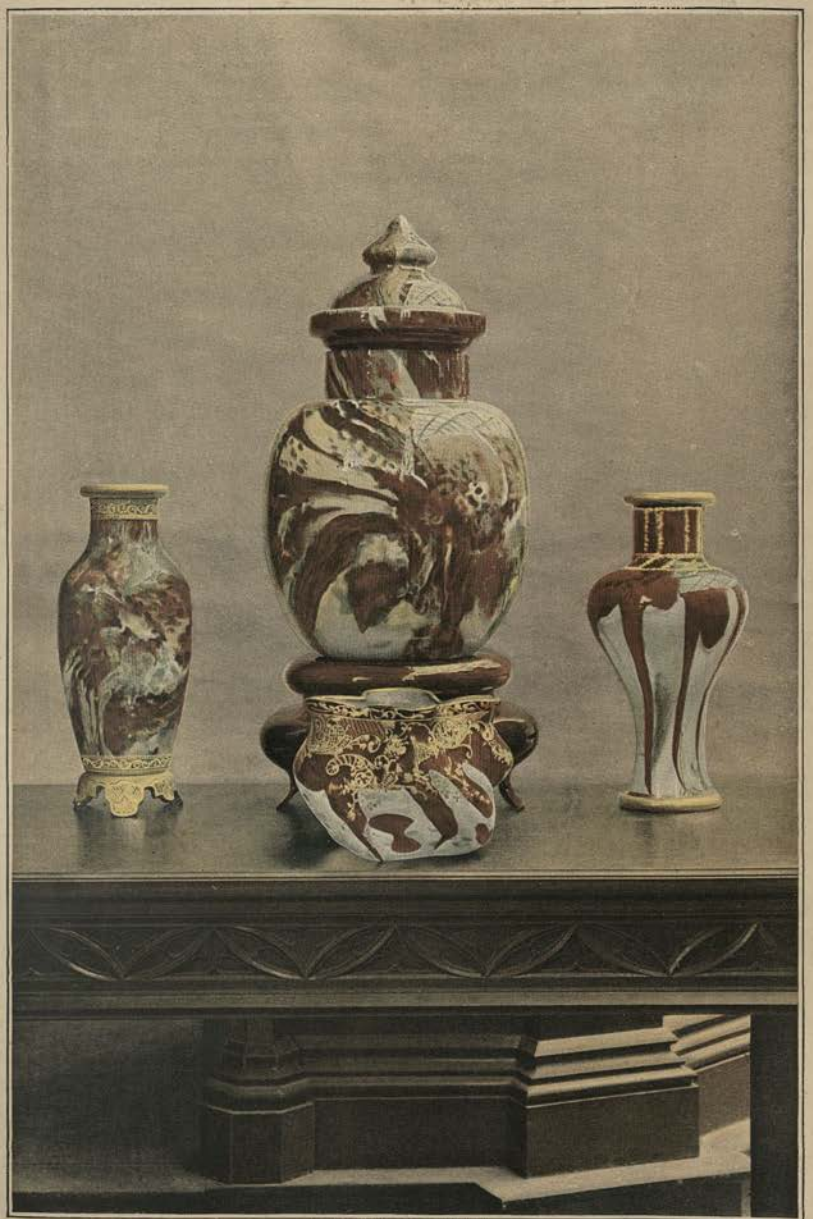
The examples exhibited remained in the glass furnace for six y days at a temperature of between 1800 and 2000 degrees.

Remarkable also is the pleasing result of the crystallization of chrome counterfeiting an emerald.

I must not pass over another member of the firm, M. Léon Godrie, the art director, who has sought in the old and original forms of the Japanese china makers the inspiration for the creation of vases, flower jars, holders, etc., imitations of the antique being adapted to modern taste. It is to the association of his decorative talent, with the chemical science of M. Charles Legras that are due most of the innovations which figure at the Exhibition, among which in the first rank stands the first attempt hitherto made to apply glass enamelling to a ground of gold or silver, an invention which in the future must certainly prove a great success.

GEORGES GRISON.

ETIENNE BOUSSOD, *Manager*.



Chromolithographie et Imprimerie Bonnet, Valadon & Cie.

VASES AND JARDINIÈRE

Cachemire and Flambé Chinese red on opal glass.

EXHIBITED IN CLASS 19 BY MESSRS. LEGRAS AND CO.

Chromotypogravure Bossuet, Valadon et Cie

THE JAVANESE DANCERS

PREPARING FOR THE PERFORMANCE

ROUND THE WORLD

(ASIA AND AFRICA)

THE SWORD DANCE.

MADAME DE CHARVY TO HER MOTHER.

This morning Gontran said to me quite suddenly:

"My wheat in Poitou looks most promising. And thanks to the *bouillie bordelaise*, which is by far the best thing yet invented for the destruction of the phylloxera, I am sure of selling all the grapes out of your vineyard to advantage this autumn — the vineyard in Médoc, which your grandfather left you. Besides, we have not ruined ourselves in dinners and evening parties this spring. In short we have money in hand. You have always wanted to travel. The weather seems settled and fine. Let us be off."

My first impulse was to throw my arms round Gontran's neck for suggesting a plan of which I had dreamed so long. This pleasant interlude being over, my husband had scarcely time to take breath before I had recovered the power of speech, crying:

"Bravo! Lovely! That suits me down to the ground. But where shall we go?"

"Wherever you like."

"Well then — let me see — A long way, don't you think? Abroad. I have France pretty well at my fingers' ends."

"Very good. Abroad!"

And again I flung my arms round Gontran's neck. It was so kind of him to propose to travel, and abroad too, when I know that he regards it as an affair of State to go to look after the vines in Médoc, even when there is no phylloxera.

This second effusion over, I sat down again, and we began to talk over all the countries which we might visit.

Gontran first:

"What do you say to England?"

"Yes, that is not a bad notion. But perhaps it would be better to put that off till another year. The most amusing thing in London is to do shopping in Regent Street or Piccadilly, and we have just been round the English section at the Exhibition and

have seen everything that is interesting in the London shops. "

" Sweden then, or Norway? "

" No, thank you. On Monday last we spent two hours in their division of the Exhibition. They have taken the bloom off their native land. What could we find to do in Sweden? Buy little ornaments in silver filigree. I bought a quantity yesterday in the stalls at the same price as I should pay in Stockholm, at least so I was told by a girl in the costume of Dalecarlia — which, I may add, has made me less eager to visit Dalecarlia. As to the Norwegian lakes, the Norwegian house here stands in a pond. So on the whole it seems to me that, by the aid of imagination to magnify the proportions of things, I have as good as seen Sweden and Norway. A journey there would lack the excitement of novelty. "

" But, my dear child, consider. If these are your notions we need not go to Spain either. We saw the Gitanas at the theatre in the Champ de Mars, and the Spanish dancers at the Cirque-d'Hiver. "

" Very true, then strike out Spain. "

" And strike out Russia too. We can see Russia at the Exhibition, furs, porphyry, malachite, silver work, and all. "

" And Roumania! There can be no Lautares left at Bucharest. They are all in the pavilion at the entrance to the Cairo street. "

" And while we are about it, strike out Hungary and the Tsiganes. "

" All the more willingly as I have no wish to see the Hungarians at Buda Pesth or Szegedin. I saw a whole army of them quite at my ease, eight hundred and fifty of them together, at the pretty fête given in their honour last month in the park of Saint-Cloud. "

" Certainly, if one of the pleasures of travelling consists in seeing the people of the countries one goes through, we need not move at all this year. Negroes, for instance; when one has seen only a score of them grouped round a hut, one does not want to go to take a fever in Central Africa. Now, we have seen the different settlements — Malagasy, Pahoino — "

" No longer ago than last Tuesday I walked across Senegal before I got into my little Annamese chair. "

" Then to conclude, my darling? "

" To conclude, my dear, I have quite made up my mind, that this year, so far as travelling is concerned — "

" We will take the Decauville train? "

" In which, for fifty centimes, we will go round the world. So that is settled. "

" Quite settled? Without a pang? "

" Without the smallest. "

" Very well, but on one condition! "

And Gontran sat down by my side and explained to me that, as we had decided on staying at home, at any rate the money we should have spent in travelling was to be mine to spend as I pleased. I am a very bright woman, and this reasoning commended itself at once to my apprehension, so I had time before me to settle in my mind how I could lay out this treasure-trove. I shall spend every penny of it at the Exhibition; I really owe that much to the nations I am neglecting to see at home. But trust me, I will buy wisely. I shall wait till the end, the great packing up in October, when everything will be for sale at half price.

* * *

Half an hour after this delightful conjugal interview we were lounging down the Esplanade des Invalides.

It was still quite early, about ten in the morning, for I had been told that by going early enough I might catch the little Java women at their toilet. The last time I had been at night to see their queer dances at the Kampong restaurant, I had been greatly amused to observe the elaborate " make up " of these little bayadères, whose antics, I confess, had not greatly delighted me, and this " make up " had mystified me. Their painting struck me in fact as a much more complicated affair than that of most actresses, or even, I may add, of some of our friends whom you can guess at.

This morning I was fully enlightened. Real children of nature are these little Javanese! We hide ourselves, even from our waiting-maids, when we make up. They, in broad daylight, and in the presence of fifty spectators, devoted themselves to this fancy-work. But then I say where is the illusion, who is taken in by it?

They never even looke lat me, the little simpletons, all the time

CASTING BULLETS.

they were standing in front of their open huts arranging their cosmetics. A perfect arsenal of colours, boxes of green, blue, and yellow, large pots and small, and paint brushes without end. You could have sworn they were going to take a portrait.

In fact they do the work on a grand scale. Actresses, and the two or three friends I hinted at, are content to daub their faces; these damsels " make up " the greater part of their person. When they have darkened their hair with Indian ink, and touched up their forehead and cheeks with Indian ink, and given a little expression, also with Indian ink, by lengthening their eyebrows, they cover their arms and bust with saffron, and that, it appears, is admired in their country. Perhaps they are right after all

Gontran tells me that the Annamese women varnish their teeth black and say that we, the Europeans, with our white teeth, look like little dogs.

Never mind, if Gontran fancies that I will powder my shoulders with saffron to please him, he is still under an illusion, poor dear man! And I owe the little minxes a grudge as it is. As we were coming away did not one of them blow a kiss to Gontran! I longed to go and dab the tip of her pert little nose with Indian ink, and the only thing that kept me from doing it was a notion that an ink-tipped nose may perhaps be admired in her part of the world!

Certainly I prefer the Java men to the women. Before leaving their "compound" I wanted to see the other huts, and we very fortunately found a guide in a worthy Dutch interpreter who had lived in Java for twenty years, and who, unlike many interpreters, understands the language he translates. He knows French moreover, and explained very clearly all the life and manners of the Javanese musicians. They are of the very lowest class of natives, and are almost as ill-paid at Batavia as servants are. The dancing women themselves look upon them as pariahs. A queer country, where Rubinstein would be in danger of dying of hunger!

Just as we were coming away we passed the native foundry. These people, it seems, are astonishingly skilful workers in metal. Very likely; but they make so much noise about it that I would rather believe it than go to see.

On the whole, dear mother, I am quite clear that I will not go to Java again.

JAVANESE MUSICIANS.

* *

Not to come away from the first stage of my journey round the world with an unpleasant impression, I said to Gontran: "Let us leave Asia and go to Africa."

Five minutes took us there. I cannot describe the Arab camp for the excellent reason that, just as we were going in, the doorkeeper said:

"You wish to see the Arabs? Well, you are in luck; they are not here."

I thought the man was laughing at us, but he went on quite seriously:

"Look, look behind you. The Fantasia is going on."

And for five minutes we enjoyed a really charming sight. On the roadway, where there was room enough to allow of some small evolutions, seven or eight Arabs in their burnouses were prancing about, charging one another on horseback, standing up or lying down on their horse's neck, shouting and firing all the while.

It was splendid. I, who always stop my ears when a pistol is fired at the theatre, I did not miss one bang! Hurrah for Africa!

My enthusiasm had not had time to cool when Gontran said to me:

"As Africa has won your good graces, shall we get into the train for the Champ de Mars? We will see the sword dance at the new Egyptian café."

"To be sure, let us see the sword dance."

Ten minutes later the Deauville train had dropped us on the Champ de Mars, and we went into the Egyptian café.

I never learned to fence, as you know, mother dear. Well, the performance I saw made me regret that I had never practised with the foils, as is now the fashion for girls and young women.

Gontran, who is a good swordsman, was greatly interested in seeing this Moorish girl with her formidable-looking dagger, whose wild flourishes well-nigh frightened me out of my wits. But I am bound to add that the dancer's steps and attitudes are so pretty and graceful, that even to one who, like myself, is ignorant of the art of fencing, they seem delightful. So I applauded, as indeed did all the spectators.

I have a great deal more to tell you about the day's journey, among other adventures our ascent to the third platform of the Eiffel tower. But alas! I must end with a regret. From the top, to be sure, God knows how far I could see all round; but, far as it was, the house you live in is further off still; and as I looked for the home I could not see from my eyrie, I understood the feelings of a man from Marseilles of whom I heard that on coming down again he exclaimed: "You cannot see Marseilles — and you call that a tower!"

Certified copy,

Gaston JOLLIVET.

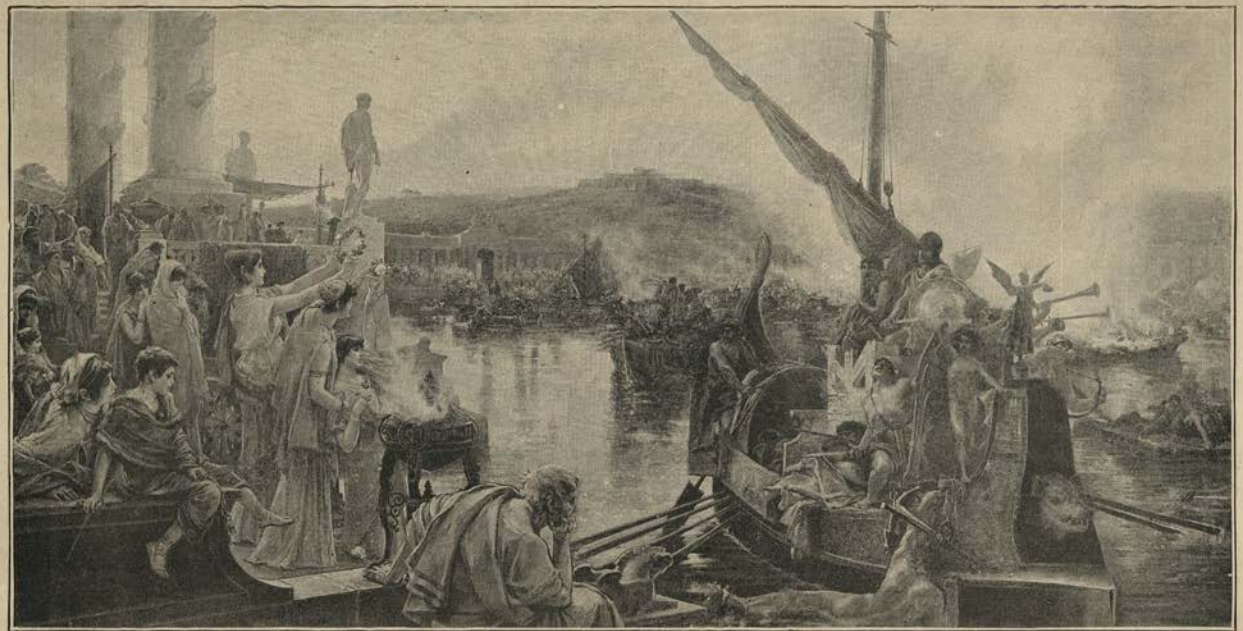
J. BRETON. — " L'Appel du soir. "

THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

V.-H. LESUR. — Saint Louis distributing alms.

Availing myself of the right I have reserved of observing no particular order in our walk through the Fine Art Galleries, I shall pause before the smallest canvases and statuettes as well as before " The Coronation of Napoleon I, " David's masterpiece ; " The Battle of Poitiers, " by Delacroix ; " Saint-Symphorien, " by Ingres ; " Cromwell, " by Paul Delaroche ; or " The Taking of Constantine, " by Horace Vernet. Poor Horace Vernet! How many bad jokes have been perpetrated at his expense ! But go to the grand domed hall in the Fine Art Exhibition, and see the effect of his troops of little soldiers — all living, French, and plucky, as they scramble up a wall! Criticise the painter as a painter; demolish him with Delacroix, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt; nothing can be easier, comparison in a matter of art is fatal to the artist. What I ask, in the name of Horace Vernet, is that he shall escape comparison with other painters, for the simple reason that he is unlike every other painter.

His passion was for movement, and, in " The Taking of the Smala, " for instance, he has with amazing boldness sent a troop of horse galloping down on the spectator ; foreshortened with unparalleled vigour, his horses, which are not in the least like the conventional horses of eighteenth-century art, but, on the contrary, just like those we see every day of our life, ridden by our own soldiers, at first



R. DE VILLODAS. — " Victoribus gloria "

L.-G. PELOUSE. — Avanne, near Besançon.

startled the public; his accuracy of detail, to this day a store-house of information, won the admiration of the crowd, for, in point of fact, every wheel, gun-carriage, and horseshoe, the uniform, shoes, and gaiters of every soldier, were represented with scrupulous and unfailing fidelity. This, in itself, was enough to set against him all whose creed it was that high art can have but one meaning. Vernet was scouted as a panorama-painter, because his canvases were of such large size; he was packed off to Versailles, and there was no more to be said concerning an artist who, during his life, had been successful as a matter of fashion. But now the exhibition of one of his works at the Champ de Mars has sufficed to show that Ingres, Delacroix, and Corot or Millet do not wholly constitute the French school. In the second rank to our writers and artists of genius we have painters, sculptors, and writers of talent, who have contributed, and not the smallest share, to the glory of the nation.

A. VOLLON. — A WOMAN OF LE POLLET.

Are not certain living painters again, painters of talent — I take them in all countries — as, for example M. Lesur with his picture of "Saint Louis distributing alms," sitting on his high chair, supporting himself with his hands as he bends forward to listen to the complaints of the poor creatures who kneel before him? May we not say as much for M. Leibl, who has just taken a silver medal for his "Old peasant," here reproduced for our readers? M. Leibl is a German, and above all an artist. Art is not more a respecter of persons than the artist; this M. Leibl has understood, and France owed him her thanks. I return to his picture, which is well drawn and well painted, and I rank it among the best, without troubling my head about the low water mark at which it may be placed by experts. So also with M. Bischop's picture, "The Dressmaker," or the "Dutchwoman cutting cloth," as the catalogue has it; in this single figure the Dutch painter has shown us a home, a life. A few leading details have sufficed, as may be seen in our reproduction.

Talent reveals itself in a thousand different ways; it is of all nationalities and submits to no formula, by which indeed it is known. It creates and invents, it resuscitates and restores, and that simply by its inherent grace, without rhetoric or pedantry. Observe, for instance, among the Spanish

pictures, the curious "Naumachia in the time of Augustus" signed with a name which must be remembered, Ricardo de Villodas.

I go on a little further, and, happily for my theories, I come upon a picture by a real master, Jules Breton, who has taken a place in French art which does honour alike to his talent and to his good sense. Before explaining my meaning I would ask the reader to recall the series of fine works he has exhibited in the Galleries of Fine Art: "Morning;" "Young girls going to join a Procession;" The Shepherd's Star;" "Evening, Finistère;" "A Peasant flying from a storm;" "The Miner's daughter;" "A Woman of Douarnenez;" "Peasants hastening to a fire," and "L'Appel du soir." M. Jules Breton's best enemies have always been ready to compare him with Millet, and regard him to some extent as Millet's pupil, merely because M. Jules Breton loves fields, peasants, and the soil; as though everything were not of the soil, as though each one did not see nature with his own eyes, coloured by his own sentiment. The truth is that no comparison of these two painters is possible, and that Millet's poetry is a thing apart from Jules Breton's, which is fine too. What is precisely the stamp of this artist's great power is the fact that Millet's success as the painter of the "Angelus" never led him astray from his own path, and that his individuality was strong enough to keep him from being drawn into the groove traced by another. In "L'Appel du soir," for instance, look at the clear atmosphere, at the two beautiful girls calling and beckoning to their comrades; at the haymakers carrying their load of freshly-mown hay; is it in the least like the work of any painter but Jules Breton? And is not this fine picture, with its charm, its conscientious workmanship, its lofty poetry, worth any number of those would-be masterpieces, sometimes too loudly hailed only to suffer from this puffing in the future, in proportion as they have benefited by it in the present?

We find at the Centennial Exhibition that pathetic picture by M. Fernand Pelez, "A Nest of wretchedness," which was so successful when first exhibited. The two poor creatures, asleep in each other's arms, have forgotten their woes. They are dreaming, and they make us dream. What more can we ask of a work of art? I may add that, besides the fundamental thought without which no statue, picture, drama, or musical composition can hold together and live, M. F. Pelez has at his command all the resources of his art; he also has a fine sense of the scale appropriate to his subject, and it is this concurrence of natural gifts, supplemented by judicious study, which has earned him the rank he now holds by the consent of artists and of the public. "A victim," "Homeless," "At the Opera," and "The Acrobats" are, with "A Nest of wretchedness," all exhibited by M. F. Pelez.

I now come to a painter whose amazing fecundity and perfect execution have raised him to the position of a leader in the modern French school, M. A. Vollon. "Bless me! How he loves oils," cried Corot enthusiastically as he looked at a picture by one of his pupils, blazing with colour and glowing with light. I have heard that it was a study by Vollon, who had just begun to paint, which drew this

Miss E. GARDNER. — The Farmer's daughter.

exclamation from the master. It is in fact a love, a passion, for colour and form, and a matchless power of handling, which characterize the painter of "A Woman of Le Pollet," which holds its own well among the masterpieces of Millet, Corot, and Henner hanging near it. I can imagine no more curious experience than an examination of this study, which, by dint of masterly treatment, is really a picture; the carnations, the pose, the tone, all are quite captivating; the painter takes possession of the spectator at the first glance, and he cannot tear himself from this vision. The woman in rags startles him at first, and becomes irresistibly charming as he lingers to

WILHELM LEIBL. — OLD PEASANT AND YOUNG GIRL OF DACHAU.

look at her. The delicate profile and its beauty in the linen kerchief; the way in which the figure is thrown forward by the attitude, her hand on her hip: the full bosom, heavy in the ragged shift—every detail attracts him by that powerful truthfulness which none but a great artist can command as an auxiliary. I need only give a list of M. Vollon's works and say that he has won renewed success by these fine pictures: "The Pont-Neuf," "Chinese porcelain," "View of Tréport," "A Spaniard," "A yard," "Oiseaux du Midi," etc. Are these all? Far from it; and the works here exhibited by M. Vollon are as nothing by comparison with the marvels from his hand which abound in our museums and private collections. I know of one, among many, a bunch of geraniums and other flowers in a copper jar, with fruit lying about, which is really a masterpiece for splendour of colour and composition, and breadth of execution.

Proceeding on my way through the enormous collection of fine pictures constituting the Centennial and Decennial Exhibitions, I come to a delightful picture by M. Albert Dawant, "A choir of children." I fully recognize the fine qualities of his picture of the "Barque of Saint Julian the Hospitaler," and the legitimate success of the "Shipwreck" exhibited by M. Dawant in the Salon of this year; still, I cannot help being bewitched by the special charm of the "Choir of children." I do not allude to the feat accomplished by the artist, and highly appreciated by painters, in giving variety to the little red robes of the singing boys, for, in my opinion, the great merit of the achievement is that there is no trace of effort. The spectator has no sense of difficulty conquered; he only sees each figure in its individuality with such a stamp of nature that he feels as if it could not be otherwise; this seems to me the highest praise I can pronounce on M. Dawant, for learning is of no value in a work of any art whatever unless it is concealed, and subordinate to inspiration. No one ever dreamed of going into ecstasies over the anatomical knowledge displayed in the Milo Venus, and yet I defy the most learned anatomist to fail to detect in that wonderful form any detail which the most exacting demonstrator can point out with the tip of his dissecting knife.

To return to M. Dawant, the crowning charm of this delightful picture is the ease and simplicity with which it is set before us. All these little boys with their mouths open, in various attitudes, and stirred by different feelings, the conductor who beats the time so relentlessly, all combine in a unity of effect which is extraordinarily complete; it is a real pleasure to see such conscientious work, the outcome of hard and intelligent study, crowned with the success it deserves. M. Paul Dawant is the pupil of two great masters, Cabanel and M. Jean Paul Laurens, and he does them honour.

PHILIPPE GILLE.

A. MAIGNAN. — A WAIF.

BISSCHOP

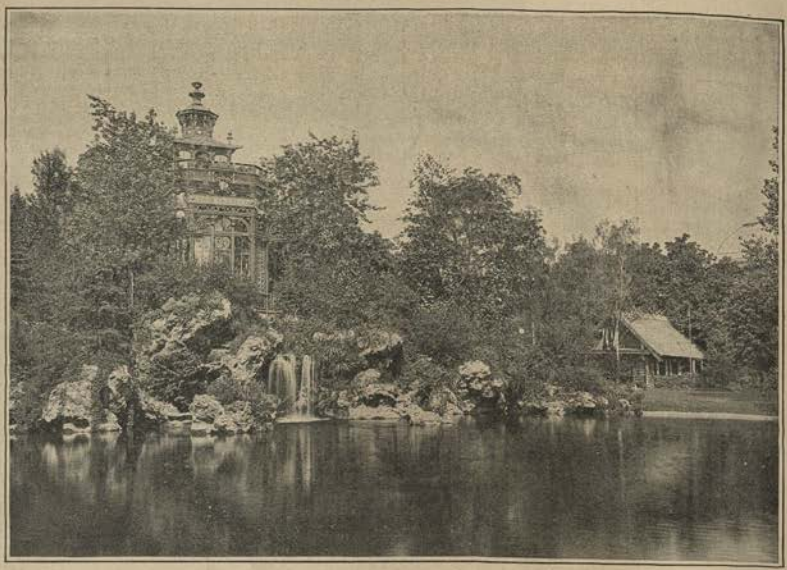
Chromotypogravure Bouvet, Valadon et Cie

A DUTCHWOMAN CUTTING CLOTH

DOUCET

Chromolygogravure Bousrod, Valadon et Cie

CARMEN



THE PAVILION OF "LA MENAGÈRE" IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

A WALK THROUGH THE EXHIBITION

THE SCULTPURE GALLERY.

THE SHAH

As the Exhibition waxes older so its enormous success increases. The number of visitors is greater every day. At the beginning of July there were from 70,000 to 80,000 a day on week days, and not more than 200,000 on Sundays; now it is a matter of surprise when the numbers are less than 100,000 visitors on any one day, and even on a rainy Sunday 300,000 is not an uncommon figure.

The frequent visits of the President, M. Carnot, to the Trocadéro, the Invalides, and especially to the Champ de Mars, help to keep up the liveliness of the scene. There is constant rivalry on the part of the exhibitors to attract his attention, and they vie with each other in the effort to secure the honour of a call, a glance, a word, in the belief that the distinction conferred by the Head of the Government may in the first place influence the public, and likewise commend them to the good graces of the Jury appointed to distribute medals.

Failing M. Carnot, on the days when he has been absent the exhibitors and the public have fallen back on the Prince of Wales first, and then on the King of Greece. The advent of the Shah was a crowning mercy to the exhibitors. His Persian Majesty gave them a fresh opportunity for making the best of their display; all the more so because the Shah declines to follow a definite itinerary, like the common run of Royal personages and high functionaries; he goes from one thing to another that interests him, as fancy leads him. After looking at the cannons and huge balls shown by a great foundry, he turns about and goes into ecstasies before a cardboard citadel garrisoned by tin soldiers. He studies a fine picture or statue with the taste of a true connoisseur, and immediately after buys a dozen chromo-lithographs and a shopful of trumpery and toys. The Eiffel Tower, which he positively worships, has been the occasion of multifarious outlay on his part. He has bought the Eiffel Tower in every form to which it has been adapted by Parisian ingenuity;

walking-sticks, paper-knives, bracelets, breloques, inkstands, pen-holders, letter-weights, what not? He will carry a perfect museum of Eiffel Towers back to Teheran. And if he should write a journal of his travels this year, as he did in 1878, I am certain that the Eiffel Tower will fill as large a place in it as in the Champ de Mars itself. But enough of the Shah and his promenades; following his example we will continue our walk as the whim may guide us through the Exhibition.

THE ILLUMINATED FOUNTAINS

On the evening of his first visit to the Exhibition, M. Carnot was particularly delighted with the illuminated fountains.

THE CHALET PERRUSSON.

He could not take his eyes off them.

So much so that M. Alphand, seeing how much they pleased him, proposed in jest to illuminate the fountains in the Place de la Concorde.

Meanwhile I fancy that the readers of the *Figaro-Exposition* will be well pleased to learn how these mysterious and many-hued fountains are made to play.

We need only go into the Pavillon Coignet, to the left as we look towards the central dome, and almost opposite the first group of fountains.

For you know that there are three separate groups of water-works. First, the great decorative fountain, with its naiads, dolphins, urns, and cornucopias, with the allegorical vessel of Progress in the midst. Secondly, a central canal with clumps of artificial reeds on each side, from which the water is thrown up. Thirdly, an octagonal basin at the point where the meridian of the Champ de Mars crosses the median line of the Palaces of the Arts on either hand.

The illuminated effects are produced three times every evening: from 9. 30 till 9. 50; from 10 till 10. 20; from 10. 30 till 10. 50.

Then, from the dolphins' throats, from the cornucopias, and from the mouths of the urns, jets of water spurt forth in parabolic curves and fall into a sheet of water fed at the same time by submarine jets to simulate waves under the keel of the ship.

This pool overflows and falls in a cascade more than forty yards across, into a lower pool which communicates with the canal.

In this stream forty groups of jets of various forms throw up cup-shaped sheaves of water.

Finally, in the middle of the octagonal basin, foaming eddies play round clumps of reeds from which the principal sheaf is thrown up. This consists of a double central jet and two circles, one within the other, composed of six and ten sets of vertical jets respectively.

In all there are forty-eight independent water-works, including above three hundred separate spouts, and throwing out at least ninety gallons of water per second.

And all this play of waters is variously tinted, producing the most fantastic effects, now as of a torrent of diamonds, and now a rain of gold, of emeralds, rubies, or topazes, or again a whole casket of gems comes showering down, glinting and changing like the shapes in a kaleidoscope.

How is this play of colour produced?

We shall see in the Pavillon Coignet.

This building is in itself well worth seeing; I spoke of it before in our first number. As it was intended to be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition it could not be made a mere workshop. To keep it in harmony with the other buildings, Messrs. Formigé and Coutant employed for the purpose Coignet's

patent conglomerate cement. I have already given an account of this composition and its use in architectural decoration.

On entering the building we must pause to notice a gate in wrought iron, of high artistic workmanship. The internal decoration, in enamel and gold, is French work from the firm of Appert Brothers. The cartoons for these enamels were designed by the painter Moreau-Néret.

We go down a flight of steps into the cellar beneath the fountain; a perfect crypt with arched vaulting.

Under each jet or group of jets, dolphin, urn, or rose, there is in the bottom of the basin a plate of glass covering a constellation of electric lights.

If it is wished to illuminate a vertical jet, it is obviously a matter of no difficulty, by means of an arrangement of mirrors, to concentrate all the beams of the electric lights on the jet playing immediately above them.

The problem is rather more complicated for the jets which are thrown in parabolic curves. The beams of light, being cast vertically, will not follow the line of the water, which shoots forth from the dolphins, cornucopias, and urns, at a right angle to the vertical. Another mirror is therefore placed at the back of the orifice from which the fountain plays, and from this the electric beams are reflected.

The various colours which enchant the spectators, every evening, with their fairy effects, are produced in the following manner. Below each jet, in a space between the electric lamps and the plate of glass which keeps the water out of the crypt, are four frames supporting five slides into which plates of glass of various colours are slipped; they can thus be inserted at will between the light and the water.

As soon as a coloured slide is put in, red, for instance, or yellow, the beam of light, which just now was white, throws a halo of fire or gold over the shooting water.

Nothing can be simpler.

If all the fountains in one piece, and in the group of statuary belonging to it, are to be of an uniform hue, glass plates of the same tint must be fitted to every lamp. If, on the contrary, they are to be variously coloured, the glass slides are of different hues, each lamp being fitted with a complete set, crimson, blue, gold-colour, green, or white. These are the five colours used in illuminating the great fountains in the Champ de Mars; but they may of course be infinitely varied, either by different colours in the glass, or by using them in endless combinations.

The adjustment of the slides is effected by machinery. Along the sides of the crypt-like galleries run five wires attached at one end to the glass slides over the electric lamps, and at the other to a system of levers resembling those that work the points on a railway.

There are two sets of levers at work for the large central fountain in the Champ de Mars, one set up in a circular chamber underneath the principal jet, and the other in a room under the vessel of Progress. Each set consists of twenty-five levers which one man can manage. Thus the whole display is worked by two men.

Each sits in front of a board on which his instructions are recorded as transmitted by telegraph from the manager in charge. His place is in a kiosk a little way off, communicating by an underground passage with the circular room under the main jet. His room is perched about ten feet above the ground, and has a large window whence he can look out on the water-works, unobserved by the public.

He has the command of another set of levers and of a series of electric knobs. By means of the levers, and the points they control, he manages the water supply to the great fountain, and can vary the effects of its play to any extent. By means of the knobs he transmits his orders to the two men who work the colour-levers. As they receive his signals they move the glasses, and so change the colours cast on the water.

THE CLOCKMAKERS' GATE.

Thus these changes of hue are effected simultaneously on all the illuminated fountains, in obedience to a single will.

I was speaking just now of the fountains in the Place de la Concorde. These fountains were the first monumental works in cast iron ever produced in France. They were made at Tusey (Meuse) in 1835, by the firm of Gasne. M. L. Gasne, an iron-founder at Tusey (Meuse), besides the great works he undertook as a matter of business for the buildings of our great industrial show, has a display of his own, of bronze and iron castings in class XXV.

The most important of these works of art are: The statue of "America" by F. de Saint-Vidal, one of the five figures of continents decorating the monumental fountain under the Eiffel Tower.

These figures, and the reduced replicas, are the copyright property of M. Gasne, and this statue, which is cast in one piece, may be had one-third of the original size.

Then there are "The Fount of Love," a group by J. Frère about five feet high; "The Prey," a group by Pierre; "The Whipper in," by Dagonet; "Cupid and Psyche," by Bulio; "The Boy and Goose," by Gautherin; "Labour," and "Fortune," by Mariotton; "Polichinelle," by Leblanc, who hails you with a merry grin; "A Flute-player," by Delorme; "A Dancing Faun," and "Joan of Arc;" "The Republic," and "Peace;" some magnificent lamp-carriers by Carrier-Belleuse; busts of the Emperor of Russia, of the Republic, of Antinous, of Ariadne, and of Diane de Poitiers. Then a quantity of cast pieces and bronzes for religious purposes; a "Deposition from the Cross," a "Virgin," a "Notre-Dame de Lourdes," a "Saint Joseph," and a "Calvary" combining in one splendid and impressive group Bouchardon's "Christ," a "*Mater Dolorosa*," and a "Saint John."

The Gasne Foundry also regards the various balustrades in the Exhibition buildings as among its great exhibits; they are

those of the Dome and the galleries of the Palaces of Fine Arts and of Liberal Arts, and of the Central Avenue; besides the castings which decorate the pylons, the great candelabra which carry the electric lights, etc., etc. Then these works constitute an important display from this great manufactory, interesting alike from the industrial and the artistic point of view.

In our next number (n° 5), we propose giving a reproduction of one of the principal objects of this exhibit.

THE PAVILION OF THE SALVADOR REPUBLIC.

The governement of this Republic entrusted the management of their display at the Great Exhibition of 1889 to M. E. Pector its Consul-General in Paris.

M. Pector proved himself equal to this delicate task by his rapid and efficient action in the matter.

He applied to M. J. Lequeux, an architect in Paris, who not only made plans and designs for the pavilion which now stands in the Champ de Mars, but superintended the work of constructing it.

The general aspect of this building is very pleasing, and the outline well thought out; the only thing the spectator need regret is that he cannot get far enough away from it, to a commanding spot whence it might be seen and criticised as a whole.

The generally quiet tone of the design is broken by a feature which, to the uninitiated visitor, must seem and remain a mystery, for it is derived from Mexican archæology.

The designs on the earthenware tiles are the Mexican signs for the divisions of the year, the eighteen months which compose it, and the twenty days composing the months, with a frieze of Mexican kings.

The works were carried out by M. Kasel, contractor, under the direction of M. Lequeux.

THE POTTERS' GATE.

THE RESTAURANT DE FRANCE.

Among the numerous restaurants which abound in the Exhibition, one struck us as being particularly interesting from its plan and situation.

The site granted by the Board of Management is in the highest part of the Trocadéro Garden.

The view from this spot is a delightful panorama, and here, too, is the quiet to be obtained which the public need and seek after the fatigue of rushing from end to end of the Exhibition galleries, through the noise and bustle of the crowd.

The arrangement of the building is a particularly happy one, and M. Lequeux, to whom it was entrusted, has taken the best advantage of the points of view by placing it on terraces one above another, pleasantly high, airy, and open.

The structure, which is a conspicuous one, is in the Moorish style. There is a ground floor with its outside platform; the front displays a colonnade with wooden columns supporting brackets and corbels on which there is a covered terrace adjoining the restaurant on the first floor; behind this terrace is a second portico of seven pointed arches, well-proportioned, and a worthy facade to the fine rooms within.

This likewise does duty as a corridor. Above this again is a third terrace, in the Italian style, on the roof.

This central structure, with square turrets at the corners to contain the staircases, gives a light and cheerful aspect to the establishment, and an elegant appearance which makes it one of the most successful buildings of its kind.

The works were carried out from M. Lequeux' plans by M. Kasel, contractor.

The public have appreciated the various advantages offered by this restaurant, with its fine position, airy rooms, and terraces, which are always pleasant. M. Jaunaux, the manager, is experienced in the art of attracting and keeping a high class of customers; the terrace places are always booked beforehand.

THE TAPESTRY.

The first thing the visitor rushes to see as he enters the central dome, is the high decorative panel on the right, the signboard, as it were, of the National Manufactory of the Gobelins.

The Shah of Persia, on his first visit, spent a quarter of an hour in studying this superb piece, and would have it explained to him.

It represents "The Fairies' Godchild," painted by the late M. Mazerolle as we learn from the wreath of everlasting flowers attached beneath it. The tapestry was executed by Messrs. Vernet, Emile Flamens, Lavaux, Munier, and Boiton.

I believe it may gratify our readers to have a list of the other works in tapestry exhibited here.

"The Letters, Arts, and Sciences of the Ancients;" painter M. Ehrmann; tapestry by Messrs. C. Duruy, Cochery, and Thébaut.

"The Manuscript;" painter M. Ehrmann; tapestry by Messrs. Michel and Gerbier.

"The Printed Book;" painter M. Ehrmann; tapestry by M. Marie.

"Verdure: The Red Parrot;" painter M. de Curzon; tapestry by M. Hupé.

"The Pheasant;" painter M. Lansyer; tapestry by M. Houssaye.

"The Roebuck;" painter M. Rapin; tapestry by M. Boiton.

"The Storks;" painter M. Paul Colin; tapestry by M. Marie.

"The Statue;" painter M. Paul Flandrin; tapestry by M. Marie.

"Foxgloves;" painter M. Desgoffe; tapestry by M. Pommeret.

"The Heron;" painter, M. Bellel; tapestry by M. Maloisel.

"The Ibis;" painter M. Maloisel; tapestry by M. Maloisel.

"Decorative piece for the Elysée;" painter M. Galland; tapestry by Messrs. Maloisel, Lavaux, Hupé, Félix, Gibier, Pommeret, and Michel.

"Bacchus and a Nymph;" painter M. Lefèvre; tapestry by M. Munier.

"Innocence;" painter M. Bourgeois; tapestry by M. Lavaux.

" Military Music; " painter M. Chardin; tapestry by M. Pommeret.

" Rural Music; " painter M. Chardin; tapestry by M. Rousseau.

" Portrait of Henri IV; " painter M. Chardin; tapestry by Messrs. Munier, Lavaux, and Pommeret.

" Hangings in *Savonnerie*; " painters Messrs. Lemaire, Merson, and Lavastre; tapestry by Messrs. Jacquelin, Barat, Souveau, Tabellion, Chaussey, Deluzenne, Brulefert, Fromage, Matthieu, and Fillette.

And, besides the National Manufactories of the Gobelins and of Beauvais, some private firms make a very fine display.

Tapestry, after a period of activity during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, when there were many manufactories busy in almost every part of civilised Europe, gradually declined; and at this day there is scarcely any important centre of this industry, excepting the national factories at Paris and Beauvais, and the private workshops at Aubusson. Hence it is a purely French product; for the few looms which are worked outside of France are for the most part in the hands of men from Aubusson.

The national French tapestry manufactories have at all times sent out the finest specimens of the art; but within the last fifteen years Aubusson has made great strides. Influenced by the style of the finest old pieces of tapestry, attempts have been made so to modify the mode of work as to return to the best traditions of the art of tapestry weaving. Thus tapestry has once more become what it ought to be — a hanging decoratively treated.

Messrs. Hamot's exhibits show a distinct effort in this direction, both in the reproduction of ancient pieces and in others newly designed and executed, as the panel called " The Cascade. " This panel, for which the lamented painter Mazerolle executed the cartoon, shows what capital results may be achieved when the artist takes due account of the conditions under which tapestry can interpret his work, and when the tapestry hand is skilled in the art. This panel, which shows a triumph over difficulty in the execution of the nude female figure personifying the cascade, when compared with those copied from old tapestry, such as " Cupid and Psyche bathing, " after Giulio Romano, or " Antonina, " after Lebrun, proves that we can do as good work now as was ever done, and that the workers of Aubusson may try their strength against the best examples of the Gobelins or of Flanders.

Such specimens, by reason of their costliness, can never of course become an object of ordinary commerce; but close by them we see other and simpler work, still very rich in tone and colour. We have landscapes and green woods, but without figures, so that a good effect can be produced in a coarse stitch, and they are in many cases delightful both in design and colour.

To complete this account of the tapestry textiles in the Exhibition those must be mentioned which are intended for covering furniture, some of which are executed entirely in silk. In these we frequently recognize, if not the designs, still the influence of Boucher, the great decorator of the eighteenth century.

The restaurant de France. (Trocadéro.) — (M. Lequeux, architect).

Messrs. Hamot also exhibit tapestry in what is called *Savonnerie*, that is to say velvet pile, each stitch inserted by hand with no limitation as to colours. This is a very ancient mode of weaving, and all Oriental carpets are made so.

Some centuries since, the East supplied us with textiles of this class, of wonderful richness and delicacy of design. Messrs. Hamot have copied with very great success three specimens of this kind, formerly in the collection of M. Albert Goupil. One of these carpets, all in silk, contains on an average one million stitches in each square metre; the two others are in wool, with sunk stitches filled in with silver thread. Nothing so elaborate had ever before been wrought at Aubusson, and it may be added that it could no longer be produced anywhere in the East. In this style of work, as in tapestry, the same firm exhibits less costly products, some in the Louis-Seize style, and some in imitation of the modern Oriental carpets made at Smyrna and in India.

In such an industry as this the raw material is a trifling part of the expense, which is principally in skilled labour and in the price of the designs. As a matter of course the best materials are

THE PAVILION OF THE SALVADOR REPUBLIC.

emp'oyed, and the dyes are of a quality to promise the utmost durability. Messrs. Hamot dye their own silks and wool, employing to this day the ancient dye stuffs which are never used in mechanical reproductions by reason of their high price.

The Paris house for the sale of Aubusson carpets and hangings has existed for more than a century; the manufactory was entirely reorganized five-and-twenty years ago.

It has received many medals and certificates of which these are the most important: Vienna 1873; Philadelphia 1876; Paris 1878; Amsterdam 1883, diploma of honour; Nice 1884, gold medal; Antwerp 1885, diploma of honour.

The Norman cottage

M. Simard, the great contractor at Bellevue, for all sorts of rustic buildings, to whom are due most of the chalets, huts, bridges, and trellised arbours in the Exhibition grounds, has constructed a Norman cottage on the Champ de Mars which deserves careful examination.

In this rustic edifice he has striven to supplement exterior prettiness, which is commonly all that is looked for in this class of house, with interior accommodation of a convenient and practical kind.

In the foundation are two cellars, a kitchen, and a basement-room. The ground floor, three feet above the level of the soil, opens on two sides on to a covered gallery which leads to the exterior staircase in its turret. The front room is a drawing-room; behind it is a dining-room. A third room, reached by an outside staircase sheltered under a verandah, is hung with Chinese matting, and may be used as a smoking-room, a sitting-room or a study. A *pergola* of trellis work screens the balconies.

On the first floor, at the top of the stairs, is a landing, which can be closed or left open as may be convenient, and serve either as a bedroom or as a terrace. From this a large bedroom is reached, and each of these rooms opens on to a balcony.

The attic floor is lofty enough to allow of its being used for sleeping rooms. It can be divided into two or even three, to be reached in that case by a cork-screw staircase fixed on the terrace.

From the technical point of view this little dwelling will stand any test. It is entirely built of oak timbers, dovetailed so as to take to pieces, but perfectly firm, constructed indeed on recognized principles. The spaces between the beams are filled in from outside with brickwork, rough-cast with plaster, and finished inside with a smooth cement which allows of any kind of decoration.

The artistic aspect of the exterior is completed by projecting balconies screened by verandahs.

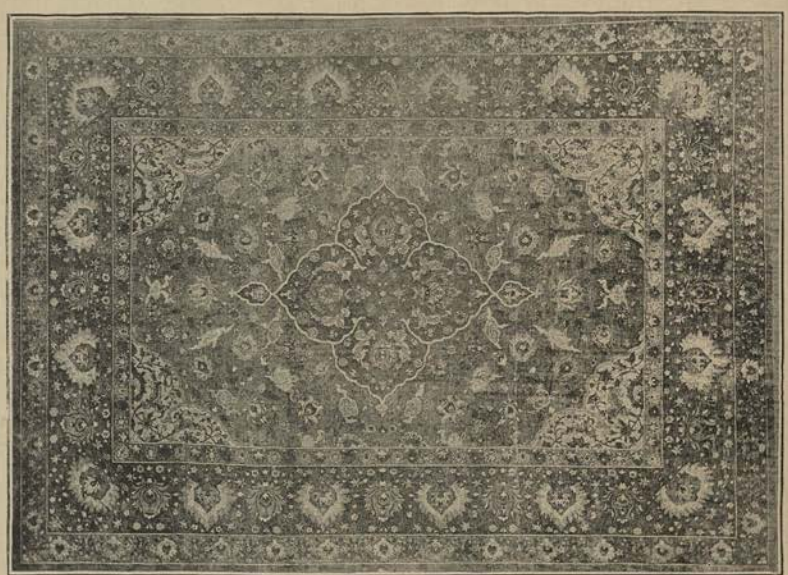
This pretty house, standing in the midst of a garden, surrounded by shrubs and overgrown with creepers, was selected by the Engineer in chief of the parks and gardens of the city of Paris, as his head-quarters during the Exhibition.

We must further note among the successes of M. Simard:

The rustic bridge of the Trocadéro, of which many copies have already been sold;

The gateway built of bottles (Class 75,) in exact imitation of one of the gates of the city of Carcassonne. It is constructed entirely of bottles with no visible support or frame;

And most of the artistically designed trellis work, more especially that of the Café de Paris, and the Tourtel brewery.



Reproduction of a silk "savonnerie" tapestry formerly in the collection of M. Albert Goupil, from Messrs. Hamot's manufactory at Aubusson.

The potters' gate

We here give a view of this gateway, of which the two statues and all the artistic portions were manufactured by M. Mortreux, at the Parc de Montsouris.

M. Mortreux is well known for his pottery; every one must admire his two superb panels, which decorate the entrance to the Pavilion of the Press.

There too may be seen some very fine artistic chimney-pieces of his manufacture, of which the decorations were painted by such artists as Messrs. Lang, Palin, Zylinski, Cauvres, and Charles Roger, who work for and with him.

Finally, to him we owe the monumental panel which decorates the entrance to the Palace of Machinery, facing the Avenue de la Bourdonnais.

THE POMPEIAN VASE.

This is a vase manufactured and decorated at the Saint Denis Glass and Crystal Manufactory, by Messrs. Legras and Co., who exhibit in Class 19 at the Champ de Mars; in a former article I sketched the beginnings and rapid progress of this firm, in the interesting industry of artistic glass-making.

This specimen, one of the most remarkable features of their display, merits a detailed description. It is made of Pompeian glass, a vitreous material clouded with warm red and white, mingled with a smoky hue, and looking as though it were hewn out of a block of volcanic lava.

The subject painted on it is a female figure in Japanese costume holding a many-tinted parasol in one hand, while with the other she bends towards her a flower, to smell its perfume. The gorgeous hues of the silk and Chinese brocade she wears, with their bright and showy colours, have allowed the decorator, who has been happy in the work throughout, to employ the most brilliant transparent flashing, turquoise blue, yellow, violet, and green, over gilt and silvered glass, the whole touched up with gold ornaments in relief.

The fellow vase is decorated with a copy of one of Louise Abbéma's most pleasing pictures, "the Japanese Girl with Butterflies."

The use of transparent colour over gilding requires three firings in a closed furnace; and as these large pieces have gone through six firings altogether, experts will appreciate the difficulties of every kind which beset the production of this grand pair of vases, the crowning glory of the exhibit of artistic productions sent by Messrs. Legras and Co. to the Champ de Mars.

This vase, like everything else displayed by the Saint Denis Glass Works, does the greatest credit to M. Legras, the Manager, and his two principal assistants, M. Charles Legras, and M. Léonce Godrie.

THE CASCADE, BY MAZEROLLE.
Aubusson tapestry manufactured by Messrs. Haxor.

FOREIGN CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

In our last number we wandered about the Esplanade des Invalides, but we saw nothing of the entertainments. This omission must now be repaired.

On the Esplanade and in the Cairo Street there are no less than seven Concert-rooms, Egyptian, Moroccan, Algerian, and Tunisian, all very much alike, but notwithstanding, all attracting many supporters.

Such entertainments were first made fashionable by the "Beautiful Fatmah," whose fame and popularity, nursed by judicious advertising, is not yet, after some years, a thing of the past, while it has given rise to numerous imitations. The Beautiful Fatmah is no doubt fair and pleasant to look upon; but those persons to whom the reminiscences of native Africa is not positively intoxicating, find the orchestra which plays an accompaniment to her charms a thing to madden the mildest of mankind.

This orchestra, however, only more so, must be faced in every concert hall in the Cairo Street; and nothing but a real love of the "Danse du Ventre" can induce a man to go through it.

Howbeit, from the very first day, it was given out in Paris that this "Danse du Ventre" was a thing inimitable, and, like Panurge's sheep, all Paris must need see and have seen it.

So will we. Push aside the curtain, and come into the marquee where the performance is going on.

The dancers, or Almehs, Jewesses or Moslem women, sit in a semicircle on a low platform, and behind them are the musicians forming the orchestra. Their dress consists of full trousers and a little Turkish jacket. When it is their turn to dance they rise, one at a time, at a sign from the conductor. The performer comes forward, and slowly walks round the platform with her arms up and her eyes raised. The music marks the rhythm, the Almeh throws herself into the business, and begins that singular, dislocating wriggle of the

THE PAVILION OF THE MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS.

hips, more strange than graceful, which has gained the name of " Danse du Ventre ".

After writhing violently for some minutes, moving her whole body, loins, stomach, and all, she retires in favour of another damsel who goes through the same exercise. Every dancer follows the same tradition. It is the same thing over and over again — *kif-kif*, to preserve the local Arab colour.

In each concert tent a special attraction is provided. In one a young Almeh from Tangiers, Mademoiselle Zahra, performs a sword dance. She leaps with frantic vehemence while holding a poniard in each hand, and does it all so prettily, with such affecting smiles, that the public never cease clapping her to the echo.

Her rival in this entertainment, Mademoiselle Torkia, is no less successful at the Algerian concert. If we go into the Egyptian concert tent we may see the sword play of the Druses of Lebanon, whose skill is quite marvellous.

But the most extraordinary spectacle, though repulsive it must be owned, is the performance of the Aissaouas.

The Aissaouas are members of a tribe to whom religious jugglery is a holy tradition. These fanatics strive to please Allah by eating the thorny leaves of prickly pears, press their eyes out of their sockets, pierce their cheeks with skewers, make asps sting them, swallow scorpions, or stand balanced on the edge of a sword, and all without bloodshed or any apparent suffering.

These men, after standing for a few minutes over a brasier which induces a sort of intoxication, begin moving their heads round and round with a giddy rotation which brings on a kind of hypnotism. This exercise is gone through to a special strain of music; and then the entertainment concludes with a dance by Almehs, that the spectator may not leave under the painful impression of the delirious Dervishes.

ROYAL VISITS

A propos to the Shah's visit a curious document has been placed in my hands; a list, namely, of all the Royal visitors to the Exhibition of 1867.

There were at that time eighteen sovereigns and thirty-two princes of the blood, who paid altogether three hundred and sixty-seven visits to the Champ de Mars.

The Empress Eugénie was the most frequent royal visitor to the Exhibition, the Emperor Napoleon III coming third. On the list of foreign sovereigns, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Queen of Holland went there most often.

Royal visitors are fewer on this occasion. But that does not alter the fact that this year's exhibition is the finest that has been up to the present time.

THE POMPEIAN VASE.
Exhibited by the Saint-Denis Glass and Crystal Works.

And then, as one of our brethren of the press has truly said : " The Exhibition of 1867 was an Exhibition for Kings; that of 1889 is an Exhibition for the People. "

GEORGES GRISON.

THE CHALET COIGNET.

ETIENNE BOUSSOD : *Manager*.

HAVILAND and C°

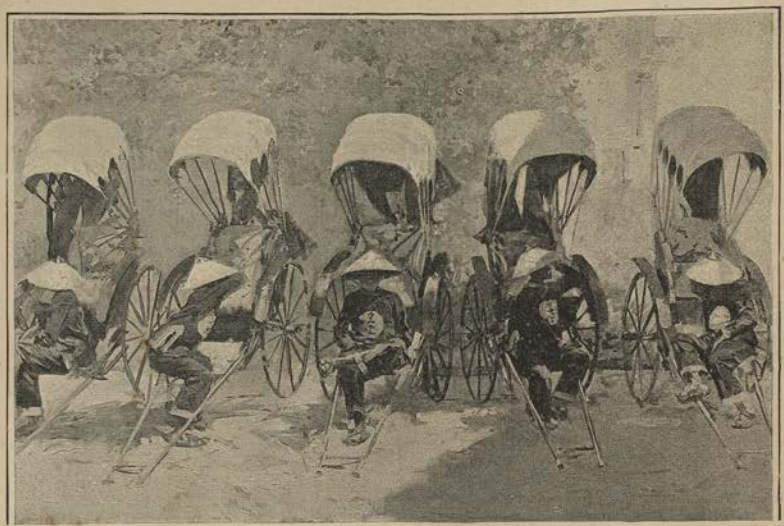
Dépôt : 60, rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, à Paris

"MARSEILLE" DINNER SERVICE WITH DECORATION EN AMI BLEU

MARCHETTI

Chromotypogravure Boussod, Valadon et Cie

THE GITANAS OF GRANADA



THE ANNAMESE HAND-CARRIAGES

WITH GUIDES

THE TRICYCLES.

MADAME DE CHARVY TO HER MOTHER

DEAREST MOTHER,

This time we went a party to the Exhibition, according to a plan which I had been plotting for a long time with my husband.

Between ourselves, on former visits Gontran and I had felt the want of a guide, a showman, some one in fact to pilot us, and give us information. You know how I like to ask questions about everything, and in truth, though my dear husband is cleverer than two-thirds of the members of his club, it vexes him to be obliged to reply to one out of every two questions with a despairing and distracting "I don't know, my dear." But what can you expect? As a young man he never travelled, for his mother was an invalid, and since he married, babies, as you know, are not an assistance in moving about. And, you see, there are none who can talk like travellers in an interesting way about the countries represented at the Exhibition.

Now I know something about it. My brother-in-law, Léon, about a week ago introduced to us two friends with whom he had been round the world, MM. du Vernys and de Boulaire, two gay Angevins.

You can understand that with this trio we had no difficulty, first of all in arranging a nice little itinerary in the Exhibition, and then in carrying it out successfully.

We began at the Esplanade des Invalides, and it was there we were first disappointed. It was impossible to move. We were so foolish as not to start from home until after luncheon, and we were forestalled by thousands and thousands of visitors. All the excursion trains in Europe must have emptied themselves there, just to steal the best places from us.

Under these circumstances, even standing on tiptoe I was not able to get another glimpse at my dear little Javanese women, but M. du Vernys, who is six feet high, a regular Eiffel tower of flesh and bones, overtopped the crowd and threw a glance at

the ladies. It is a sad fact that these little dolls are being spoiled in Paris. They are fast losing the almost religious solemnity of their movements. They fidget with their hands, instead of moving them in the slow and rhythmical manner I told you of. A Parisian sprightliness has come over them. "Let them be for another month," philosophically concluded M. de Boulaire, "and they will dance the *cancan* at the next Opera-House ball." With this not very consoling reflection we then proceeded to the huts of the Exotics, and there we were very much amused. Our three circumnavigators jabbered with the Oceanians, Africans, and Asiatics, and partly by words, partly by pantomime, succeeded in making themselves understood. At least so they said. It seems all these yellow and black Mignons are pining for the country where the bread-fruit and eucalyptus flourish. It is not very flattering to our beautiful France, but frankness is such a rare virtue it deserves to be rewarded, so we showered ten-sous pieces on these little savages.

After that we got into hand-carriages! We had been looking forward to this form of locomotion with great glee, and were not in the least disappointed. There is nothing more picturesque, to begin with, than the stand where all the carriages are drawn up in a row, with their coachmen, the gentle little Annamese, who are quite the Parisian favourites. Seated on the ground while waiting for a fare, smoking the cigarettes that the visitors give them, they burst into fits of laughter at the witty remarks made by some wag among them. There is not a more fascinating people than this.

Their carriage, though rather high from the ground, is very comfortable. When I got in, I feared my weight would be too much for such Lilliputians, but they seem to be all sinew, for my hundred and forty pounds, and the carriage thrown in, seemed a mere feather-weight to my coachman. The others had even more merit, especially he who wheeled about the colossal form of M. du Vernys. Where will progress stop, I wonder? I saw one of these little carriages drawn, not by an Annamese, but by a velocipede. What a triumph for the bicyclists!

Stop! Here we are at the Exhibition of the Ministry of War. Our Annamese put us down at the door of the Palace, and I see

THE PAVILION OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR.

one of them, before he goes back to the stand, shake hands with a little French soldier placed at the foot of the staircase. A meeting of old friends, a souvenir of Tonkin. He is a charming figure, this little French soldier in his uniform of a Chasseur of the Alps wearing the regulation cape.

Let us hurry upstairs, to the upper regions, where we shall see, besides arms, armour, and uniforms, a magnificent show of portraits of marshals which M. Detaille, a great artist, and himself a military man, has been at great pains to collect. We spent there a good hour, hardly feeling the fatigue of standing so long, reviewing these heroes on canvas. One reflection I made in the course of my inspection; the martial air one so often speaks about is merely a matter of form. Nowadays, only a moustache seems to us suitably military, but I assure you all these mighty conquerors of the heroic period of the Empire, with their mutton-chop whiskers, some even clean-shaved like Junot, do not at all look like lawyers' clerks.

On leaving we jump into the Decauville, and go and dine in the Champ de Mars. There our legs have a good rest, while we exercise our jaws. But we must hurry if we want to see the rest.

Continuation of the programme. We leave the restaurant, and go to see the Gipsies in the theatre of the Exhibition. It is glorious weather, with a Parisian sky, a worthy rival of that of Spain, and fit for the Spanish dancers we are bent on seeing.

On our way, my three guides in turn give me some particulars about the dancers. Originally Gipsies, they are now three parts Spanish, living at Granada, where by day they make baskets, and by nights for their own pleasure, dance in the public square, quite naturally, without ever having had lessons. Their art is therefore a little whimsical, but none the less curious in its freedom of gait. These little Zingaras were in a blue funk at the idea of coming to Paris, and of the long railway journey. And to secure them their best feelings were appealed to, for they are all breadwinners, and down there it is hard work to earn a few maravedis. Here we are.

The curtain rises. The scene represents an Andalusian landscape. Women and men are seated on benches, the former,

who carry stone pitchers on their heads, look like so many Rebeccas at the well. Some of the men play the guitar, others talk to one another, or laugh with the women, some even drink out of the pitchers full of water to demonstrate that Spanish sobriety is not only a proverb but a fact. It is a scene of village life, with the country of Don Quixote for a background.

What costume do they wear? According to Léon, the local colour is complete. In Paris the impresario had at first thought of applying to the costumier of the Opera House, and it certainly was tempting. You have seen Mauri dance in the *Cid*. You will remember she is covered with beautiful Spanish lace embroidered with gold, and delicious red velvet sleeves, also bedizened with gold. It was superb, dazzling, but too fine for these Granada basket weavers. They would have been embarrassed in all this finery. So the matter was put into the hands of a tailor of Seville, who made them simple coloured skirts. There are red, green, blue, every shade of colour. A large multicoloured handkerchief is folded over the bosom; the hair, which is very black and glossy, is ornamented by a single flower stuck behind the ear.

Nothing very luxurious, as you see, but clean and whole, for these Gitanas, says M. de Boulaire, in their native state, are clothed in tatters. Also, if our three tourists are to be believed, they spend the time behind the scenes looking at themselves in a bit of looking-glass, pushing and shoving the better to see, and laughing at the fine figures they cut in this broken mirror.

They are true children of nature, gay as larks, and not giving themselves any airs as dancers. I think that is what pleased me most about them. Instead of the monotonous "danse du ventre," keeping the legs almost still, and only moving forward slowly, they go at it with all their heart and all their body. The principal dancer is particularly amusing to watch. She moves all her limbs at once in a fandango, her most graceful steps being accompanied on the classical castanets. You should see how it amuses her, and how she goes at it in good earnest. No doubt, the applause is very exciting, and she gets carried away by the "Anda" and "Olle!" of the spectators and her companions, but it is first and foremost for herself she dances, with a charming and artless egoism. And when they are all resting, you should see the amiable familiarity with which they treat the public. The Spaniards seated in the audience call to them, and throw them oranges or cigarettes. They reply to all these quips and jests and acknowledge the gifts with a solemn "*Gracias*," and if they are thirsty do not hesitate to ask one of the spectators to stand them an ice or some beer. As you see the Gitanas at the Exhibition are very much at home.

THE ROUMANIAN RESTAURANT.

* *

And now to Roumania! Let us go and see the Lautars.

I must confess to you, Mother mine, that I have a weakness for Roumania. In the section belonging to this country I fell in love, last week, with some magnificent peasant dresses. Of one especially I will try and give you some idea, though you will be able to judge for yourself, as I have ordered one like it from Bucharest. It puts me rather in mind of the Breton dress. The cloth skirt is much the same, excepting that the Roumanian skirt is embroidered all over with silver and gold spangles. In front a little broché silk apron. No body, only a simple chemisette worked in Russian stitch in coloured silk. The hair should be plaited and ornamented with flowers and sequins. I need hardly say that I mean to wear my Wallachian costume at my next fancy ball.

But for every-day life, to wear, for example, with a cloth gown I saw the other day, in the same section, the most fetching vests of white cloth braided with black, with which I hope to create quite a sensation this winter. Don't tell anybody this for fear they should crib my idea.

In that part of the world, the tailors are as clever as the dressmakers, for the Lautars also look very picturesque. These musicians wear a very original dress, consisting of white trousers and a vest braided with black, and a sham shirt embroidered in Russian stitch.

No less original is the turn out of the little maids of the establishment, graceful little dummies of flesh and bone to show off the costumes I have mentioned.

Lautars and servants act their parts in very pretty scenery. It is a little hostelry with a thatched roof, open to all four winds. The white-washed walls are decorated with various utensils, earthen pots, wooden spoons, and variegated scarves.

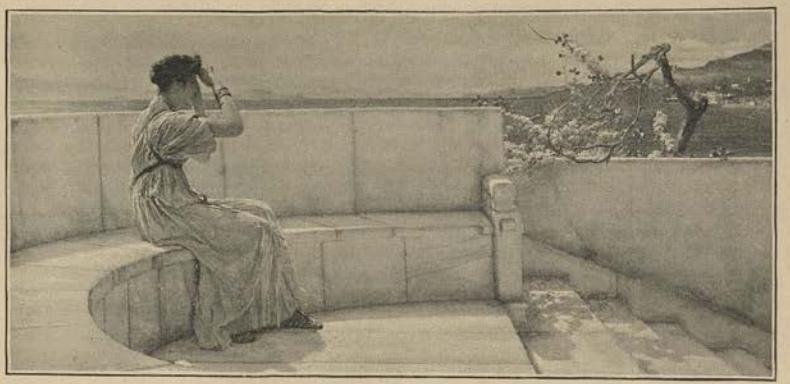
But I have not much time to admire. The musicians get up, and when they begin to play I am quite entranced. These slow, languishing waltzes are, it seems, essentially Roumanian. They speak of the rustic manners, and the tender and melancholy love of a shepherd race. The pan-pipe which one of these men plays marvellously well, accentuates this rural tone.

Why do they not hold to this? Why do they play to us airs which, however charming they may be, have not the stamp of the soil, pieces for instance of the *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, or *Faust?*

Let them remain Roumanians, these incomparable musicians, purely Roumanian, without concession or politeness to foreign music. They must be aware of their mistake, for the applause accorded is much warmer when they remain faithful to their national music.

Certified copy,

GASTON JOLLIVET.



ALMA-TADEMA. — EXPECTATION

THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

G. F. WATTS. — HOPE

I need not dwell on the work of Eugène Delacroix; nothing can be said that has not been said before, "when discussing such works as "The Crusaders entering Constantinople" or "The Battle of Poitiers," any more than of the Bertin portrait and "Saint-Symphorien" of Ingres. I will, however, pause on my way to observe among the works of Decamps the justly popular picture "Tunny fishing," which, belonging as it does to a private gallery, is almost unknown to the public. It is one of the master's finest works, and a happy addition to his works collected here.

I can unfortunately say nothing about M. Gérome, none of whose works are included in the catalogue. M. Gérome is one of the most esteemed painters of our school; the distinction of his genius, and the elegance and purity of his compositions, which, once seen can never be forgotten, would have given him a high position in this Exhibition. His absence, I must repeat, is greatly to be regretted by the artistic and the general public.

Before proceeding to the Foreign schools, I cannot omit noticing the very remarkable works sent by M. Charles Cazin. M. Cazin is not only a painter; he is also a poet. No one better than he can set before us the outskirts of a village at night, a deserted road lighted by a star-strewn sky; he has mastered the secret of gloom and the luminous effects of darkness. These, I say, are poems, and painted by the hand of a master, "A dead City," "The Village," "The Storm," "A Lonely Place," "Reminiscence of a fête," etc. His drawings and pastels complete a fine series of exhibited works.

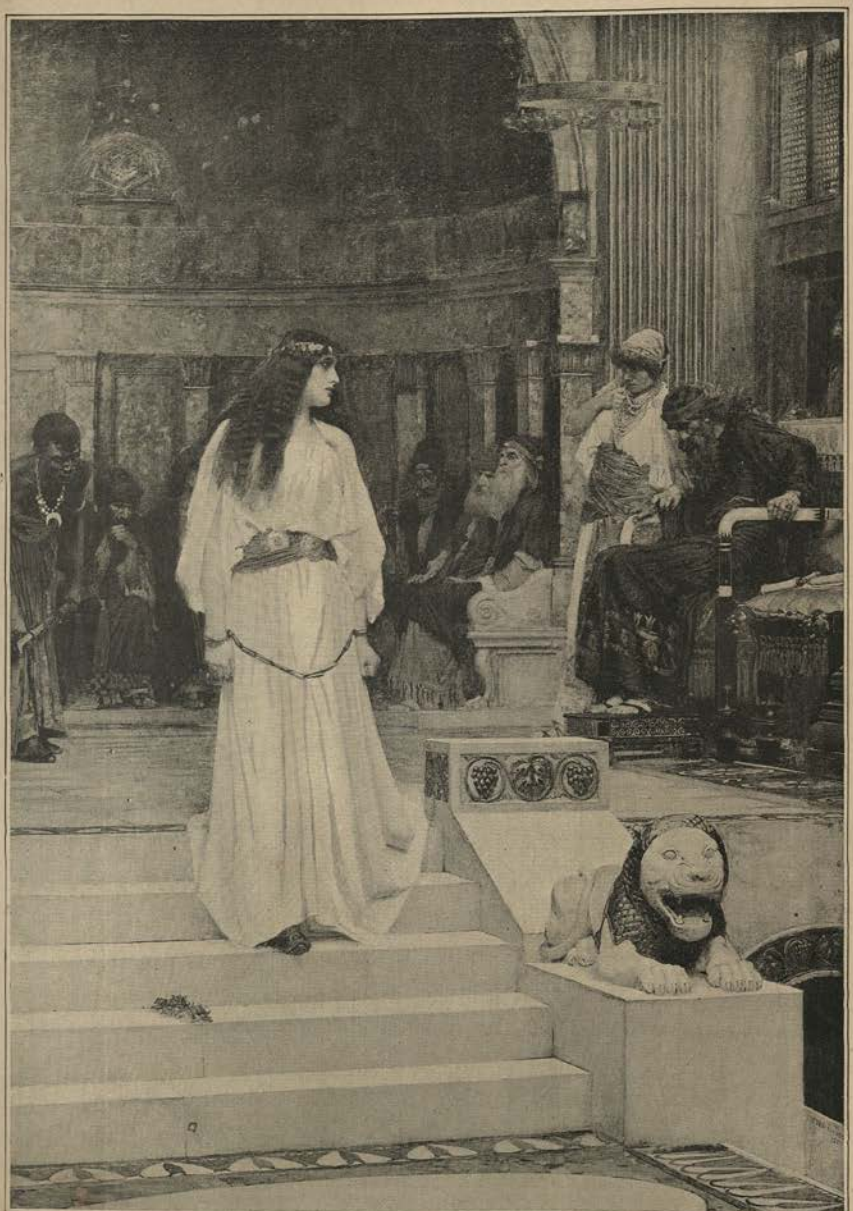
* * *

Reserving the right to return by and by to the French school, I turn into the galleries devoted to English works.

To begin with, let there be no doubt as to the originality of the art that comes from north of the Channel, or, in spite of certain defects, of the fine show it makes as a whole. English painting cannot be compared with any other; the school is the direct outcome of their habits and characteristics, of the air they breathe, in short of the spirit of the nation.

Look, for instance, at M. Alma-Tadema's picture "The Women of Amphissa." All painters, and of all nations, have dealt with antique subjects, and it would seem that there could be but one way of representing the Greeks of the past. But compare the conception of these Mœnads and Matrons with those which a French artist would have painted, and you will recognize their foreign, nay, their English tone, notwithstanding the purity of execution and accuracy of drawing, which must always be the

109445



J. W. WATERHOUSE. — Marianne

LUKE FILDES. — Venetian women

same in every latitude. A very sound critic has said that Mr. Alma-Tadema could express himself in every language; the remark is true, but I may nevertheless add that he speaks his own best. I am far from disputing the versatility of his gifts, and "Expectation," of which we are able to give a very faithful reproduction, is here to prove it. The young woman who sits on a bench, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking out to sea for the expected boat, is a figure full of poetical charm.

Of the works sent by Mr. G. F. Watts — a very important display, including mythological subjects and portraits — I will note one very refined allegorical figure, "Hope," which in delicacy, grace, and intentional haziness of outline, suggests the feeling of Prudhon and of Henner. I fully acknowledge the high merit of his other pictures, such as "Diana and Endymion," "Love and Life," "The Judgment of Paris," "Uldra," "Mammon," and others; but this picture especially attracts me, and seems to me to epitomize better than any other the whole of Mr. Watt's talents; he is one of the most esteemed members of the Royal Academy.

The public, I see, is apt to pause in front of a charming picture by Mr. Waterhouse, called "Mariamne." It represents the wife of Herod, a captive princess, with a Jewish profile, her hands in fetters, descending the steps from a tribunal where the judges or priests of Israel sit enthroned, and have just pronounced her sentence. The man behind her carries the sword which is to strike the victim. The composition is pathetic by dint of simplicity, and Mariamne's head is very expressive of scorn for her judges.

Mr. Luke Fildes gives us a more cheerful picture of life; his "Venetian women," of which we give a reproduction, suggests less melancholy emotions than Mr. Waterhouse's "Mariamne." It may perhaps be said that these pretty girls and delightful children at their work or play lack local colour. But what, asks Mérimée, is local colour? Is it the exact representation, the likeness of a person or a country? The question awaits a reply. Let us accept what charms are offered us; that is the wiser course. I am told that Ziem's views of Venice bear no resemblance to the real Venice. That may be true, but I am grateful to him for having seen it with eyes which are not the eyes of all the world. I would rather believe in Venice as Ziem has painted it, than as M. Perrichon would describe, or as any photograph would show, it. Blessed are they who delude us so sweetly!

MARCUS STONE. — THE GAMBLER'S WIFE

Is this now a picture "from nature," this "Gambler's wife," by Mr. Marcus Stone, and has this member of the Royal Academy duly understood the exigencies of local colour? Has he tried to give the situation a melodramatic cast? Has he made his gambler's wife a miserable creature, tearing her hair, with the haggard eyes of traditional woe, red with vigils, and seeing her children die for want of the bread she cannot give them? Mr. Marcus Stone has not wandered so far, and he has seen more

truly. He shows us a charming woman, forlorn and sad, but elegant and resigned, while her husband, a few yards off, is losing his money at cards and bowls. A nurse has a child in charge, in a garden beyond, full of flowers; a cat is purring on the seat by the lady's side; and by these contrasts of indifference the painter has suggested his idea and feeling.

"Sweethearts and Wives" by Mr. Phil Morris, also deserve mention, not merely for the careful painting they reveal, but for harmony of composition and temperate reserve in the display of emotional power.

P. R. MORRIS. — Sweethearts and Wives

We may also note "A sorrow," a fine drawing from the hand of Mr. Allan Osterlund.

* * *

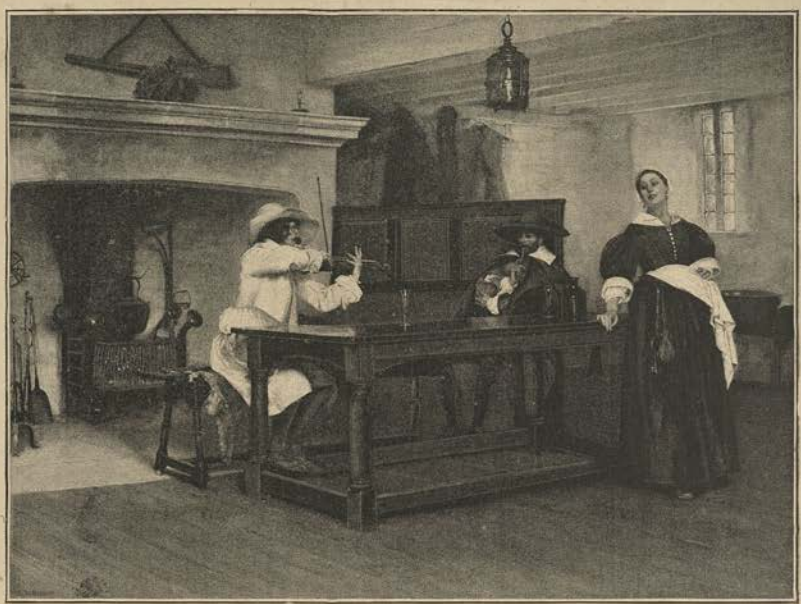
We now come to one of the most important pictures in the English section of painting, "King Cophetua and the beggar-maiden," by Mr. E. Burne-Jones. The enormous success of this work, in attracting all the artists and amateurs of every nation who have gathered to the Paris Exhibition, would be enough to assure the famous Associate of the Royal Academy — if he had any doubts — of the hold he has secured over the public. The story alone of this king, who, being able to do as he pleased — an unusual privilege among tyrants — married a shepherdess, a beggar-maid, in the face of all his court, and who, in the picture, bows at her feet, offering his crown to the chosen of his heart, is enough to command universal sympathy; for — strange and eternal truth! — each individual constituting that public has no true admiration but for deeds of which he knows he would be incapable.

In the very first rank of English painters I must mention Sir John Millais, who sends a superb portrait of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, as well as such charming pictures as "Cherry ripe," "Soap bubbles," "The last rose of summer," and "Cinderella." Nor must I forget another painter, with a very similar name, Mr. F. D. Millet, whose genre picture, "Piping Times of Peace," has attracted much attention. The action of these figures, the violin-player, who is throwing all his soul into the high notes of his instrument, the smoker, who listens admiringly while he fills his pipe, and the housekeeper or serving woman, — it was all one in Holland in those days — who lends a critical ear, are all capital.

Another picture which calls for notice is "Aphrodite," by Mr. Calderon, also a member of the Royal Academy. A lovely female bust, outspread on a wave, and delightfully painted, ought to satisfy the amateurs of beauty. Sea-gulls hover round the budding Queen of Cythera, born of a foam-flake wafted by the wind!

A few steps further on, we come upon a splendid portrait of Cardinal Manning by Mr. Ouless, of the Royal Academy. The head, hands, and accessories are wrought with great truth and a rare dignity of

E. BURNE-JONES. — King Cophetua and the beggar-maiden



F. D. MILLET. — Piping Times of Peace

treatment. The relief of the features is so admirably given by masterly drawing and light and shade, that a sculptor might work from it to construct a bust, profile and all. I cannot do better than refer the reader to the faithful reproduction which illustrates this article.

In lack of space I can do no more than mention the pictures exhibited by Mr. G. Clausen, " Head of a young girl, " " Autumn leaves, " and " A Ploughboy. " Those who take a superficial view, such as is unfortunately inevitable in hurrying through these galleries, so rich as they are in fine works and masterpieces, may fancy that in Mr. Clausen they see a pupil of the French masters Millet and Jules Breton. But I would beg them to give a little longer study to this painter; they will find that they are in presence of a really original artist — a rare bird even on the English side of the Channel.

Philippe Gille.

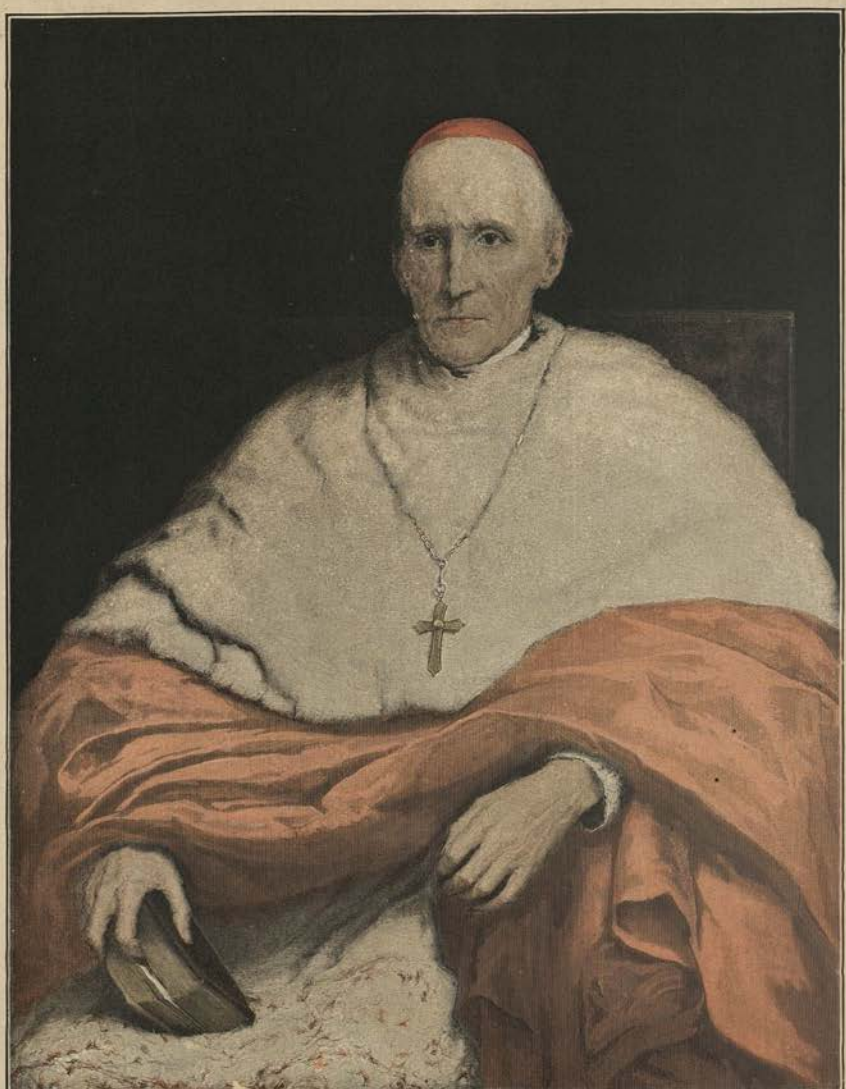
P. H. CALDERON. — Aphrodite

G. CLAUSEN

Chromotypogravure Lemercier, Valadon et Cie

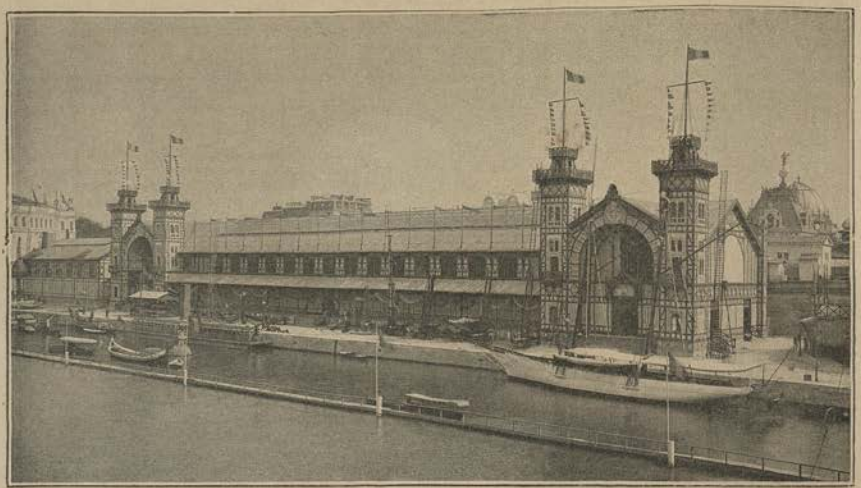
THE PLOUGHBOY

W. W. OULESS



Chromotypogravure Boussod, Valadon et Cie

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING



THE MARINE EXHIBITION

THROUGH THE EXHIBITION

THE GUATEMALA PAVILION

Time is going on. All the Parisians, or nearly all, have "done" their Exhibition. The Shah of Persia is on his way to Teheran, but the Champ de Mars, the Trocadéro and the Invalides are not therefore deserted. It is now the turn of the folk from the provinces and the foreigners, who are taking advantage of the holidays to come and see our great industrial show, to climb the Eiffel Tower, and to gape open-mouthed at the illuminated fountains.

There is nothing more amusing to an observer of manners than a visit just now, to the Champ de Mars, where, sitting on the terrace of a café, he may study the excursionists as they pass.

They come in dense parties of people from one town, or at least from one part of the country, all brought hither by the same excursion train, and keeping close together, as they have to go back together.

Here is a troop in blue blouses and caps with peaks, they are men from Mantes, brought in by the Western line of railway. These broad felt hats have come from Auvergne and the Limousin by the Orleans line. Those *berets* are from Provence, by the Lyons railway. Here are a party with fine worked waistcoats; they got out at the Montparnasse station, and have come straight from Brittany. Those Alsatian caps were turned out at the Strasburg railway terminus. Not to mention the English, Italians, Belgians, Spaniards, who are on the whole less numerous, and recognizable only by their speech.

And there is no small amusement for the loafer in this confusion of tongues, which, as the Bible tells us, brought ruin on the Tower of Babel, and which now is the glory of its more fortunate rival, the Eiffel Tower.

Our walk through the Exhibition to-day must be expressly for the benefit of foreigners.

THE EXHIBITION OF CHURCH ORNAMENTS

There are a number of exhibits which are particularly interesting.

One of these is the collection of ecclesiastical ornaments, and historical art, on show in the Galerie de Passy, on the Trocadéro.

This collection, the precious result of years of patient accumulation, augmented by the kind liberality of the French clergy, who own the most wonderful relics of the past, deserves a visit of careful inspection.

The Committee began by arranging the hangings contributed to his display; and the labour was not light as regards this item

alone. They cover nearly three hundred square metres of wall-surface. Two splendid collections are to be seen there, one from the church at Beaune, and one from the cathedral of Le Mans, as well as the fine tapestries from Reims and Chalais, and a great many pieces lent by private owners.

The cathedral of Sens has sent all the contents of its treasury, the principal pieces being a very fine shrine, the gold ring and carved ivory comb of Saint Lupus, and a ciborium in silver-gilt.

The cathedral of Auxerre has also lent its plate, consisting of twelve pieces.

Soissons has sent a very curious model of the town in copper-gilt.

Vannes has contributed several objects.

The treasure belonging to the diocese of Arras includes several monstrances, the reliquary belonging to the Augustine Nuns of Arras, and above all a copper reliquary, containing a tooth of Saint Nicholas in the centre, with an inscription round it, "*Dens : Saint Nicholai*".

The treasury of Troyes is equally rich.

The famous treasure from Conques, which was so much admired at the Exhibition of 1878, is to be seen again here, as well as the precious belongings of Reims, including a curious phylactery reliquary with six divisions.

The diocese of Lyons has sent many objects of interest.

The diocese of Limoges contributes a reliquary in rock-crystal of the thirteenth century.

Chartres has sent a superb triptych of *champlevé* copper, of the same period.

The cathedral of Tours has lent the head of Saint Adrian, (thirteenth century) some chalices and ciboria. Tulle owns the reliquary of Saint Fortunatus, and a bust-reliquary of Sainte Dumine; Maubeuge, a fine monstrance; Chancelade a reliquary, and the church of Saint Catherine at Honfleur sends a splendid lectern of the fifteenth century.

THE GUATEMALA PAVILION

To the right of the Palace of the Liberal Arts, by the Avenue de Suffren, stands the Guatemala Pavilion, of which we here give a view.

Very curious is this building, which contains various exhibits from one of the most interesting little republics of Central America, a hard-working and honest little State, which has done its best to hold its own in the great tourney to which France has invited all the world; and it has most creditably succeeded.

The first curiosity to be noted is the decoration of the façade, which looks like enamel, and is Lincrusta Walton — elegance and economy combined.

As to the interior, go in. Irrespective of the woods, of which there are seventy-five different kinds, we find fibres for textile purposes, seeds, barks, resins, gums, dye-stuffs, medicinal drugs, mineral products, fine arts, etc. And you will see there one of the finest collections of many-tinted humming-birds, and coleoptera that ever entomologist could dream of.

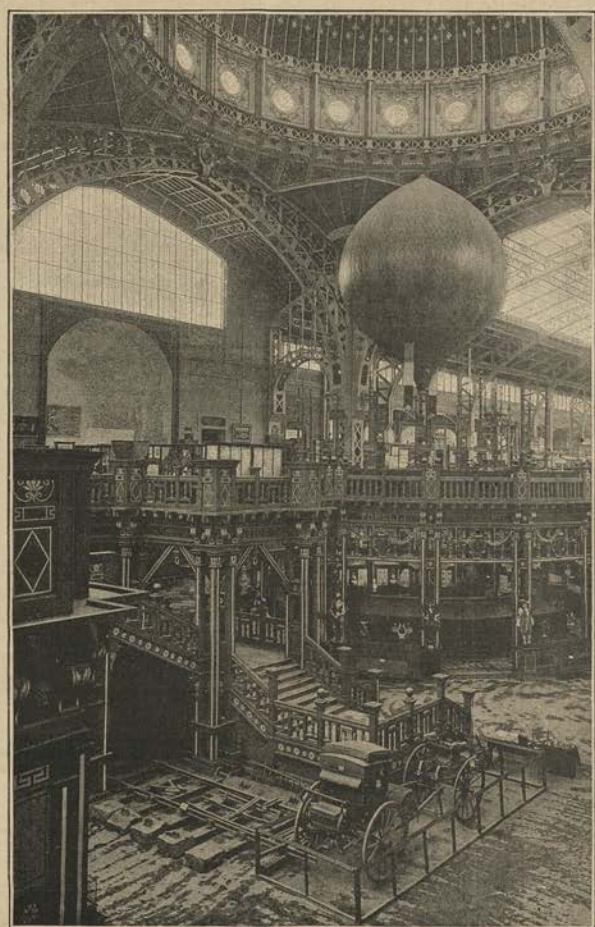
THE GALLERY OF MACHINERY

Here we have two views of the Gallery of Machinery.

I have already more than once mentioned this wonderful structure, a rival in its way to the Eiffel Tower.

This building, the work of M. Dutert, one of the three first-prize takers in the competition for the Exhibition buildings, consists of a great central nave, 115 metres wide, by 420 metres long; two side aisles, 15 metres wide, two galleries, and an entrance hall.

The metal framework of the great nave was begun in April 1888 from the plans of M. Dutert, architect, and of M. Contamin, chief engineer and inspector of all the constructions in metal; and it was finished on the 10th of October. It consists of twenty



THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

arches of 115 metres span; eighteen of them are alike; two are double. They are joined at the top by girders, ten in each bay, as well as by the beams forming a balcony with arcades, in ordinary cast iron.

This enormous mass of metal work weighs altogether 7,784,519 kilogrammes (7,670 tons),

The nave is roofed with glass panes supplied by M. Murat of Saint-Gobain; an account of this gigantic work was given in No I. of the *Figaro Exposition*. The lower part of the sides is filled in, and covered with decorations in relief and colour. The coats of arms of the chief towns of departments, of the capitals of our colonies, and of foreign countries are displayed there. The arms of Paris are placed on the central bay; those of Marseilles, Lyons, Lille, and Bordeaux, are in conspicuous positions. Of foreign countries we find the arms of Washington, London, Saint Petersburg, Vienna, Pekin, Rome, Copenhagen, Teheran, Mexico, The Hague, Athens, Lisbon, Brussels, Tokio, Buenos-Ayres, Siam, Stockholm, Tangier, Rio de Janeiro, Cairo, Belgrade, Bucharest, Luxemburg, and others.

The portions in relief are the work of M. Jules Martin, sculptor, and the flat parts were painted by M. Jambon.

The gable walls at each end, with the galleries attached, contain 1,200,000 kilogrammes (1200 tons) of iron.

The end towards the Avenue de Suffren has in the centre above the gallery a painted window representing the Battle of Bouvines. The façade towards the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, in which is the principal entrance to the building has on each side a turret of iron lattice-work, 35 metres high, enclosing one a workman's staircase, and the other an electric lift. On these structures we see the arms and badges of the City of Paris. The archivolt displays the recognisances of the principal nations which have contributed exhibits, the United States, Great Britain, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Austria, Italy, Japan, Spain, Brazil, Mexico, The Netherlands, Norway, the Argentine Republic, Greece, Morocco, Egypt, Chili, etc. The painted windows rest on a circular arch, ornamented with rich scroll-work, and a trophy of agricultural implements. This decorated arcade is supported by two very striking groups, seven metres in height, executed in plaster by M. Chapu and M. Barrias.

The side aisles, containing 2,638,635 kilogrammes (2,600 tons) of iron, have a floor half-way up, whence the visitor may get a view of the whole building. The vertical walls are covered with red and white tiles, producing a very good effect; the glazing is white with emerald green borders; the ceilings are decorated with ornaments in relief.

The entrance vestibule, which corresponds with that to the Exhibition of miscellaneous goods, contains a double staircase; the balustrade is of wrought iron and bronze, a real work of art. Two bronze figures, executed by MM. Cordonnier and Barthélemy, stand at the foot of the stairs, each bearing a candelabrum of twenty incandescent lights.

THE ARMOURERS' GATE

The vestibule is crowned by a cupola supported on pendentives. The architect's scheme of decoration introduces all the great productive forces of France. The glass in the dome is painted to illustrate the production of flax, hemp, wheat, maize, and so on; the pendentives are painted to represent the arts and sciences, letters, and commerce. The lower part of the cupola is also decorated with groups of children bearing the attributes of the principal bodies in the State, and the six windows which light this vestibule are painted with allegorical figures representing goldsmith's work, cabinet-making, glass-working, pottery, etc.

The cost of the whole building was 7,513,894 francs.

Before leaving it, I advise you to go up to the third floor, whence you will have a fine view of the whole; the elevator will carry you up, worked by the compensator motor of Morane *Junior*. It was in this lift that M. Carnot chose to ascend when, after visiting the Gallery of Machinery, he wished to cast a parting glance over the wonders of the scene he was about to quit.

THE "SOCIÉTÉ DES PONTS ET TRAVAUX EN FER"

Before leaving the Gallery of Machinery I think it will be useful to direct your attention to the exhibit of the *Société des Ponts et Travaux en fer* (Company for bridge-building and structures in iron). This exhibit comes under class 63, and is to be seen in the Champ de Mars, in the Gallery of Machinery,

near the corner of the Avenue de Lamotte-Piquet and the Avenue de Suffren, on the first floor.

It includes, on the wall :

Ist. A water-colour drawing 1 m. 45 by 1 m. 10, representing one of the domes crowning the Palaces of the Fine Arts, and of Liberal Arts, which this Company constructed for the present Exhibition.

2nd. Four water-colour drawings. The great viaduct of Marly-le-Roi; the bridge, eighty metres across, over the Corinth canal, in Greece; the large caissons in course of erection for the great graving dock at Saigon (Cochin China); the central market in the place de la Lyre, at Algiers.

3rd. A water-colour picture of the reconstruction of the great bridge over the Ebro at Castejon, on the line of railway from Pampeluna to Saragossa.

4th. Twenty-five photographs of the most important works undertaken by the Company.

On a stand in front of the wall we find several drawings representing the plan and working of the embankment of the Corinth canal effected by boring and undermining; views and diagrams of the works of the road from Beni-Amran to Dra-el-Mizam (Algeria); of that from Meneville to Tizi-Ouzou (Algeria); of that from Saigon to Mitro (Cochin China), and others).

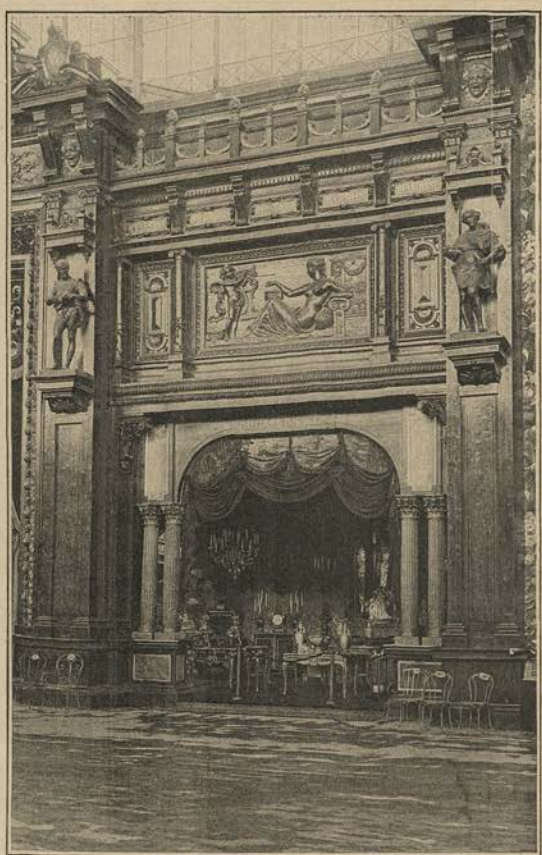
The Société des Ponts et Travaux en fer was founded in 1882, and succeeded the firm of H. Joret, founded in 1857. The works are at Montataire, on the line from Paris to Creil, at about 48 kilometres from Paris. The canal branch of the Oise places them in direct communication by water with the capital, with Havre, and the canals of the North of France. They occupy a plot of land of 15 000 square metres, of which 8000 square metres are roofed in. The annual out-put is about 10 000 tons of wrought metal.

The Company undertakes, besides constructions in metal work such as bridges, and rolling stock for railways, all ordinary constructions, embankments, and so forth.

The Company's transactions in the course of five years, from 1883 to 1888, represent a sum of sixty millions francs.

The Company also has continued the traditions of the house of H. Joret and Co, by making all the workmen in the foundry and workshops sharers in the annual profits of the concern. The co-operative club, managed by the workmen themselves, secures them from loss in the event of illness.

One word more; pause to look at the case which contains the Company's exhibit. It was designed by M. Morsent, architect, and executed by M. Regnard.



THE UPHOLSTERERS' GATE.

THE COMMENTRY-FOURCHAMBAULT-COMPANY.

The Commentry-Fourchambault Company, have a no less interesting display to visit, now that we are in the Gallery of Machinery. It is included in class 48 and represents :

Several sections of the coal beds at Commentry.

Maps in relief of the Commentry basin, showing it at the beginning of the carboniferous formation, during the carboniferous period, and in its present state.

A series of drawings of the plant at various periods.

A series of paleontological and geological studies from the coal measures.

The out-put of the coal fields of Commentry and of Montrécy, which was 1000 tons in 1820, is now more than 500 000 tons per annum; and more than 2500 men are employed.

The Company has forty five kilometres of railway (one metre gauge) exclusively devoted to the service of the mines.

The Company also exhibits, in class 63, several drawings and photographs of constructions in metal, for instance;

A model of the bridge at Alais.

A model of a portable bridge on Brochoki's system; two specimens of this kind of bridge span the Boulevard de la Tour-Maubourg to connect the two portions of the Exhibition.

A model of a bridge, Pont Barbin, across the Erdre at Nantes. The erection of this bridge, which has a span of eighty metres, presented unusual difficulties, and the engineers who undertook to superintend the works declare that it does the Fourchambault Company the greatest credit.

Only to mention the constructions undertaken by this Company in Paris and the immediate neighbourhood, we will name the Pont du Carrousel, the bridges at Nanterre and at Neuilly, and the Pont de Solferino; the tower of the Grenelle waterworks, the bridges at Asnières, Bezons, Argenteuil, Epinay, and Choisy, and the Pont de la Cité.

The Company's foundry and workshops are at Fourchambault, (Nièvre), on the right bank of the Loire, eight kilometres from Nevers. They employ more than a thousand workmen, and have three hectares (7 1/2 acres) of covered space.

THE EIFFEL PAVILION

Though the famous iron tower 1,000 feet high, is the principal feature to most visitors, it must not be supposed that it is the only work exhibited by M. Eiffel.

In a room behind the offices of the Tower Company, M. Eiffel has a miniature show, which is well worthy of our attention.

This is the reproduction on a small scale of two great public works carried through by the great constructive engineer, which had made his name familiar long before the tower of three hundred metres was ever dreamed of, the locks on the Panama Canal, and the Garabit Viaduct.

However, a young engineer, M. Eiffel, proposed to do it. Every one laughed at him.

He held to his word, and begged to be allowed to make the attempt. To the amazement of his opponents he succeeded.

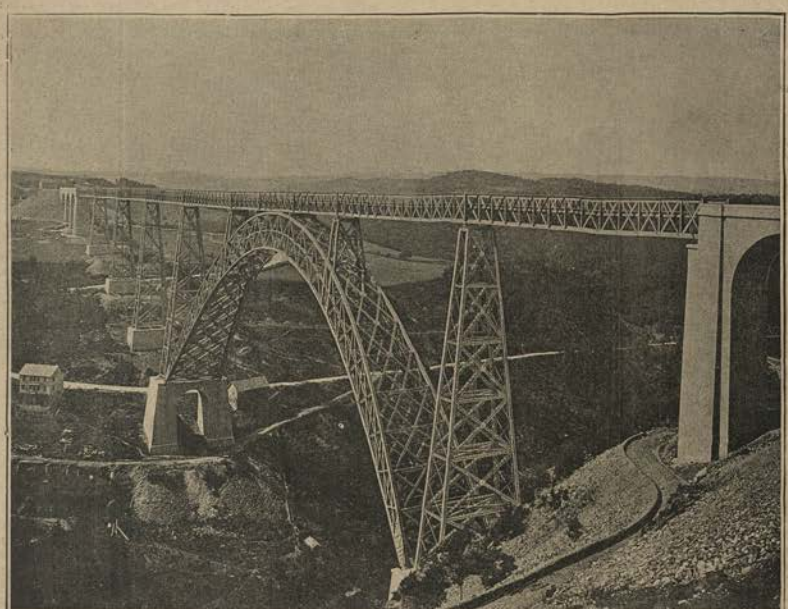
A glance at the model before you will show you what the difficulties were.

The model is simply perfect.

A whole panorama is displayed. Mountains in the background, steep slopes crossing each other in perspective, cut by deep gorges with rapid torrents, and roads cut zigzag down to the plain where they disappear behind a knoll or a clump of trees.

In the foreground two hills are modelled in relief, separated by a narrow ravine, through which a river flows.

These are the two hills between which M. Eiffel laid the Garabit Viaduct.



THE GARABIT VIADUCT

The building is easily found. It is roofed with a dome of steel plate, resembling the quaint caps which are placed on the top of observatories. This is a reduced copy of the revolving dome invented and constructed by M. Eiffel for the observatory at Nice. On the walls, in bright, light colours various structures in iron work are drawn with scientific accuracy, such as portable bridges for military manœuvres, viaducts, lighthouses, and the various segments of the great tower.

We will go in.

The first object to be studied, on our right hand, is the Garabit Viaduct.

The construction of this bridge presented as many difficulties, and met with as much opposition, as the erection of the Eiffel Tower.

A line of railway was being constructed from Neussargues to Marvejols, but on the way there was a very deep torrent, which necessitated a *détour* of several miles from the direct tract.

As to throwing a bridge across between the two hills which hemmed in the torrent, no one thought of such a thing.

The whole length of this bridge is 564 metres, the portion wrought in metal is 450 metres in length.

The deepest part is crossed in one span by an arch of 165 metres. The roadway is 122 metres above the level of the water in the river bed.

To give a clear idea of what this height means, M. Eiffel exhibits a picture of the central arch, on a panel facing the model. Under the arch we see the towers of Notre-Dame, surmounted by the Vendome Column; there is room and to spare.

It is of this prodigious piece of metal work, weighing nearly three millions and a half kilogrammes, that the public are here invited to form some idea.

Between the two hills in relief, in the foreground of this model, a reduced copy of the bridge, one-fiftieth of the real size, is shown.

It is, as we here see it, intentionally unfinished. The roadway will be slipped on to the arch when it is completed, on rollers, from each end. The model shows the raising of the arch. Brackets are pushed out in either direction, and the two ends of the arch which meet over the abyss are held up by steel cables of

THE GALLERY OF MACHINERY

enormous strength. At the spot where the men are at work on it, nets are stretched, and we see huge iron beams, slowly raised by cranes, hanging in mid air.

Not a detail is omitted; the miriad little pieces which compose this big toy have all been filed, and riveted, and painted with the greatest care, everything is shown, down to the ladders and the smallest scaffolding of wood used for raising the materials, and everything is marvellously finished and exquisitely precise.

Interior of the Central Dome

The piers of this gigantic bridge, in fact, suggested to M. Eiffel the idea of constructing for the great Exhibition the still more stupendous work which is known as the Eiffel Tower.

"For after all", said he, with his usual coolness, "my tower is nothing more than an exaggerated pier. With another on the other side of the Seine we might build something like a bridge".

The second object in this exhibition is on the left.

It is the model of a series of basins at different levels; they are divided by little sluices of metal work, which are exact reproductions — on a small scale, of course, — of the sluices and locks used in the Panama Canal.

In ordinary canals and rivers, the difference of level in the bottom of the channel is never more than from four to five metres. M. Eiffel has constructed sluices of such exceptional strength that they can be used with a difference of level of as much as twenty metres.

The power of the fall of water is turned to account. It works turbines which compress the air in the adjacent caissons, and this air, skilfully applied, has been used to work the sluices and swinging bridges.

All this we see here, reduced to one-fiftieth, and built up, with the greatest care, of a thousand little bits of iron, riveted together and no bigger than matches. It is a miracle of ingenuity and patience, a perfect Chinese puzzle.

In one of the basins floats a transatlantic steamer, also reduced to one-fiftieth.

Not a pane of glass is missing from the bull's eyes, not a step in the hatchways, not a cord in the rigging.

The vessel lies quietly at anchor; her signal lights are hoisted; you might think she was just off.

It was built on the lines of the *Bourgogne*, of which it is an exact model. It is three metres in length, and was made in forty-three days by the Usine Métallurgique Parisienne; this Company, indeed, was intrusted with the work for the whole of this exhibition.

These are the two things you will admire in the Eiffel Pavilion, if you follow my advice, as I am sure you will, and visit it on descending from the Tower.

PUNCH
(CAST BY M. GASNE)

In our last number we described the various exhibits sent by M. Gasne, ironmaster of Tussey, (Meuse), and the maker of the Saint-Vidal Fountain.

We here present the reader with a drawing of one of the most interesting objects of this exhibit, the *Polichinelle* (Punch), which may be seen in Class 25.

THE STATUE ON THE CENTRAL DOME

On the occasion of our first hasty walk through the Exhibition, we just glanced, as we passed, at the statue which decorates the top of the central dome: "France distributing crowns".

Of this statue we now give a picture.

This figure, the work of M. Delaplanche, is constructed entirely of beaten zinc, and was executed in the workshops of M. Ed. Coutelier, 52, Boulevard Richard-Lenoir. It is a most interesting example of the application of the lighter metals to decorative art. A statue of such large dimensions (nine metres) if cast in bronze or copper would have crushed the building. The statue in zinc is no perceptible weight on the framework.

This material has the further merit of being incredibly cheap. Would it be believed that this colossal figure, including the price of the internal framework which supports it, cost no more than 9000 francs (1800 dollars.)

However, a visit to class 25, in which M. Ed. Coutelier exhibits other specimens of his art, will throw further light on this subject. We shall there find several portions of the decoration of the roof of the Gallery of Machinery, a model of this statue, and, at the foot of it, a hand in hammered zinc, a copy of the full size of the colossus, showing its real dimensions, and the way in which it was wrought. We shall also find examples of finials and ornaments, as well as an album containing representations of various works executed since M. Coutelier became head of the firm, that is to say within the last twenty-seven years.

It is a very interesting show for the outsider as well as for the expert.

THE HAVILAND PAVILION

In the last number of the *Figaro-Exposition*, we gave a view of the building containing the display of porcelain sent by the firm of Haviland and Co. at the entrance of the Galerie de Trente Mètres.

Although the reputation of the house of Haviland is by this time well established, and not in Europe only but throughout the world, it may prove interesting if we give some details concerning it, if it were only to make known the services rendered by MM. Haviland, father and son, to the pottery industry of France.

It is, in fact, to M. Haviland senior that we owe the grand movement which has raised the china manufacture of the Limousin to the place it at present occupies. In 1839 he was a broker at New York, importing English earthenware and china. In that year a tea service of French porcelain, introduced to his notice no one knows how, came into his hands. The material of this service struck him at once; it was very superior in texture to English porcelain, and it occurred to him that it would be "good business" to be the first to introduce this manufacture into America, where it was certain to be a success.

But where was he to get it? He knew that it was French, but that was all. He crossed the Atlantic, searched through several departments, and at last, at Limoges, discovered the factory which had produced his tea set. He wished to introduce the patterns preferred by the Americans, and which as yet were turned out only in England. It was a revolution in the art. The established manufacturers were very ready to execute his orders from the moulds with which he supplied them; but in the matter of decoration the Limousins had no ideas beyond blue slips with gilt scroll patterns. When anything else was suggested to them, they shook their heads. M. Haviland was obliged to bring four painters to organize his painting shops.

MM. Haviland have two immense establishments, one at Limoges, and one at Auteuil, where they produce, on a vast scale, the domestic or artistic porcelain which they export to every part of the world. To give the reader some idea of these factories, we may mention that 6000 pieces a day are turned out in plates alone. The chief factory employs nine ovens, each of 80 to 120 cubic metres capacity. The average number of batches fired in these nine ovens is 450 per annum, which gives 45 000 cubic metres of manufactured porcelain every year.

The decorating of this china occupies two hundred painters and one hundred burnishers — women. And chemists are constantly engaged, in a laboratory attached to the establishment, in perfecting the various processes of manufacture and the preparation of colours. First and last MM. Haviland employ 1100 persons, and their machinery is worked by steam engines of a total energy of fifty horse power.

All their porcelain is manufactured at Limoges, and their stock in trade consists principally of dinner and dessert services, coffee and tea sets, toilet sets, and the like. In work of this class they are unrivalled in France, and in England Minton alone can compete with them. There is not a dealer of any pretensions in France, nay, in Europe, or even America, who does not get his table china from Haviland.

The more essentially artistic work is produced at Auteuil, that is to say at Paris, because there only are artists of the first class to be found. The modelled pieces are signed by Al. Dammouse, Ringel, Noël, Aubé, Delaplanche; the etchings are by Sommer, Boilvin, Bracquemont; the paintings by Habert, Ed. Dammouse, Jean, Pallandre, and many others who need not be named, and whose talents also find employment at Sèvres. This is no longer art manufacture, it is art, and high art too. In the Auteuil workshops the artists can make use, as they may prefer, of various kinds of clay, Majolica, Nevers, or Rouen: a stoneware as hard and heavy as bronze, or the finer clays of "pâte tendre" and "pâte dure". The material is a secondary consideration, almost a matter

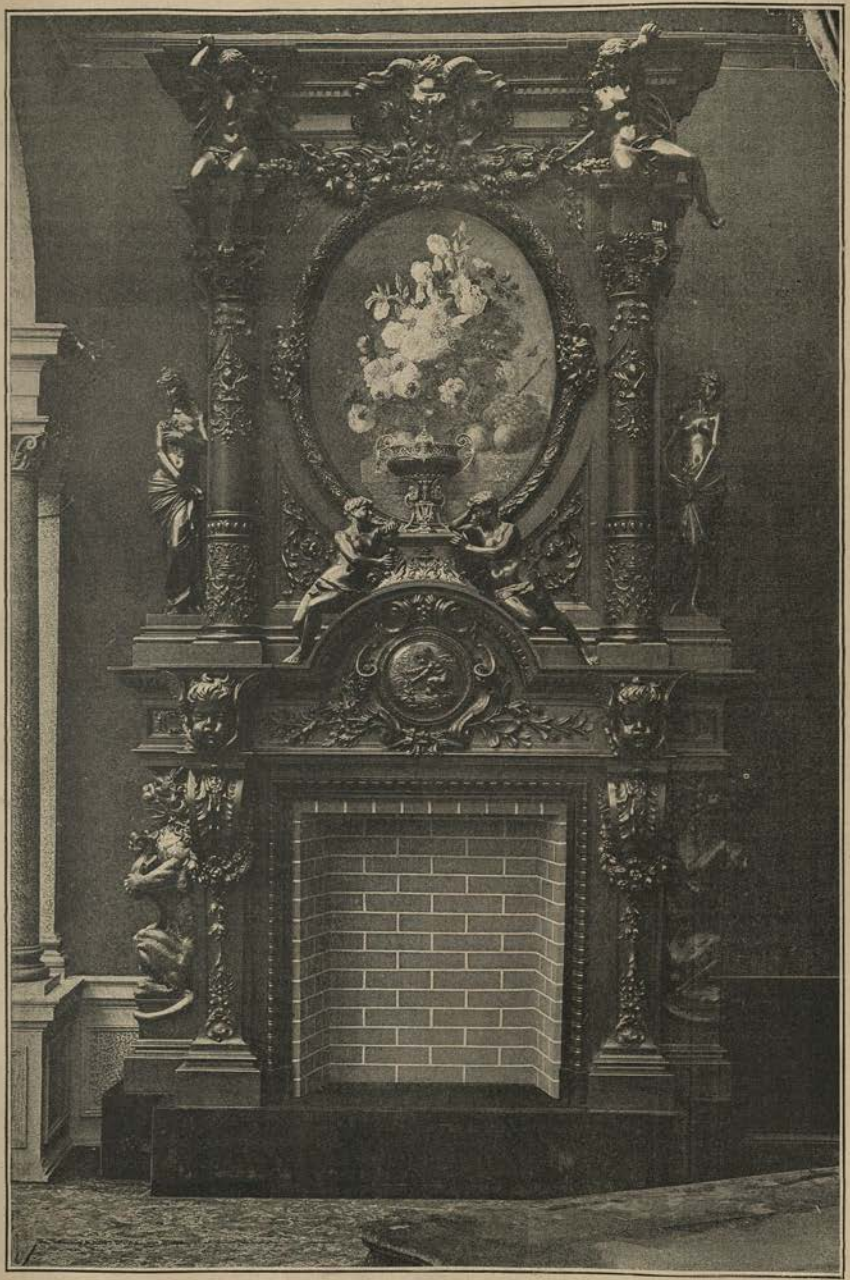
M. GASNE'S "POLICINELLE"

of indifference; the talent of the artist constitutes the whole value of each piece.

MM. Haviland's ceramic museum is one of the curiosities of Limoges; and a very interesting hour may be spent in their sale rooms in Paris, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. There may be seen some of the superb specimens shown at the Exhibition of 1878. They at once proclaimed the superior character of the productions of this first-class establishment, and won for M. Charles Haviland junior the cross of the Legion of Honour. This superiority they have steadily maintained at the Exhibitions at Amsterdam and at Antwerp; and all who, at the Champ de Mars, shall pay a visit to the pavilion of which we have given a print, will not hesitate to recognize the importance of the work, which it is not too much to call national, carried out by M. Haviland, and so worthily continued by his son.

THE PAVILION OF THE PRESS

Although it is criticised as being too small, it must be owned that this building is one of most successful things in the Exhibition. The arrangement is perfect, and the decoration charming. To the left of the entrance is the reception room; to the right the telephone room, with four boxes. Opposite the door, a cloak-room leads on one hand to the committee-room, and on the other to the reading and writing room. This room, intended for



THE BOVERIE CHIMNEY-PIECE

the despatch of business, communicates by a special wicket with the post and telegraph offices, allowing of the transmission of letters and messages without delay or inconvenience. At the end of the corridor, to the left, is the great open dining-hall of the Press. This hall is very well planned, decorated with bronzes by Gouge, and large enough for work to be done there; we men of the pen, who are not disturbed by noise, and accustomed to work anyhow and anywhere, find this often a very great convenience.

On the first floor is a library, with two private rooms, one for the French, and one for the Foreign Press, a harbour of refuge for the sensitive who hate a turmoil, and need a quiet spot for the elaboration of their articles.

All these rooms are snug, elegant, even rich. And perfect comfort reigns throughout.

This building is the work of M. Vaudoyer, an architect who, though still young, had a large share in the works of the Exhibition of 18-8. The designs for the façades in the street of Nations in that Exhibition were his, as well as the Pavilions of San Marino, Monaco, and Andorra, and those of the South American Republics, not to mention that of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which has employed him again on the present occasion.

M. Vaudoyer acknowledges in the handsomest manner that he has been materially assisted by the generous help of a number of manufacturers and artists, who all, or nearly all, gave their work gratis to the "Journalists'Palace".

Thus it is no more than our duty, as we examine the building, to name them and thank them.

In the first place there is the gateway, which came from the workshops of Neuilly, and was presented to us by M. André, the manager there. At a first glance it is simple enough, but not without merit in the eyes of men who understand such things.

The two enormous sphinxes and fine vases were sent us by the Société des Granits et Porphyres des Vosges.

Now look at the porch. Those two panels were produced by the Mortreux Potteries, at the Parc de Montsouris. They are no less than 2 metres 40 high, by 1 metre 40 wide. The figure to the right represents Criticism, a female crowned with holly — touch me, and I prick you; the other is Thought. These two specimens of translucent enamel on a dead gold ground, were designed by M. Lionel Royer, whose fine picture "The Family" won him a medal, in the Salon of 1885.

We shall find more of M. Mortreux' work as we go through the rooms.

The decorations of the façade were a gift from M. Thiébault the sculptor; M. Facchina gave us the mosaics.

Let us go in. We need only glance at the very simple ornamentation of the hall, but devote a few minutes to the committee-room. This pretty and tasteful furniture was contributed and placed here by the firm of Damon and C°. The chimney-piece we bought of M. Boison, but the artistic bronzes which ornament it cost us nothing; they were presented by MM. Raingo Brothers, and MM. Brot and Son did us the kindness of sending the tall mirror which reaches to the ceiling.

This clock, a gem in its kind, and the clock on the grand staircase, are worthy offerings of M. Passerat.

Finally the glass in the windows, which are really works of art, was made on purpose for us by the house of Champigneulle, at Bar-le-Duc.

Come into the reading room.

Here the chimney-pieces are beautiful and artistic, thanks again to M. Mortreux, who has decorated them with enamelled tiles of which you see the good effect. A complete library of useful books, dictionaries, scientific works, collected authors, atlases — the implements of a journalist's daily toil — were supplied by Hachette and C°, who were delighted to furnish them at the price of mere thanks.

Finally, the ceiling over the grand staircase is the work of M. Godon, who also presented us with the artistic panels and hangings. The ceiling is decorated with a flight of little Cupids flying, pen or pencil in hand, to assist in composing the *Journal des Journaux*. The idea is carried out in the painted window below, which lights up the staircase, and on which Fritel has painted "The Press illuminating the World".

I end by mentioning that M. Alphand made us a present of our little front garden.

THE BOVERIE CHIMNEY-PIECE

One of the most remarkable exhibits in class 18 is certainly the chimney-piece exhibited by the firm of Boverie, 115, Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, of which we here give a photogravure. In this vast and serious piece of decorative work, we find absolutely nothing commonplace, it is really a work of art, and of fine art. Architecture, sculpture, and painting are all worthily represented. We specially recommend the decoration of the cornice to the attention of our readers; two female figures, lightly draped, and in graceful attitudes, hold up garlands of flowers; the allegorical figures over the heraldic lions are also worthy of study, for elegance of modelling and finish of workmanship. The frieze, the columns, the brackets, all are good, sound sculpture, and worthy of the Exhibition we are so proud of; and it is only just that we should compliment the craftsmen whose assistance has contributed so much to do honour to our native land.

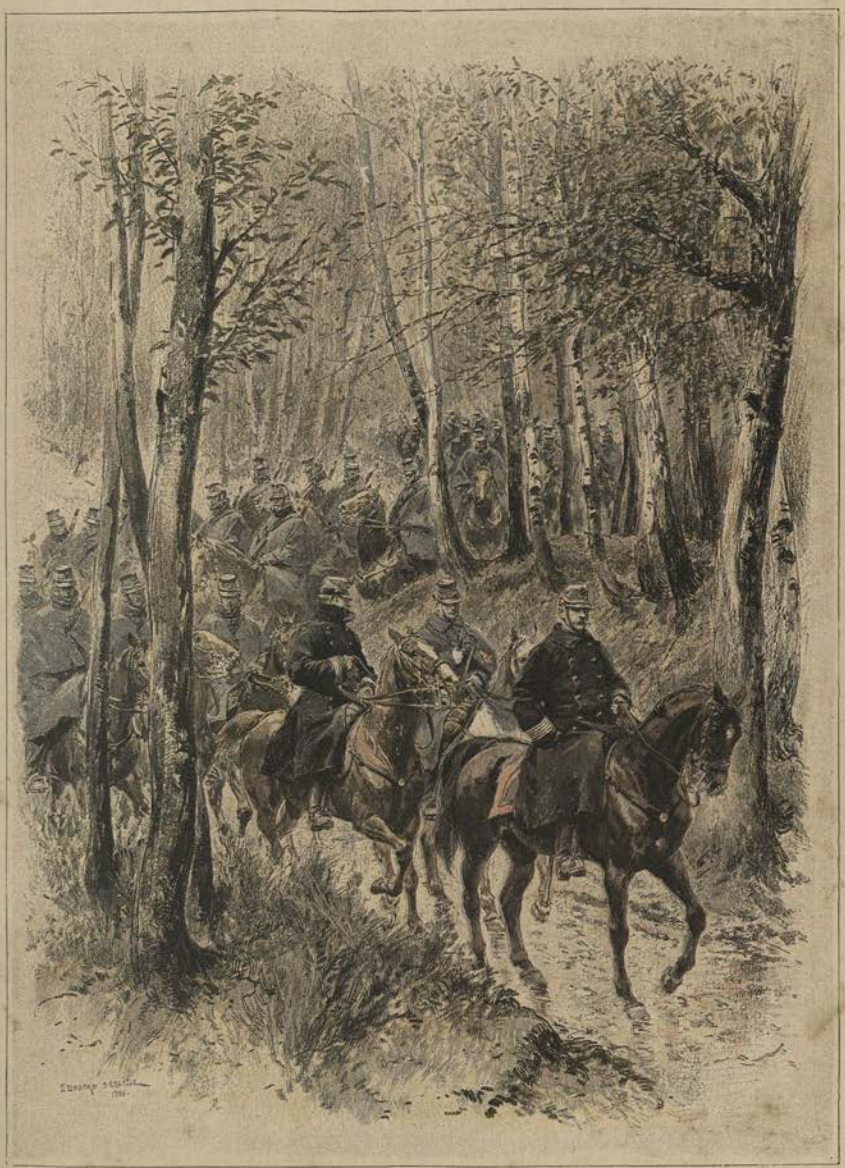
The bedstead exhibited by MM. Boverie is no less interesting; we recommend it to all lovers of handsome furniture.

G. GRISON.

THE STATUE ON THE CENTRAL DOME

Imprimerie A. Lahure, rue de Fleurus, 9, à Paris.

Manager : ETIENNE BOUSSOD.



SPECIMENS OF PLATES FROM L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE, POPULAR EDITION
Illustrated by *ÉDOUARD DETAILLE*

MARCHETTI

*Chromotypogravure Boussod, Valadon et C^ie^*

PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI

CONDUCTING HER ORCHESTRA.

TICKETS FOR THE EXHIBITION!

FAREWELL

AN EPICURE.

MADAME DE CHARVY TO HER MOTHER

GONTRAN and I paid our last visit to the Exhibition alone, dearest Mother. There is no one in Paris at this moment. All our friends have gone into the country for the elections of the 6th of October, and may, as the song says, "Never come back no more." Some of them may return as deputies. If little B., big R., or even X., should do so — poor France!

This time our visit was a serious one, very serious. We had brought a pot of money to spend, as they say in *Tricoche et Cacolet*. Now is the time to pick up bargains, and to take one's choice at the forced sales now the exhibitors are leaving. Of course numbers of Parisians have arranged to buy at the last moment, and this will run the prices up, but there are sure to be some things to be had cheap, especially bulky articles, not easy to take away, but which the buyers can make use of in the country, a chalet, a summer house, conservatories, or even a door, fencing, or a tent.

This time we went in by the Pont de l'Alma for a change, as we are really tired of the everlasting Rapp entrance and the same statues.

We were wise in our generation, for the scene at the entrance from the Pont de l'Alma is most striking. From there one really gets a notion of the vastness of the Exhibition, with the swarms of people, the great international crowd that jostle against one. I cannot understand how it is they don't trample on each other, walking as they do with their eyes fixed on the Eiffel Tower, spell-bound, hypnotised.

We are getting very tired of the famous 300 metres, but we stopped for ten whole minutes, just to watch the crowd. While we were standing there we invented a most amusing game.

We spotted some family party at a distance, and before they were close enough for us to hear them speak, we tried to guess their nationality.

You would have been amused to hear our remarks: "Now those, from the way they gesticulate, must be either Italians, or Spaniards. — And those who pass stern and silent, stopping every moment to consult the guide book, are English, I am sure. — That group who look about them cautiously, as though they were afraid of being insulted, it is easy to see are Germans".

And so on. Between ourselves our ethnographical shots (the vile scientific word is supplied by Gontran) were not

invariably right. For instance, a person that at first sight we labelled Manchester or Berlin, proclaimed himself by his speech a native of Auvergne. But these little failures only made us laugh, instead of disconcerting us, for it only proved to us that the cosmopolitanism, which has been diffused throughout the universe by these very trains which are disgorging representatives of every inhabited country in our midst, makes it the deuce and all to tell a man's nationality by his face.

In the course of our little game, we were witnesses of a very comic scene, a gang of provincial tourists who had lost the rest of their party somewhere in the Exhibition. The unlucky waifs stopped close to us, to take counsel together, and we took care to hear every word of the colloquy.

"I tell you it was Eusèbe who left us in the Gallery of Machinery on pretence of showing Clara how English sweetmeats were made."

"Well, Eusèbe will turn up again. You need not let that put you out."

"Turn up again? Where? Certainly not on this bridge, with all these hundreds and thousands of people moving about. It's most annoying!"

"Annoying, I believe you," said a third, a woman's voice, which struck me as sweetly treacherous, "for if Eusèbe walks off in this way for long with Clara — What do you think about it, Anatole?"

"What do I think of it?" growled out Anatole, "I think if there is no one but me to marry Clara, her baby's christening cake won't disagree with you."

Anatole had hardly finished speaking when the rest of the party gave a shout of joy, Eusèbe and Clara had turned up. The delinquents hurried up breathless, blushing, explaining how they got lost in the crowd, how the policeman had wrongly directed them, and so on and so on. Thereupon they all went off arm in arm, but it struck me, all the same, that Anatole was still rather sulky.

. . . . . .

And the crowd kept on swarming. Where can we go to escape for a few minutes from the international elbowing? In the sections?

They are also invaded; it is with great difficulty that we manage in the general shoving to buy one or two things we want. We must give it up till another day, and make an effort to get up very early in the morning.

In the meantime we can think of nothing better than having another look at the Centennial Exhibition of Painting. There, at any rate, we shall have room to turn round, as high art is not the ruling passion in the circles that Anatole, Eusèbe, and Clara frequent. So *en route* for the "Centennial."

We showed our wisdom in coming here. Of course we cannot see the pictures so advantageously in this museum as one does in the Louvre, but still with patience we had a very comfortable and interesting sight of the marvels spread out there, and lauded the grand idea of the organisers of this unique display of the masterpieces of a hundred years.

It appears I am not the only enthusiast, as in the gallery which contains Baudry's finest works, Gontran nudged me, and pointed out an old gentleman, whom he knows by sight, an oddity, an amateur, mad about painting, too poor to buy, but who in ordinary life spends all his days in picture galleries. Since the opening of the Exhibition he has forsaken the Louvre and the Luxembourg for the Centennial. He is the lover of the eleven thousand canvasses.

It is a pleasure to watch the quaint old man, as, with his eyes open wide, he talks to himself aloud, giving his reasons for liking such and such a thing, completely ignoring the gaping crowd, who laugh at him in their sleeves. What a pity I am not an artist! I should like to take the old gentleman's portrait without his knowing it. I should always be sure of having at any rate one spectator for my picture — himself.

After painting comes music.

Several of our friends have told us of a most curious orchestra conducted by the Princess Dolgorouki, and we had promised ourselves to go and see the performance of this eccentric great lady who has the pluck to appear in public, and who has made a great success in Berlin, London, and Madrid.

The Princess has established herself on the threshold of a restaurant like a common Italian fiddler. It seems she applied too late to get any other place, so she performs daily in the open air, but she has no reason to grumble, as she is surrounded every

A WINK.

day by an enormous crowd; both she and her fellow musicians are exceedingly accomplished.

You don't require to be told anything about the Dolgorouki family. One of the ladies was morganatically allied to the late Emperor of Russia. This one may be married too, for all I know, but I fancy, it must be to her violin. She and her instrument are one, soul and body. She is an ardent and impassioned, and at the same time able, virtuoso. At rare intervals she only

PASSIONATELY FOND OF ART.

beats time, but in a minute takes up the air again in a way that it is a pleasure to hear.

She is also good to look upon. Fair, with delicate features, without the regularity perhaps, but with all the refinement of the best Slav type, she also has the grace of dressing with picturesque taste.

Shall I tell you some of the pieces she played to us? I could not give a complete list, but Gontran and I were more particularly fascinated by her rendering of a *fantaisie caprice* of Vieuxtemps, Ronsky's *Nightingale*, and a mazurka of Wienavski's.

After the concert we spoke to the Princess, who kindly showed us her violin, of which she is very proud, and for two very good reasons. First it was a present from the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, and secondly it is a most beautiful Straduarius, said to be worth forty thousand francs.

What shall we do next? It is quite dusk. It gets dark so dreadfully soon in October, and the famous six o'clock gun is now fired in the twilight. Shall we go home? Good gracious no! How on earth should we spend the evening? I repeat there is not a soul in town. We might go to the theatre; but they are only acting revivals, besides which, whatever the piece is, the house is crammed with excursionists. Since we are at the Exhibition, why not stop here? We have so little time left to enjoy it that I think we can swallow a double dose.

To begin with let us dine. Yes, indeed, and at the vulgar hour of half past six, dearest Mother, as we did in the days of our youth. We were paid out once before, or rather paid very dearly, for having taken that meal at a quarter to eight in the restaurant in the Champ de Mars. It is not like going to the Café Anglais or the Maison d'Or; here at that late hour the one thing to be had is warmed up soup and cold chicken. Besides which, after being on one's feet all day, it is permissible to be starving at half past six.

On our way to the restaurant Gontran had selected, we came across at least fifty parties picnicking on the grass. The proverbial sausages and saveloys, with four-pound loaves and wine sold by the quart, were spread out on the turf, and you should have seen how it vanished down the throats of the diners of both sexes, who were seated cross-legged like Turks, displaying, without a qualm, a good deal of ankle and cloth boots. With night falling so fast, I wonder they can see what they are eating. They can only feel to stuff themselves, and I have no doubt that the vendors of that sort of food take advantage of the darkness to get rid of questionable viands, and drinks that would make the gipsies dance.

I am happy to say that in the restaurant where we have sat down, gastronomy is master of the situation. While Gontran is ordering the dinner, I amuse myself by watching my opposite neighbour. He, for one, would never join Succi and Merlatti in a fasting wager. It would cost him too much. He carries each mouthful to his lips with an indescribable beatitude, after having gazed at it tenderly. And then how unctuously he turns it about in his mouth, making the most of its delicious flavour. Finally, how serenely he pours out a bumper of wine from the bottle which he made the waiter uncork under his very eyes. I assure you Mother, only to look at a man like that gives one an appetite. It seems to me if I kept a restaurant I would feed him every day for nothing, it would be such a splendid advertisement.

Eight o'clock. So much the worse; as it is nearly closing time, let us take a last look at the illuminated fountains. We have seen them twenty times before, and yet I am never tired of gazing at that marvellous mist of multicoloured waters. There we were then, seated on chairs, and I would gladly have stayed till the last column of green, blue, or orange water had leapt into the air, had it not been for a disagreeable incident of which I was witness. A — how shall I say? — a young woman, not bad looking I must confess, but painted like the centennial museum, had the cheek to come up to Gontran, evidently not having noticed me. She stared at him, and tried to attract his attention. I was furious and lost no time, as you may believe, in speaking to him by his Christian name, to let the impudent hussy know that I was there. Fortunately, the horrid little pest took the hint, and went off to make eyes at a party of provincials. I see she is determined to carry out to the letter the advice I heard given to her colleagues at a *café concert* I ventured into last month:

Pendant l'Exposition,
Il faut se faire un' position.

However, she shan't get hold of Gontran. There are plenty of richer clients, among the Brazilians, Venezuelans, Cambodians, and Moors in this world which is brought to the feet of the Parisian *demi-monde*.

But it is ten o'clock, everywhere in the Champ de Mars they are beating the tattoo. Good-bye, dear Exhibition! Next time I come here, you will be the simple Champ de Mars, and reviews will take place where now the illuminated fountains play. Let me take a last touching farewell of you; you will remain engraven on my memory; a glorious souvenir of the year when I was twenty.

Certified copy.
GASTON JOLLIVET.

BEWILDERED.

MEYERHEIM. — The Lioness in love.

THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

Weeping genius.

In this rapid survey I have necessarily omitted many names, and those some of the best-known, French as well as foreign. I have said nothing of Hébert, of his "Northern Muse," his "Unknown Heroes;" but what can be said of a painter who, from the day when he first exhibited "The Malaria," has stood in front of the battle, without ever betraying a moment's weakness. To this day, at Rome, he devotes himself to directing the French School of Art, so frequently run down by many of those who could never find their way into its gates, while out of them, so many have come whose names are glorious in painting, sculpture, and music.

Passing by many others, I find myself in front of a splendid picture which the years have treated kindly, "The Death of Leonardo da Vinci," by Jean Gigoux. This fine work was not at first in the catalogue, but its merits made a way for it into the gallery, and it holds there such a place as it deserves. The conscientious artist to whom we owe this picture, an interesting work from every point of view, has been hailed by all his brethren of the brush, past and present, and the public echoes the well-earned ovation.

How many masterpieces we find in the Centennial Exhibition by Prudhon, Fragonard, Ingres, Isabey, and others; on the way I note a curious and charming little drawing in crayons by Sergent-Marceau, a portrait of General Marceau's betrothed; and further on we come to the show of Cabanel and Millet, and of the delightful water-colours of the French school, of whom Bonvin is the most noteworthy; and among the living Heilbuth, Detaille, Le Blant, Madeleine Lemaire, and others.

I must not quit the painters of the last decade without mentioning a fine composition, and a fine picture too, by Ch. Chartran, "An offering." Besides the very remarkable portraits he exhibits, M. Char-

DAGNAN-BOUVERET. — " Le Pardon. "

KUEHL. — Orphans.

tran sends a portion of the great work he has executed for the Sorbonne, "The Fasti of French Science." These paintings place M. Chartran among our great decorative painters.

Next I come upon a very sweet picture by M. Pierre Billet, "A Shepherdess," full of charm and truthfulness.

Among the German painters who have had the good sense to understand that art is at home wherever it is held in honour, I neglected to name MM. Paul Meyerheim and Kuehl. The former is the painter of a picture which attracts the public by the singularity of the subject, "The lioness in love;" M. Kuehl's is characterized by a pervading charm, "The Orphans." The reproductions we present to our readers will give a better idea of the cleverness and sentiment of these two works than any description in words.

* * *

I now turn to the sculpture; and in this it must be said that the Exhibition has proved to be a real triumph for France; not that foreign nations have exhibited poor or unimportant works of inferior art; but all the international juries have unanimously recognized our superiority. A walk round the Rapp gallery is enough to prove them right. The gallery, though of amazing size, is ill adapted by lighting and arrangement for the adequate display of statues and bas-reliefs. The dome is in these respects far better, and there we find the beautiful works included in the Centennial Exhibition, the wonders wrought for us by Mercié, by Guillaume, by Falguière, and others. I have mentioned Mercié whose "David," his first success, is for ever a masterpiece; but I must also direct attention to the fine group of works including "Quand même!" "Memory," the tomb of Louis-Philippe, the statue of Victor Massé, and other fine things, especially "The Weeping Genius," represented on a preceding page. I have nothing to add here concerning Antonin Mercié; I have written a sketch of the artist's life and a notice of his works, in the review *Art and Letters*, and have there fully studied this charming figure of a child, which is as full of talent and feeling as any work of sculpture can be.

DELAPLANCHE. — The Virgin with a lily.

What can be said of M. Eugène Guillaume's masterly work? He is an artist no less clever than conscientious, and to him France certainly owes the impulse which was given to the general teaching of drawing. What perseverance he brought to it, what firm will, what contempt for the mortifications of all kinds which are the inevitable concomitants of any great movement! I can only very briefly enumerate some of his works, but their importance will at once be recognized, when we look at the "Roman Marriage," the "Œil de Bœuf in the court of the Louvre," "Andromache," the monument to the memory of Duban, and the noble busts of Monseigneur Darboy, Prince Napoleon, Thiers, Jules Ferry, etc.

On the following pages the reader will find prints of the remarkable works by M. Delaplanche, ("The Virgin with a lily,") which deserves a higher reward; by M. Rouleau, ("Hebe,") by M. Aizelin, ("Japan," and "Marguerite.") And we give, too, a charming ivory by M. Moreau Vauthier, a statuette of "Painting." Many other works by these artists command the attention of the public; but, as I have said, in the small space allotted to me I cannot pre-

tend to pass adequate judgment on works and executants of such calibre. I have but a few lines left in which to point out to the reader the sculpture by Chapu, Albert Lefeuvre, Chaplain, Dalou, Falguière, Rodin, Cavalier, Carlier, Michel, Suchetet, Tony Noël, Cain, Jacquot, Boucher, Aimé Millet, Peynot, Allouard, Gautherin, Carlès, Aubé, and others. I am compelled to do no more for these artists of the decade, than for those of the centennial display, whose names are Houdon, David of Angers, Barye, Carpeaux, Rude and many more. Not forgetting Auguste Préault who is, I believe, represented only by the spirited sketch for his statue of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges; it is a Delacroix in bronze.

Foreign sculpture can also boast of many great artists, and I ought to speak of the works of some men of the highest mark; in Belgium, MM. Dillens, De Vigne, Meunier, Vanderstappen, Mignon, and Devillez, with an expression of regret at not finding M. de Groot's eminent name on the list; in England, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. A. Gilbert, and Mr. Thornycroft, a real master; in Russia, MM. Tourgueneff, and Bernstamm; in Sweden, MM. Hasselberg and Lindberg; in Italy, MM. Butti, Gemito, Ferrari, and Barcaglia. In "A Grandfather's joys," which is here represented, M. Barcaglia gives us an example of that technical dexterity which is too often the ruling motive of sculptor's work; the idea, when the artist has embodied it, is hardly revealed to the spectator through the complication of chiselling, and tooling with the punch, the file, the gouge, and the drill, by which the marble is pierced and undercut to the verge of impossibility.

AIZELIN. — Marguerite.

And now I wander into the gardens of the Exhibition to look at the important examples of monumental sculpture there. Our greatest sculptors have exercised their skill upon them, for such names as Chapu, Barrias, and the like, are to be seen at the base of the grand groups at the entrance of the Gallery of Machinery, and on various façades. Never, I suppose, has there been a greater opportunity for the display of distinguished talent, and though the designers remain for the most part anonymous, to them too I would fain devote many pages. They are the valiant rank and file, who, in their nameless obscurity, have contributed each his conscientious toil and talent. How many galleries and buildings might be furnished forth with nothing but the treasures which ere long will fall before the destroyer's hammer. For my part I should like to see a Golden Book, in which the names of these unknown labourers should be recorded.

It is to this unnamed army that we owe the splendid general effect which especially characterizes this great Exhibition. When Louis XIV built Versailles he extorted a similar sacrifice from the great artists who designed his palace and ornamented his grounds. Who, now, knows anything of the names of Tuby, Raon, Lespingola, Lerambert, Lecomte, Lehongre, Pouletier, Vigier, Mazière, Mazeline, Lespagnandelle, Marsy, Desjardins, Van Clève, Magnier, Houzeau, Granier and so many others?

The greater names of Coysevox, Puget, and Girardon, are almost alone to be remembered; and even these men, modest in their genius, subordinated themselves to those who directed the broad outlines

FREMIET. — A Gorilla carrying off a Woman.

of the work, Lebrun and Mignard, who, in their turn, obeyed the will of the King. And really great work, of whatever kind, is only to be achieved by such abnegation, while none but great artists are capable of individual sacrifice for the advantage of the whole result.

Honour, then, to all who have co-operated in this vast enterprise; and it may be said, too, that the artists who laboured at Versailles might hope that sooner or later some one would find their names on their works wrought in bronze and marble, while those of the Exhibition of 1889 can only glory in having toiled with all their power at a work which, as they knew, must inevitably perish.

* * *

I omitted intentionally from my list the name of one of our best-known sculptors, M. E. Fremiet. If conscientious care and perseverance can make a great artist, M. Fremiet is one already; he learned in the studio of Rude, his master and relation, the sense of proportion and the sincerity of execution in the widest scope of the word, which that great sculptor strove to infuse into his disciples. But M. Fremiet has something more, and which cannot be taught — the sacred fire and the aim at perfection. I study his career from the beginning, from his earliest exhibited works to those executed this year, and my opinion of his high merit is only confirmed. I need say nothing of his "Joan of Arc;" but in all the twelve works he has sent to the Great Exhibition I discern amazing grace, subtlety, and power. For instance, in the terrible and exciting group of "A Gorilla carrying off a Woman;" the horrible scene has not been rendered more dramatic by any exaggeration of proportion; the gigantic brute is studied and represented as accurately as the feeble human creature; and the public, as well as the artist or the anatomist, is conscious of the undoubted stamp of a master's hand.

Here I end, as the doors of this vast Exhibition are about to close, the Exhibition brought to birth in the midst of so much uneasiness, at a time when France seemed to have enough to do to manage her domestic affairs and foreign relations, her hearth and her frontier. None can foretell the future; but this group of Fremiet's seems to me an augury, a forecast, or at least a consolation. This monster, the emblem of brute force, carrying off the young creature, symbolical of human weakness, grace, and intelligence, is surely apt to remind us of a dreadful past. In Fremiet's group the brute is conqueror for the moment, the human being must be crushed and mangled, but Providence intervenes; the fainting woman recovers her senses. A bullet put a stop to the drama, and at this day the monster's skeleton may be seen at the Natural History Museum. This is the true history of the episode which suggested to Fremiet the subject of this fine work.

The moral — ? France is alive with a strong vitality, and Spirit must at last always triumph over Matter!

PHILIPPE GILLE.

ROULLEAU. — Hébé.

Chromotypogravure Boussod, Valadon & Cie

CHARTRAN

Chromotypogravure Lousnod, Vuiadon et Cie

AN OFFERING

THE RESTAURANT KUHN.

THROUGH THE EXHIBITION

THE PAVILIONS OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

FACING the central dome, to the right and left of the great statue opposite the main entrance, are the pavilions of the City of Paris.

These are two great halls lighted from the top, and flanked by monumental porticoes and decorative woodwork, crowned with pediments. The whole doorway is painted yellowish brown, heightened with touches and lines of yellow, red, blue, and green on the chamfers, string-courses, and mouldings. The walls are painted grey, with panels of green foliage.

Inside, the walls are hung with red linen bordered with dark green.

These structures are of the simplest character, and the work was carried out by co-operative societies of workmen. A credit account of no more than seven hundred thousand francs was opened for the Exhibition by the City of Paris, and the buildings cost only 150 000 francs. They cover an area of three thousand metres (32,000 square feet).

To avoid exceeding the modest sum allotted for his disposal, M. Bouvard, the chief architect of the works of the city, made use of the iron span girders which had done duty at the Exhibition commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of French railways to construct these pavilions.

That standing on the left is devoted to the various offices of municipal works; that on the right to the other departments.

First, let us inspect that on the left.

On entering we find two rooms containing an architectural exhibition, designs and models, of the chief municipal buildings constructed in Paris since 1878.

In another room hang the originals, or copies, of decorations in the halls of *Mairies*: paintings for ceilings, or pieces of sculpture ordered by the municipality. For instance, the compositions by MM. Cormon, Gervex, and Boulanger which decorate the marriage offices of various *Mairies*, and statues by Barrias, Mercié, and Carrier-Belleuse, belonging either to the Hôtel-de-Ville or to the Pavillon de Flore; with photographs or reduced models of works which won prizes at the last competitions instituted by the City of Paris.

In the section of architecture we may observe models to scale of the new Sorbonne, of the School of Medicine, etc., plans and photographs of buildings erected within the last ten years, a model of the furnace used for cremation, plans of the new cemeteries at Pantin and at Bagneux, as well as of the parks of the Champ de Mars, the Trocadéro, and others, photographic views of the system of sewers which drain Paris, with models of recently invented contrivances, for instance, of the working of the drawbridges lately constructed at the Porte-de-Flandres.

In the galleries, the walls are hung with a collection of plans of old Paris, comparative plans of 1789 and 1889, views of various parts of the town, and publications bearing on its history, constituting the display of the committee for historical investigation.

As a sample of the *faubourgs* the district of the Bastille is shewn, with the faubourg St-Antoine and neighbouring streets.

The commissioners have likewise employed well-known artists to execute ten water-colour drawings representing various spots in the vicinity of the fortifications, in order to preserve some record of the present aspect of those quarters which are being so rapidly transformed.

The service of waterworks, sanitation, and sewers is represented by a series of apparatus, plans, and patterns of drains, reduced models of the works at Clichy and Ivry, and of the reservoirs for comparing the waters of the Ourcq, the Vanne, and the Seine.

Then there are two typical houses, one sanitary and one insanitary, shewing the use of materials, water service, drainage, heating and ventilation, and these conclude the display in this building.

In the pavilion on the right we find, in the first place, school furniture.

The space devoted to the Board of Instruction is divided into class-rooms, playgrounds, and various offices, showing a complete group of school establishments in which every kind of school is represented.

There is a covered playground with a canteen, a refectory, and a hall for gymnastics; a class-room for a primary school, for an infant school (*école maternelle*), for a primary school of the higher class, for a professional school, all fitted up as if for real business, with tables, a master's desk, maps, blackboards, and all needful accessories; there is a drawing school with copies and casts, a work-room for technical study with the necessary tools. In each of these class-rooms there is an exhibition of work and drawings done by the pupils, showing their progress as they are moved up from one division to another.

Full reports and papers written by the pupils record the efforts made by the City of Paris to improve the health and extend the instruction of the children by organizing holiday excursions for their benefit, or country quarters where they may continue their studies.

Finally, and the most curious thing in this section, we see a

A RUIN IN THE TROCADÉRO.

drawing-room fitted up completely by the work of the pupils of special technical schools: the iron-work, glass cases, and lay-figures exhibited by the "Diderot" school; the furniture sent by the "Boulle" school; the painted decorations and sculptured ornaments by the School of Design in the Rue des Petits-Hôtels; the chimney-piece by the school for the Application of Fine Art to Industry; the hangings, curtains, portières, vases, and specimens of needlework in the cases by various professional schools for girls.

Two rooms are reserved for the Public Relief Bureau, and contain representative exhibits illustrating the charitable organization of to-day as compared with systems now out of date, with views and plans of hospitals and asylums in Paris, casts, work done by children, etc., etc.

The exhibit furnished by the Prefect of Police is not less interesting.

As is well known, the municipal laboratory and the Paris Fire Brigade (*sapeurs-pompiers*) are under the direction of the Prefecture of Police.

Each of these corps has done its utmost to display to the public the resources at its command.

Behind a glass panel visitors may gaze at the labours of the chemists in the laboratory, as they analyze food products by the help of the apparatus now brought to bear on them.

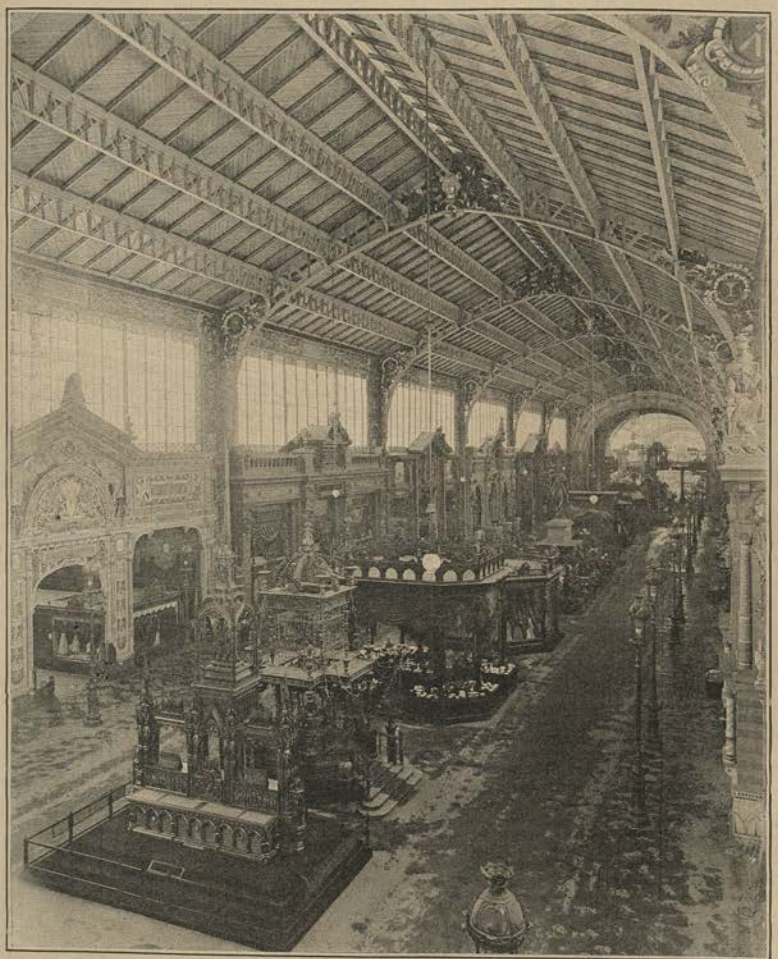
In another section, besides the very complete paraphernalia now at the command of the Paris Fire Brigade, there is an interesting comparative exhibition of the machinery in use at the pre-

sent time, and that which did duty in 1789, with a plan of the city showing the network of telegraph communication, etc.

The systems of prisons and of sanitation are also represented here; the former by a series of photographs of prisons, mad-houses, and the anthropometric system; the latter by the microscopical apparatus used in testing meat, etc.

The Board of Health has, besides, a building on the shore of the Seine, containing all the appliances for saving and recovering the drowned, so arranged as to be immediately available in case of need to assist the service of the Exhibition itself.

The other departments are chiefly represented by diagrams, tables of figures, and works of various kinds, such as plans of



The Galerie de Trente mètres

exchanges, and cemeteries; tables of statistics, of supply and consumption; fittings for libraries; apparatus and instruments used in lunatic asylums, and general statistics.

The exhibition of the City of Paris has been awarded prizes by the various juries. First prizes in class 6 for the material of primary instruction; in classes 7 and 8 for technical instruction; in class 9 for historical works; in class 16 for topography; in class 63 for public ways. The Prefecture of Police and Public Relief Bureau also took first prizes or diplomas of merit.

THE OCEAN WORLD.

On a former occasion, as we came in by the Pont d'Iéna, we went down to the shore, instead of going on across the Champ de Mars, in order to inspect the very important exhibits of petro-

leum. We will now visit a no less interesting display; that relating to navigation on sea and river, to salvage from shipwreck, and to the fisherman's craft.

Here, at the very entrance, are the exhibits of the French Yacht Club, with a curious map on which the various stations at which regattas are held are marked with little flags stuck in with pins, from La Rochelle to Nice, including Paris. Above, we see models of the most famous yachts. Foremost of them the Eros, M. de Rothschild's fine vessel which is the admiration of all.

Next we come to the section of salvage in the widest sense of

Interior of the Palace of Fine Arts.

the term; steam and hand pumps, hose for playing on fire, curled round on themselves like sleeping serpents, ladders, nets, a thousand inventions "in case of fire," and we stand in front of a real boat, a deep, strong bark mounted on a wheeled truck, and filled with grappling hooks, tow-lines, life-belts and cork floats. This is the Maman Poydenot, one of the life-boats belonging to the Life-boat Association, brought from St. Guégnolé and, close by, is the rocket apparatus with its stick which flies, arrow-like, over the baffled sea, to drop on the imperilled ship, carrying a rope to link it to the shore.

Do you know that, since it was founded, the Life-boat Association has rescued seven hundred and fifty-nine vessels and five thousand, two hundred and eighty four persons from the waves? Its funds have enabled it to establish seventy-seven life-boat stations

with boats similar to this one exhibited on the shores of the Seine, and four hundred and thirty stations fitted with rocket apparatus. A grand and noble work which deserves the blessings of our fishermen.

Here, ranged in line, like mediæval warriors, are ponderous-looking cork jackets, and there, further on, a various series of elegant little boats, slim and smart, the joy of the oarsman. The sculls lie on velvet-cushioned seats; we are in the section of luxurious boating, that is plain.

We might almost fancy ourselves still in the region of amateur

The Sculpture Gallery.

shipping, as we step into a room, of the size of the original, which represents the saloon of one of our finest company's ships, the Polynésien. Here are flowers, carpets, musical instruments. The best hotel in Paris is not more comfortable.

This curious model of the Paraguay, shows us the whole of life on board ship during the long voyage from Bordeaux to the ports on the South American sea-board, Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video and Buenos-Ayres, the queens of the New World. Look at the saug cabins with their berths and endless contrivances for the convenience of passengers. Below are the passengers baggage and merchandise to be disembarked on that distant shore. Here are the engines and boilers, the coal bunkers, the shaft to work the screw, all the machinery for steering, the sail room and spare masts; above are the ship's boats, ready to be lowered at need. We have made a long sea voyage in these few minutes.

But ah! here is the display of war shipping. I commend to your notice this pretty little torpedo cruiser, with its polished hull, its four tubes for projecting torpedoes, out of which the fatal missile just peeps, reduced to a tiny scale, something like a tatting shuttle. Here, however, is a real torpedo of the size of life, lying along that wall. That very steel case shaped like a double shell may perhaps, some day, shoot through the waves, steered in its submarine course by the little screw-shaped wings fixed at either end.

The torpedo is emblematic of attack. Now let us study defence. Here is a model of the Formidable. All round its stupendous iron sheath hangs a net like a coat of mail, some few yards away from the sides; this is to check and catch the death-bearing torpedo. The Formidable belongs to the port of Lorient. Here, again, is the Ajax, a cruiser belonging to Brest; the Trident of Toulon; the Surcouf of Cherbourg, the gunboat Mitraille, the Davout, the Condor, the Dupuy de Lôme, the Hoche, and the Annamite.

Nor must we omit to notice the model, reduced to one-tenth, of the upper portion of the ironclad man of war the Magenta, with its turrets armed with enormous guns, its machine-guns and tubes for casting torpedoes on the lower deck, its quick-firing and Hotchkiss guns on the upper deck. A very pretty toy for an aspiring admiral!

Finally, on this long table, let us study these delightful little steam engines, models of the giant machinery which propels the ironclads; they are all at work, their pistons wagging, cranks and eccentrics spinning

The little boilers are steaming, the shaft revolves, the screw twists and works. It is the very soul of modern navigation which is here set before us.

We have spent a couple of hours in this Ocean World and, come out as knowing as if we had lived ten years in a naval station.

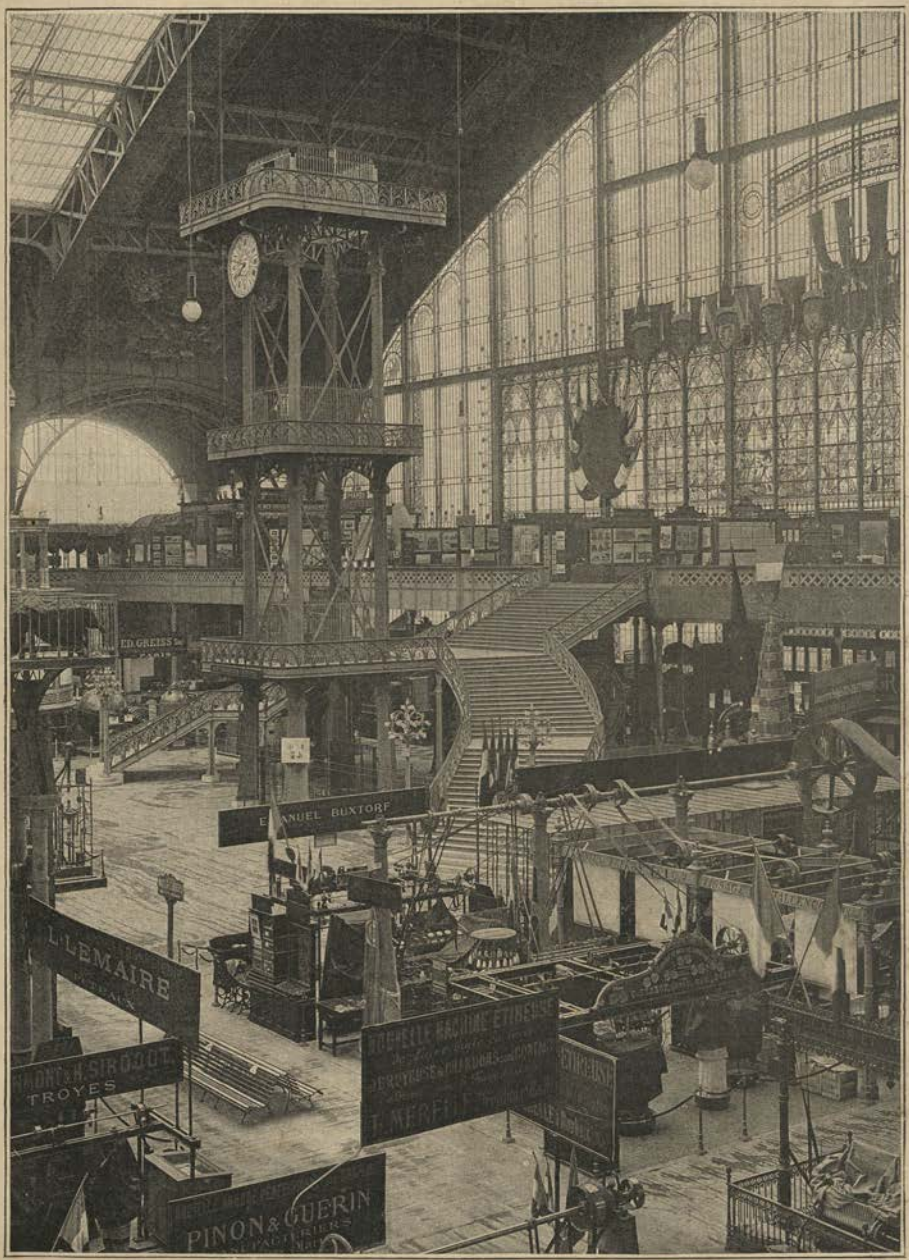
THE GALLERY OF MACHINERY.

In a recent number we gave the history and a general view of this wonderful Gallery of Machinery, which, we may hope, will not vanish with the rest of the Exhibition. We must return, however and briefly enumerate the objects exhibited there.

In the first place, it should be mentioned that those included under class 6 are placed in the right-hand portion towards the front, backing on the Ecole Militaire. These are the implements and processes employed in the mechanical crafts and electricity; the left is reserved for foreign exhibitors

Entering by the great avenue starting from the central dome, we pass in succession, along the right hand side of the great nave, the following classes.

Machine tools: Turning-lathes and machines for planing, boring, mortice-cutting, drilling, rabbeting, punching, screw-cutting, grooving etc., stamping-machines, and the various tools required in mechanical construction.



THE GALLERY OF MACHINERY.

Then lathes for sharpening, setting, and polishing, and machines for squeezing, crushing, mixing, stamping, and overlaying.

Machines, too, for sawing and polishing stone and marble.

Various machines : Coining machines; machinery for making buttons, steel pens, pins, envelopes, and every kind of capsules; for packing, for brush-making, for twisting rope, and for corking bottles. The tools and processes of clock-making, mechanical toys and basket-making. Type-writers and staple presses.

Apparatus used in spinning and rope making : All the separate parts of the machinery used in carding, winding, and milling. The machinery and processes of rope working, round and flat cables, diminishing cables, wire rope, cord, twine, lines, slow matches, and tow.

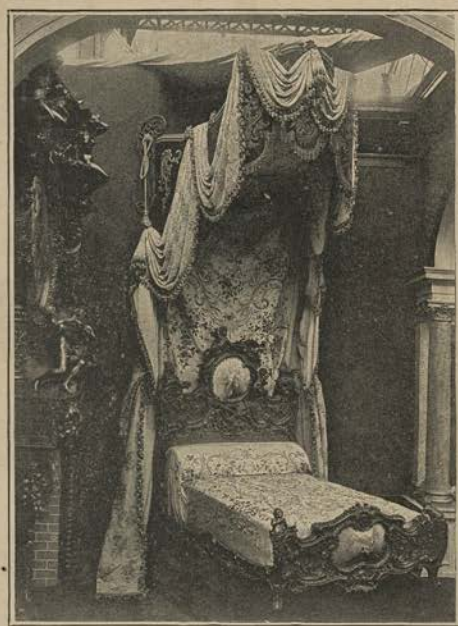
Processes of weaving : Warping and spooling machines; looms for plain, fancy, and brocaded stuffs. Carpet and tapestry looms; knitting looms for stockings and nets; gimp and lace-making machines. Machines for glazing, stamping, calendering, gauffering, watering, measuring, and folding.

Railways : Detached portions of the various details of railway work. Rolling stock, carriages, locomotives, trollies, tramway cars. The fixed machinery is exhibited separately outside.

Civil engineering and public works : Implements and machines for the construction of earth work; instruments for testing materials; machines, processes, and apparatus for mechanical locksmith's work the paraphernalia of building works.

Chemical crafts : Apparatus used in chemistry, in the preparation of drugs, in test work of every kind, in the manufacture of chemical products, soap, candles, extracts, varnishes, india rubber, mineral oils for lighting purposes.

Processes for bleaching and washing, tanning and leather-dressing, for glass making, pottery, and porcelain.



Dwellings and furniture : In the transept at the end of the nave we come first on machinery for carving wood, cutting cork, and making barrels.

Then there are machines for splitting wood for veneer, for cutting mouldings and parts of furniture.

Apparatus for working in stucco, papier maché, ivory, and horn. Machines for making reduced copies, squaring out, carving, engraving, and engine-turning.

Machines for brick and tile making, for producing artificial stone, for mixing, crushing, and compressing.

General machinery : A very comprehensive class, including every kind of apparatus, levers, rollers, inclined planes, coupling rods, pulleys, connecting gear, governors, tellers, steam gauges, contrivances for taking soundings, scales, and balances.

Motor machines, stationary engines, boilers, and generators.

Electricity : First the machinery for producing it; batteries, magnets, and dynamo-apparatus, accumulators. Signals, telegraphic appliances, telephones, microphones, electric lighting and motors; the distribution of electricity; electric clocks, and various apparatus.

Agricultural works of all kinds, including flour mills, starch manufacture, brewing, distilling, silk-worm culture.

The material for the production of food, the manufacture of ship's biscuit, and production of ice.

Mines and metallurgy : Apparatus for firing and working mines, for extracting ore, for descending shafts, for ventilation and escape.

Machinery for the elaboration of mineral products, the compression of fuel, kilns, furnaces for smelting; plant of forges and foundries; apparatus for the chemical and mechanical treatment of metals in all forms.

Machinery for printing : Finally, the extreme left of the gallery is occupied by all the material and machinery of printing, of colouring and manufacturing paper and cardboard; contrivances for hot-pressing, trimming, surfacing, pleating, ruling, and stamping.

Apparatus for bleaching and dyeing paper and stuffs

Machines for printing wall papers. Type-founding; printing presses, copying and lithographic machines, and the processes of chromo-lithography.

Opposite, between the gallery of honour, and the entrance from the Avenue de Labourdonnais, is the space assigned to foreign exhibits.

There we find in due order :

England, to the left, close to the Labourdonnais gate, opposite the Section of printing material.

The United States, next to England.

Belgium.

Switzerland, the last of the series on the ground floor, ending at the Galerie de Trente Mètres.

We go upstairs and still find ourselves in Switzerland, then Belgium, the United States, and England again, each in a division on the first floor, corresponding, to the space below.

And then, all along by the Avenue de Lamotte-Piquet, and turning down the Avenue de Suffren, the French sections are displayed which comprehend minor materials, designs, hand tools, reduced models, and manufactured products.

Paper and prints are to be found in the gallery by the Avenue de Labourdonnais, up the stairs leading from the corresponding section on the ground floor.

The mining section fills the eastern angle formed by the Avenue Labourdonnais and the Avenue de Lamotte-Piquet.

Thus we may go successively through the Exhibition of Agricultural appliances and products, furniture, machinery for various purposes, electricity, spinning in all kinds, weaving in all kinds, machine tools, general mechanics, civil engineering, architecture, public works, — represented by plans and drawings, by completed works, by reductions, photographs, and views, filling several rooms — railway plant, and clothing, which brings us to the Galerie de Trente Mètres.

THE GALERIE DE TRENTE MÈTRES.

This gallery, also known as the gallery of honour, is the subject of one of our illustrations.

We have already mentioned it often in connection with the manufacture of the Gobelins, carpets, the Haviland pavilion, etc.

It connects the central dome with the smaller dome of the Gallery of Machinery.

From it turn off the seven parallel galleries, each with a triumphal arch to enter by, which contain the general exhibition of various industrial arts.

We come, in succession, on the right hand side, to :

Goldsmith's work,
Ceramics,
Furniture,
Hangings and carpets,
Clockmaking,
Artistic metal work,
The working of mines.

On the left we may see jewellery, clothing, silks, weapons, the products of forestry, and metallurgy.

This is one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition.

THE PAVILION OF FOOD PRODUCTS.

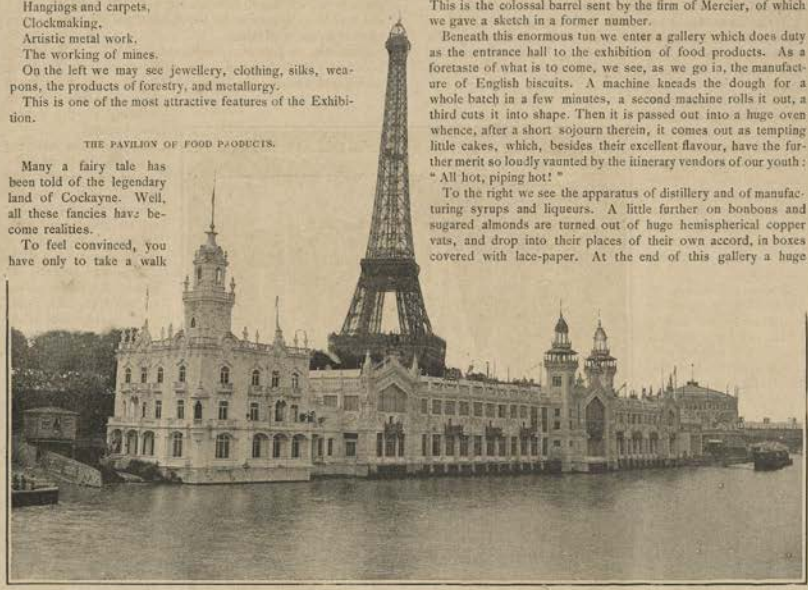
Many a fairy tale has been told of the legendary land of Cockayne. Well, all these fancies have become realities.

To feel convinced, you have only to take a walk round the exhibition of food products, where everything is on show which relates to eating and drinking.

This building stands between the Pont d'Iéna, and the Pont de l'Alma. On one side of it flows the Seine; the Decauville railway runs along the other. The architecture is simple, but attractive and gay-looking; plainly decorated without gilding or bright colours, suitable as a home for the calmer pleasures of life. Above the door, by way of a gigantic pediment, is a specimen of cooper's work, which old Silenus might have chosen for his throne. This is the colossal barrel sent by the firm of Mercier, of which we gave a sketch in a former number.

Beneath this enormous tun we enter a gallery which does duty as the entrance hall to the exhibition of food products. As a foretaste of what is to come, we see, as we go in, the manufacture of English biscuits. A machine kneads the dough for a whole batch in a few minutes, a second machine rolls it out, a third cuts it into shape. Then it is passed out into a huge oven whence, after a short sojourn therein, it comes out as tempting little cakes, which, besides their excellent flavour, have the further merit so loudly vaunted by the itinerary vendors of our youth : " All hot, piping hot! "

To the right we see the apparatus of distillery and of manufacturing syrups and liqueurs. A little further on bonbons and sugared almonds are turned out of huge hemispherical copper vats, and drop into their places of their own accord, in boxes covered with lace-paper. At the end of this gallery a huge



THE PAVILION OF PORTUGAL AND FOOD PRODUCTS.

machine is grinding chocolate. One of the workshops of the manufactory at Noisiel to which this machine belongs, forms a background to it, a sort of scene in perspective on canvas. An ice-making machine is always the centre of a crowd; women and children pack round it, and struggle for the little ices it turns out each in a neat little case, and flavoured with peppermint, lemon, and strawberries.

Quitting this laboratory of dainties we go up a few steps, and reach the real exhibition for the greedy, systematically displayed in a series of glass cases.

In these cases, as our eminent brother of the pen, M. de Cherville, said in *Le Temps*, not long since — and he is known to be a past master in such matters — everything may be seen which is used in the culinary art. Everything is here which may tempt the palate and comfort the appetite, everything man can eat, from farinaceous pastes for soup, nay, from the soup itself, to the condiment and dessert, nothing lacking from a joint to a sweetmeat. Piles of hams, sausages of every size and shape, large and small, thick and thin, from every land and of every variety, patés de foies-gras from Strasburg, patés from Charires, Pithiviers, Amiens, etc. Tripe *à la mode de Caen*, game of every degree, from bears to larks — preserved, of course. In short a collection of *harnois de gueule* formidable enough to appal even Pantagruel.

Condiments are a numerous class; vinegars, oil of the olive; in the unavoidable absence of new milk, you find condensed milk, the finest butter made in Normandy and Brittany, and finally piles of cheeses of really heroic proportions : the cheeses of Roquefort and Coulommiers, of Brie, of Camembert, of Pont l'Evêque, of Champagne, of the mountains of Auvergne, the Jura, and the Pyrenees, and there are a hundred more.

Dried fruits complete the dessert? Agen has sent her splendid plums. Do you like gingerbread? Here are enormous blocks of it. If you have a sweet tooth you can get to the confectioners quarters through a triumphal arch built of packets of chocolate. This monument, for it really deserves the name, weighing 50000 kilos (fifty tons), represents the daily output of MM. Menier's factory; its money value is no less than 200000 francs (£ 8000). It is when you have passed it, that you find yourself in the real land of Cockayne, famed in a tale of our childhood. Look which way you will, you see nothing but sweetmeats, syrups, liqueurs, sweet and medicinal, sugared almonds, lozenges, bonbons, preserved fruits, and the like. The air is so full of their clogging sweetness, that we involuntarily lick our lips to make sure that the flavour has not clung to them, and wonder whether the walls of this temple to Sugar may not really be good to crunch, as the said legend told.

The underground premises are devoted to the more serious side of gastronomy, the inspiration of Anacreontic poets. It is filled with all the varieties of liquor produced in France, whether fermented or distilled; red wines and white of every vintage; cider and perry from Normandy and Brittany, beer from the North, from the East, from Nérac, and from the district about Paris. Our countrymen in Alsace have failed to compete, but it was not from any lack of good will.

All the great vintages of Burgundy figure here, Romanée, Chambertin, Corton, Nuits, Pomard, Clos-du-roi, Thorins, Pouilly,

Chablis and the rest. Merely to give the illustrious names of these rows of bottles would be a Homeric enumeration. The gleam of their smooth sides twinkles in the twilight of the cellar like a reflected beam of the sun which turned the grapes of that nectar to gold or rubies.

Brandy figures in many varieties. Many are really high-class, for the merchants of Cognac have sent all that remained in stock of Grande and Petite Champagne; they are, however, become so scarce that it is hardly a figure of speech to designate them as liquid gold. Burgundy sends her brands, and the West of France her cider brandies, a spirit formerly held cheap, but now more and more appreciated. There are counters for tasting where the amateur may sip and compare the liquors he has passed under review.

The Colonies exhibit their special products, each in its own section: the Antilles send cane-sugar, rum, and coffee; the pavilion of Guadaloupe contains an interesting model of a distillery for the production of rum. Among the exhibits from Algeria we find farinaceous pastes, oil, and wines. Indeed, the vintage exhibition from Algeria is one of much importance, and shows a surprising degree of development, very rapidly achieved, in French Africa, in the culture of the vine; the colony might at need become the cellar for the capital, and even now its capacity for viticulture is very far from being exhausted.

The Pavilion of Pastellists.

Foreign countries are not behind hand in exhibiting food products. Portugal and Spain, besides their famous wines, have sent chocolate, oil, olives, pastes, salt provisions, and magnificent preserved fruits. Italy contributes vermout from Turin and Milan, liqueurs, wines from Etna, Marsala, Zucco, and Syracusa; honey, oil, huge cheeses, and farinaceous pastes of acknowledged superiority. Switzerland sends honey, condensed milk, smoked hams, absinthe, kirsch, beer, and the wines of the Valais. There is a rich variety of beer in the Belgium section; very appetising preparations of food, and liqueurs of established repute come to us from the Netherlands. With ale, porter, and whiskey, England exhibits hams in any quantity, and even whole pigs. The machine bakery works from morning till night, to turn out bread to be eaten with the said hams, and piles of English biscuits to be consumed with tea.

We yet have to see the English dairy, where half a dozen cows supply amateurs of the beverage with such endless cups of new milk that we cannot but suspect the beasts of some special and miraculous gift from Heaven.

We may likewise mention some excellent wines sent from Roumania and Hungary; tea and sugar among the Russian exhibits, and some very meritorious wines from the Caucasus and the Crimea, not forgetting a light bitter beer of very pleasant quality.

On the whole, as M. de Cherville says at the end of his article, the exhibition of food products of 1889 is the most complete and interesting ever yet seen. It amply satisfies our national vanity, for while doing the utmost justice to the various countries which have contributed to it, we may claim without chauvinism, that ours leads the van for the excellence and variety of its products. In all that concerns the table France retains her time-honoured supremacy. We cannot but hope that she may have others, but it cannot be denied that even this superiority has its value. Gastronomy is an art of indisputable importance; it brings men together; it lends a charm to existence, and disposes man to indulgence and consideration for his fellow men, two phases of feeling which are inestimably precious in these days.

THE PAVILION OF TOBACCO.

After a good dinner, we do not object to smoking a good cigar. As we have made the round of the gastronomical exhibition, let us now make our way to the show of tobacco. Its temple is on the Champ de Mars, to the left of the Eiffel Tower, coming from the Pont d'Iena.

It was organized by the State, or at least by the Tobacco Office, and care has been taken to exhibit everything connected with the various branches of working this government monopoly.

In the left wing we find the raw material, tobacco in the leaf. French produce is represented by exhibits from the departments of Ille-et-Vilaine, Pas-de-Calais, Nord, Lot, Bouches-du-Rhône, Savoie, Alpes-Maritimes, Isère, Haute-Saône, Puy-de-Dôme, Haute-Savoie, Lot-et-Garonne, Corrèze, Hautes-Pyrénées, Gironde, Dordogne, Var, Vaucluse, Meurthe-et-Moselle, Meuse, and Vosges.

Foreign tobaccos are to be seen in the cases opposite; we may note that most of the varieties are from Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Havana, Sumatra, Java, Brazil, Hungary, Turkey, and Algeria.

A little further on the visitor may study the vast variety of manufactured tobaccos, as sold for consumption. The common cigarette at six sous a packet lies side by side with the costliest cigar; *caporal* in close company with Maryland tobacco.

The real attraction is in the centre of the building. Here may be seen models of the various machines employed in preparing tobacco for smoking, or for snuff, with model plans of the great factories of Nantes, Bordeaux, and Paris; the making of cigarettes, and the packing of tobacco by the use of improved machinery. Here is a contrivance for packing loose tobacco for pipes; three women are employed, the first weighs the tobacco, the second holds the bag ready, the third works the machine — which, at a single stroke presses and closes the parcel; the weight will presently be automatically verified by another and most ingenious machine. Tobacco for chewing has not been forgotten; it is spun, twisted, and plaited by machinery, under the eyes of the public, who can watch every step of the process through which a tobacco leaf passes on its way to becoming "roll" or "pigtail".

Of the machines exhibited here, the one which attracts the greatest number of gapers is that by which cigarettes are made; one woman works it, and even her part is reduced to a minimum, for she has only to feed the machine steadily and smoothly. This machine does everything at once. While the tobacco is carried forward between rollers which press it and bring it to the filling tube, the cigarette paper is paid out from a spindle, twisted into

a roll, cut off at the right place, and ready to receive the tobacco which is pushed into it by a sort of probe. Then the cigarette moves aside and drops into its place by the side of the machine. To put out your hand and take it up is instinctive.

To be honest, French tobacco is not the only growth which has won a good place at the Exhibition. The Turkish *régie* of tobacco has its own pavilion, but it is only for the sale of its produce. The Belgian, American, and Egyptian sections, also sell tobacco, and especially cigarettes. At the Invalides, the Tunisians keep some cigarettes scented with ambergis and musk. But from whatever country it may come, exotic tobacco is only a fancy smoke, pleasing for a time, and the true smoker always comes back to sound French *caporal*, much abused, but still and nevertheless the best of tobaccos.

THE RESTAURANT KUHN

Close to the Finland pavilion we see a splendid structure consisting of a spacious and lofty hall in the Louis XIV style, with a verandah in front of it, of very light iron work, the whole being extremely decorative and in good taste. This is the Restaurant Kuhn, of which we here give our readers a view.

No need to describe it. We feel sure that it will be fully appreciated after a simple inspection of our print.

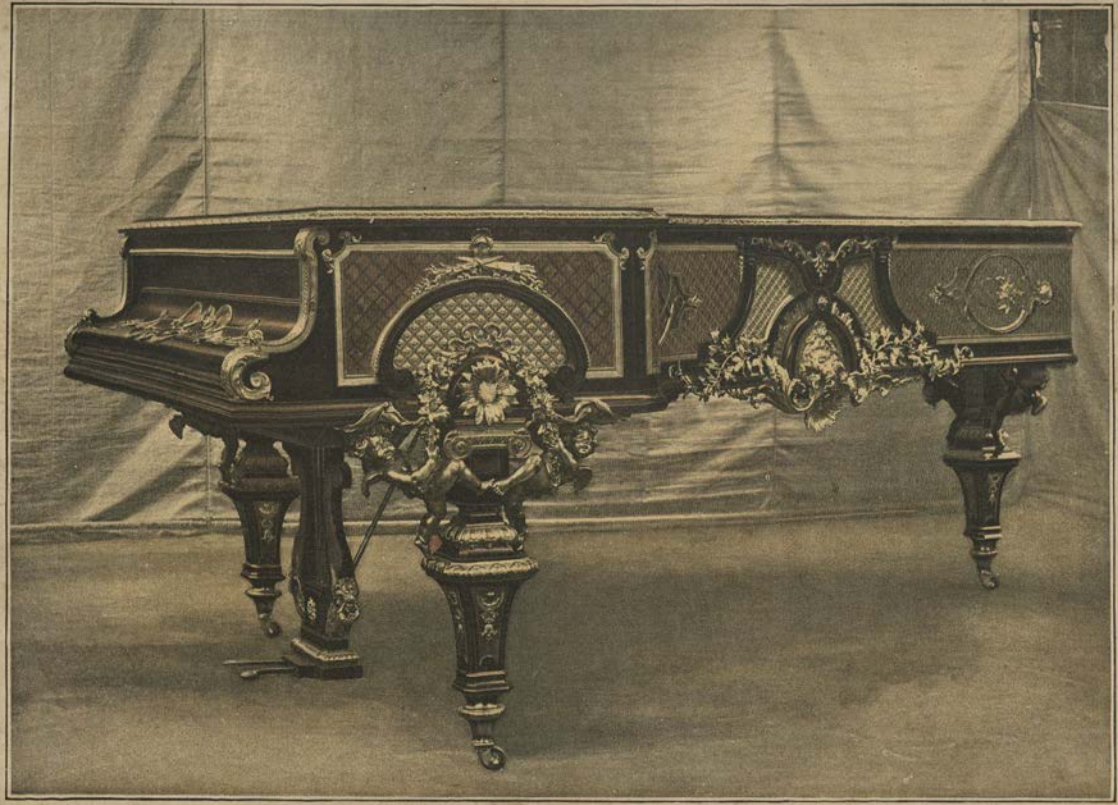
THE COMPAGNIE TRANSATLANTIQUE'S PANORAMA.

And now the Exhibition is coming to an end; a brilliant end, for the number of visitors has never been so great. It has succeeded beyond all hope. We have ascertained this in company, courteous reader. I now make my bow, not saying good-bye, but *au revoir*, hoping that circumstances may some day allow me once more to have the pleasure of being your guide.

GEORGES GRISON.

Paris. — Imp. Lahure, rue de Fleurus, 9.

Manager : ÉTIENNE BOUSSOD.



Chromolithographiers Bonnard, Valadon et Cie

GRAND PIANO, LOUIS-QUATORZE STYLE

EXHIBITED IN THE "GALERIE D'HONNEUR" BY MM. ERARD ET Cie.

00109445

Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 22 February, 2019